WEEK
ENDING
AUG. 23, 1930

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Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

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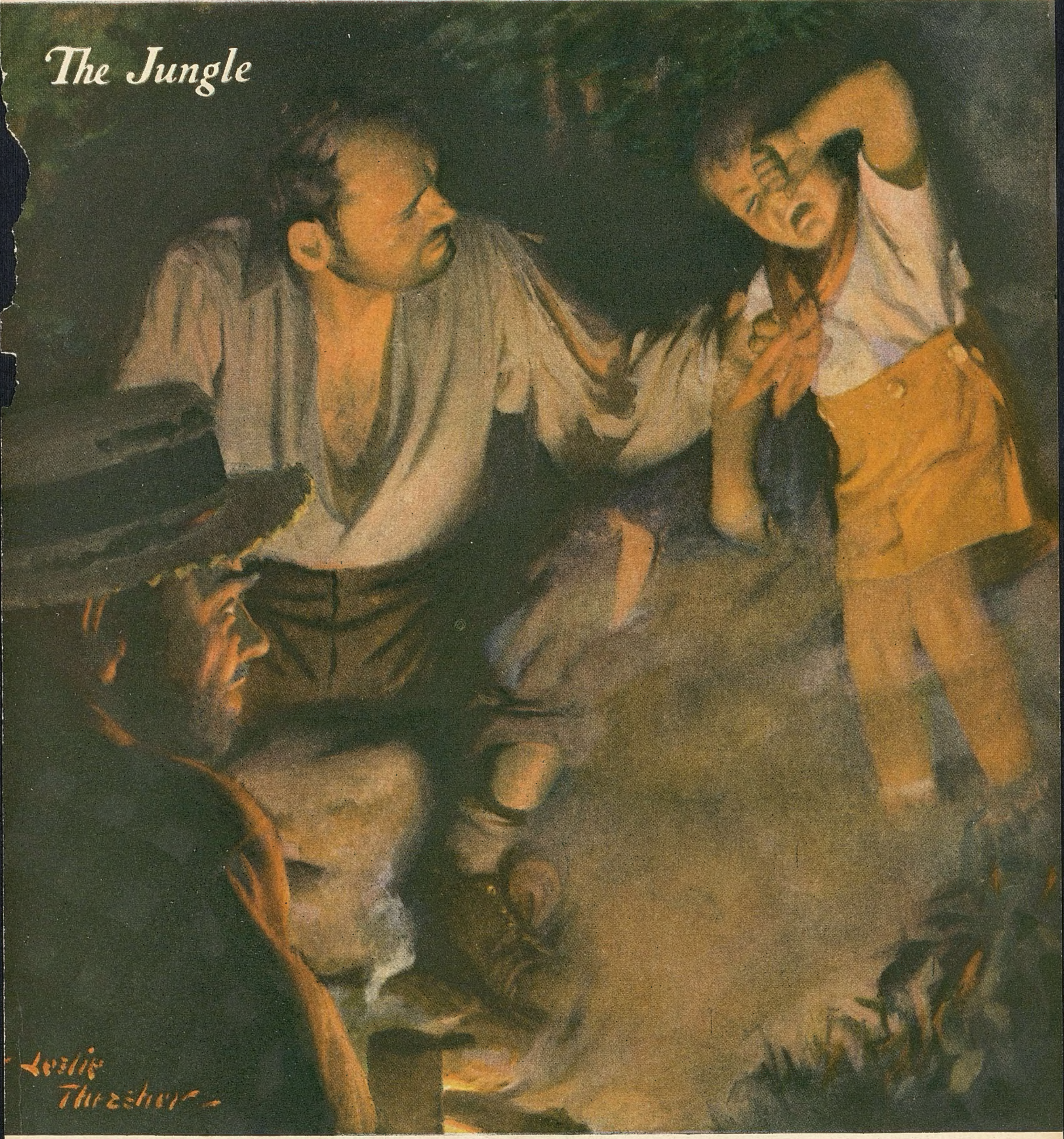
Leslie
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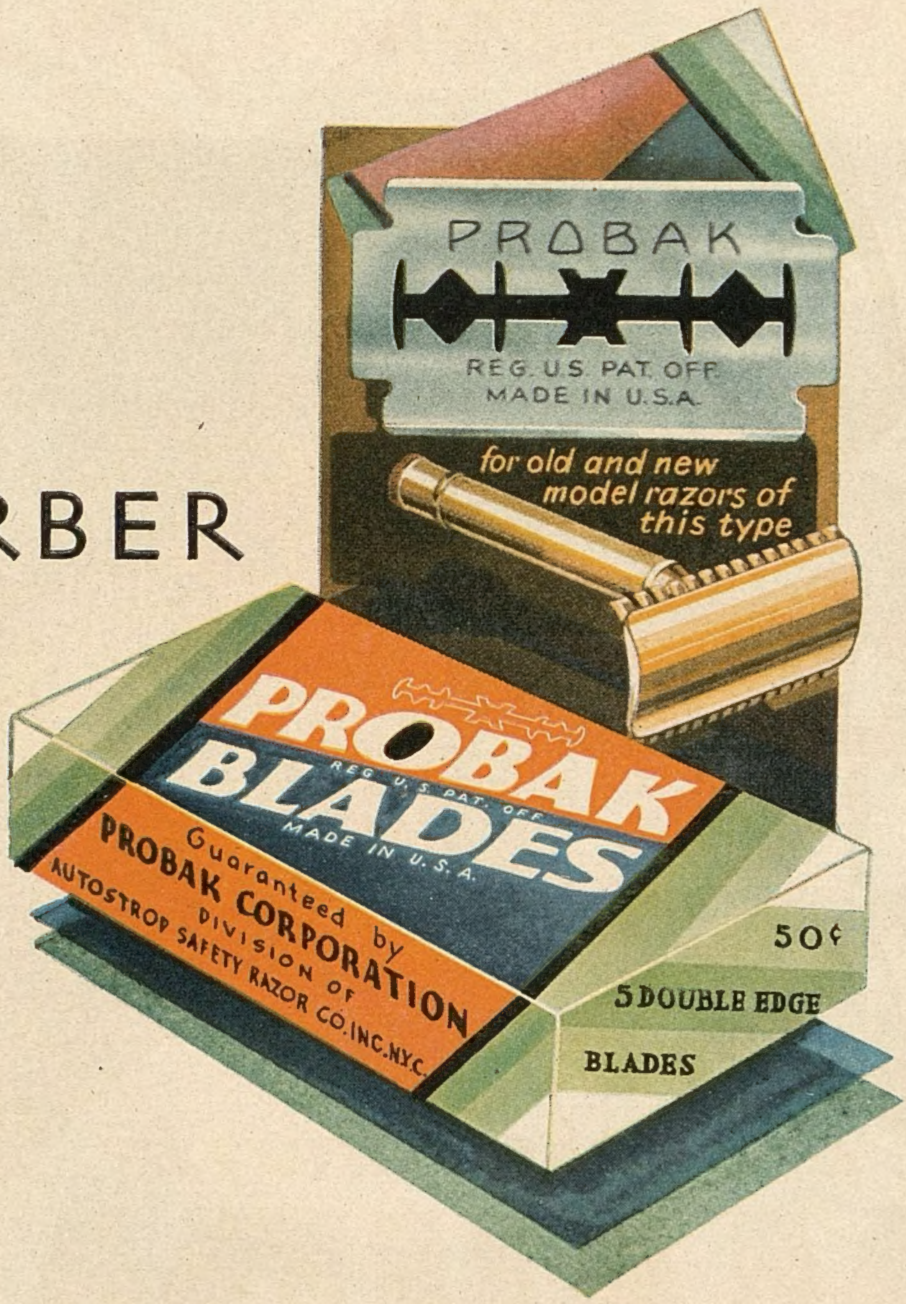
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AUG. 23, 1930

Liberty

VOL. 7
No. 34

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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong." —*Stephen Decatur.*

THE FARM PROBLEM AGAIN

A year or so ago Liberty said in an editorial that the trouble with the American farmer is overproduction.

This, we submitted, has come about through the very best " uplift " agencies—agricultural colleges, which teach farmers to get more out of their land; tractors, which work faster and cheaper than horses; rock phosphates and other fertilizers; irrigation, underdrains, silos, and the long list of other improvements which civilization and education have brought. Also, when we were under the stimulus of war, agricultural activities were enormously speeded up. Farmers everywhere reclaimed their pastures and woodlots and planted them to grain. So, although the population has somewhat increased, production has become overproduction, and we have what we are pleased to call the Farm Problem.

We said that was the trouble, and we said in another editorial that Uncle Sam ought to shut down the surplus farms, buy or rent the area thus thrown out of production, and turn it into timber lands. Thereupon we got a lot of letters, mostly to the effect that our diagnosis of the trouble was correct but that our proposed cure was all wet. And to our great regret neither Mr. Hoover nor anyone else acted on our advice.

Both parties, however, having their ears to the ground, had promised that if their Presidential candidates were elected something would be done to raise the price of wheat for the farmers. In an effort to carry out the Republican promises, Mr. Hoover appointed the Federal Farm Board under the chairmanship of Alexander Legge of Chicago, president of the International Harvester Company.

The board was given a revolving fund of $500,000,000, and last fall it spent $80,000,000 of this buying wheat at an average price of $1.15 a bushel. Now (or at least as this was written) wheat is down around 88 cents a bushel. Meanwhile the government has its wheat, has paid its high prices, and has borne its loss.

You would think the fallacy of all this would be self-evident. The reason why Uncle Sam can't raise the price of wheat by buying it is that the price of wheat is fixed abroad, at Liverpool, by the influx of wheat not only from the United States but from the Argentine, Canada, and other wheat exporting countries. They can flood the markets of the world with wheat and we can't help it. Nor, as Americans, can we raise the price with our 42-cent wheat tariff, for the simple reason that we produce too much ourselves. If we produced less wheat than we consumed, this tariff would indeed boost the price of wheat for our farmers, and of bread for our other people.

The wheat in the Farm Board's bins represents an enormous loss, and the board doesn't want to buy any more. It says we ought to reduce our production of wheat. But the wheat-state politicians—particularly in Kansas—say this is ridiculous. If we have too much wheat, they say, let's give it to the starving Chinese, or just dump it in the sea, so we can artificially raise the price and the farmer can grow still more and sell the surplus to the government to destroy.

It is just as fantastic as it sounds. We can't blame Mr. Hoover, because Al Smith promised the same thing. It is an intricate question—so intricate that nobody seems to understand it—and it is no help that it has been raised chiefly by demagogues to get votes.

We repeat that in our opinion the only way we can ease the situation is actually to throw our surplus farm land out of commission, pay the farmers for it, and put it to some other use. We suggest timber lands, because we need timber, which cannot be produced quickly, and the government can carry the cost of production better than the farmers. Whatever you may think of this plan, the fact remains that Uncle Sam can't buck the law of supply and demand, nor can he raise himself or the price of wheat by his bootstraps.

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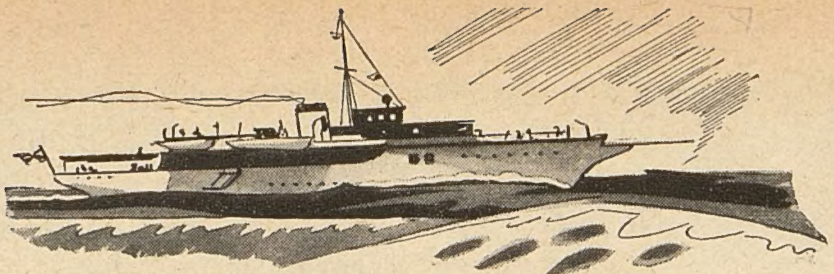
Cover by Leslie Thrasher



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Absorbine Jr. soothes and cools; not greasy; won't stain; leaves a healthy tan

A YACHT, the graceful lines of which are as well known on Narragansett Bay as they are in the home port behind the Golden Gate—a half dozen town houses and country seats—a flock of gleaming motors and a railroad or two—this man has *everything* the world has to offer—*and* "ATHLETE'S FOOT"!

And he doesn't know what it is!

A power among big men, he feels *furtive* about the dry, scaly condition between his little toes.* But he *will* know soon what worries him for *now* all medical authority knows that what he has is a form of ringworm infection caused by *tinea trichophyton* and commonly called "Athlete's Foot."

**Many Symptoms for the Same Disease —So Easily Tracked into the Home*

"Athlete's Foot" may start in a number of different ways,* but it is now generally agreed that the germ, *tinea trichophyton*, is back of them all. It lurks where you would least expect it—in the very places where people go for health and recreation and cleanliness. In spite of modern sanitation, the germ abounds on locker- and dressing-room floors—on the edges of swimming pools and showers—in gymnasiums—around bathing beaches and bath-houses—even on hotel bath-mats.

And from all these places it has been tracked into countless homes until today this ringworm infection is simply *everywhere*. The United States Public Health Service finds "*It is probable that at least one-half of all adults suffer from it at some time.*" And authorities say that half the boys in high school are affected. There can be no doubt that the tiny germ, *tinea trichophyton*, has made itself a nuisance in America.

It Has Been Found That Absorbine Jr. Kills This Ringworm Germ

Now, a series of exhaustive laboratory tests with the antiseptic Absorbine Jr. has proved that Absorbine Jr. penetrates deeply into flesh-like tissues, and that wherever it penetrates it *kills* the ringworm germ.

It might not be a bad idea to examine *your* feet tonight for distress signals* that announce the beginning of "Athlete's Foot." *Don't be fooled by mild symptoms.* Don't let the disease become entrenched, for it is *persistent*. The person who is seriously afflicted with it today, may have had these same mild symptoms like yours only a very short time ago.

Watch out for redness, particularly between the smaller toes, with itching—or a moist, thick skin condition—or, again, a dryness with scales.

Read the symptoms printed at the left very carefully. At the first sign of *any one* of these distress signals* begin the free use of Absorbine Jr. on the affected areas—douse it on morning and night *and after every exposure of your bare feet to any damp or wet floors, even in your own bathroom.*

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***WATCH FOR THESE DISTRESS SIGNALS THAT WARN OF "ATHLETE'S FOOT"**

Though "Athlete's Foot" is caused by the germ *tinea trichophyton*—its early stages manifest themselves in several different ways, usually between the toes—sometimes by redness, sometimes by skin-cracks, often by tiny itching blisters. The skin may turn white, thick and moist, or it may develop dryness with little scales. *Any one of these calls for immediate treatment!* If the case appears aggravated and does not readily yield to Absorbine Jr., consult your physician without delay.

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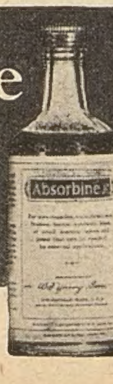
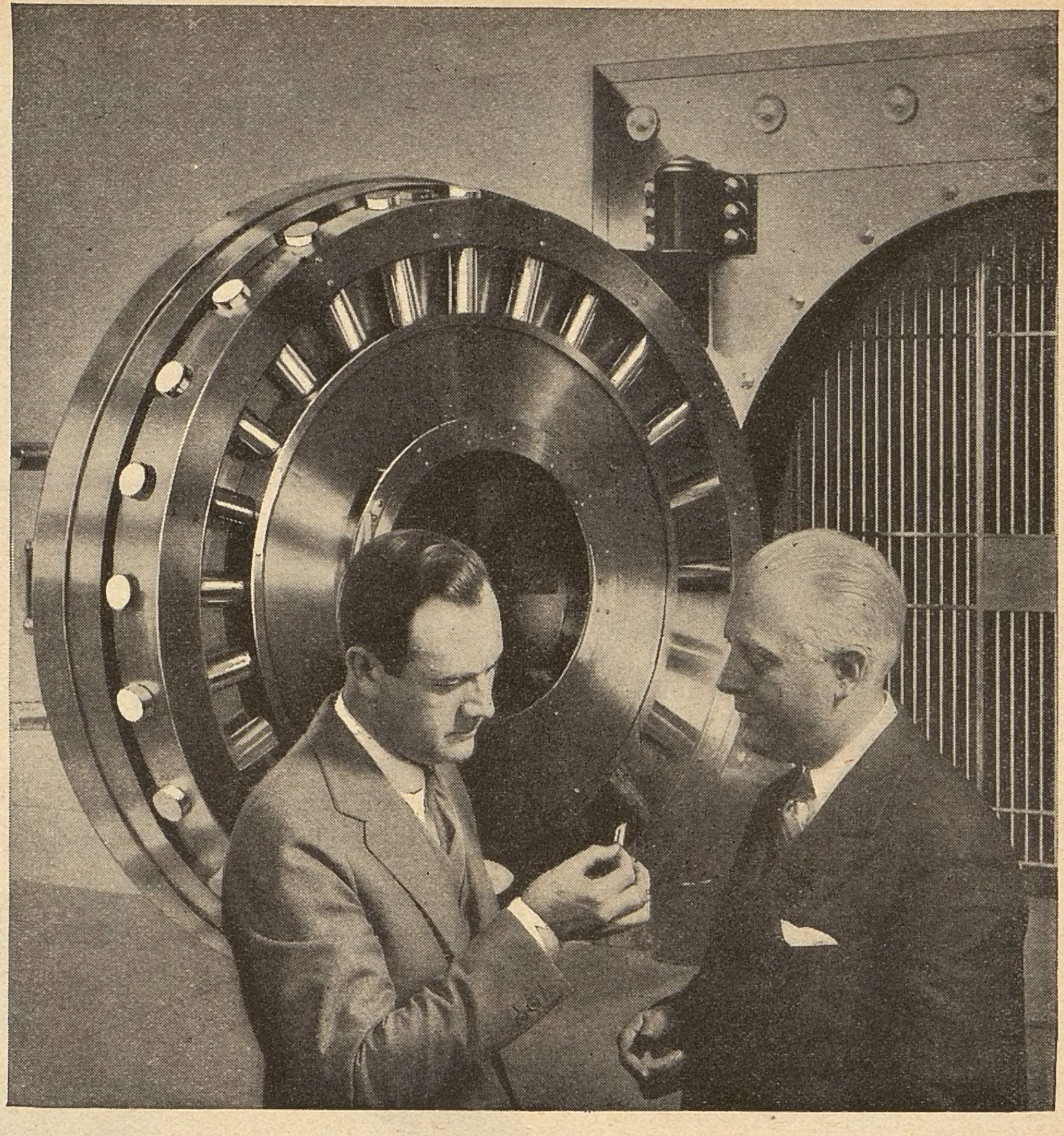


MEN WHO KNOW STEEL PREFER THE VALET—MEN WHO KNOW FACES PRESCRIBE IT



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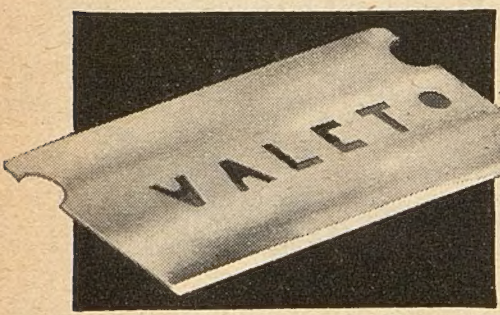

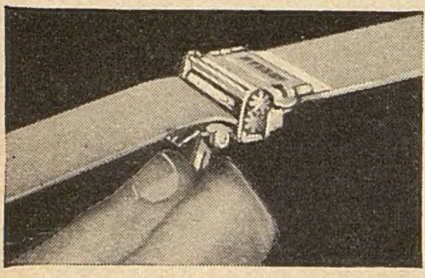

"PHYSICAL tests of the new Valet blade reveal a steel of outstanding superiority. Research men in our laboratory—intimately familiar with fine precision steel—prefer the new Valet because its keen, smooth shaving edge is easier on the face."—*Diebold Safe & Lock Co., Canton, Ohio.*

* * *

Diebold steel craftsmen recognize in the new Valet blade their own advanced precision standards. The triple-hardened Valet steel is finished to a micro-perfect edge. Magnetic testing and magnifying mirror inspection reveal the slightest flaw.

Physicians and dermatologists prescribe the new Valet for the correction of skin troubles caused by harsh shaving. They say the Valet is easier on the face. It glides lightly—without irritating the skin. Thus men who know faces confirm the preference of men who know steel.

The new Valet blade is made for the Valet AutoStrop—the only razor not requiring removal of the blade for stropping, shaving or cleaning. It always holds the blade at a friendly shaving angle. Keep your face young—your skin clear. Use the new Valet blade in the Valet AutoStrop Razor.

The new blade can be identified by the word "Valet" cut through the steel

The new VALET Auto-Strop BLADE

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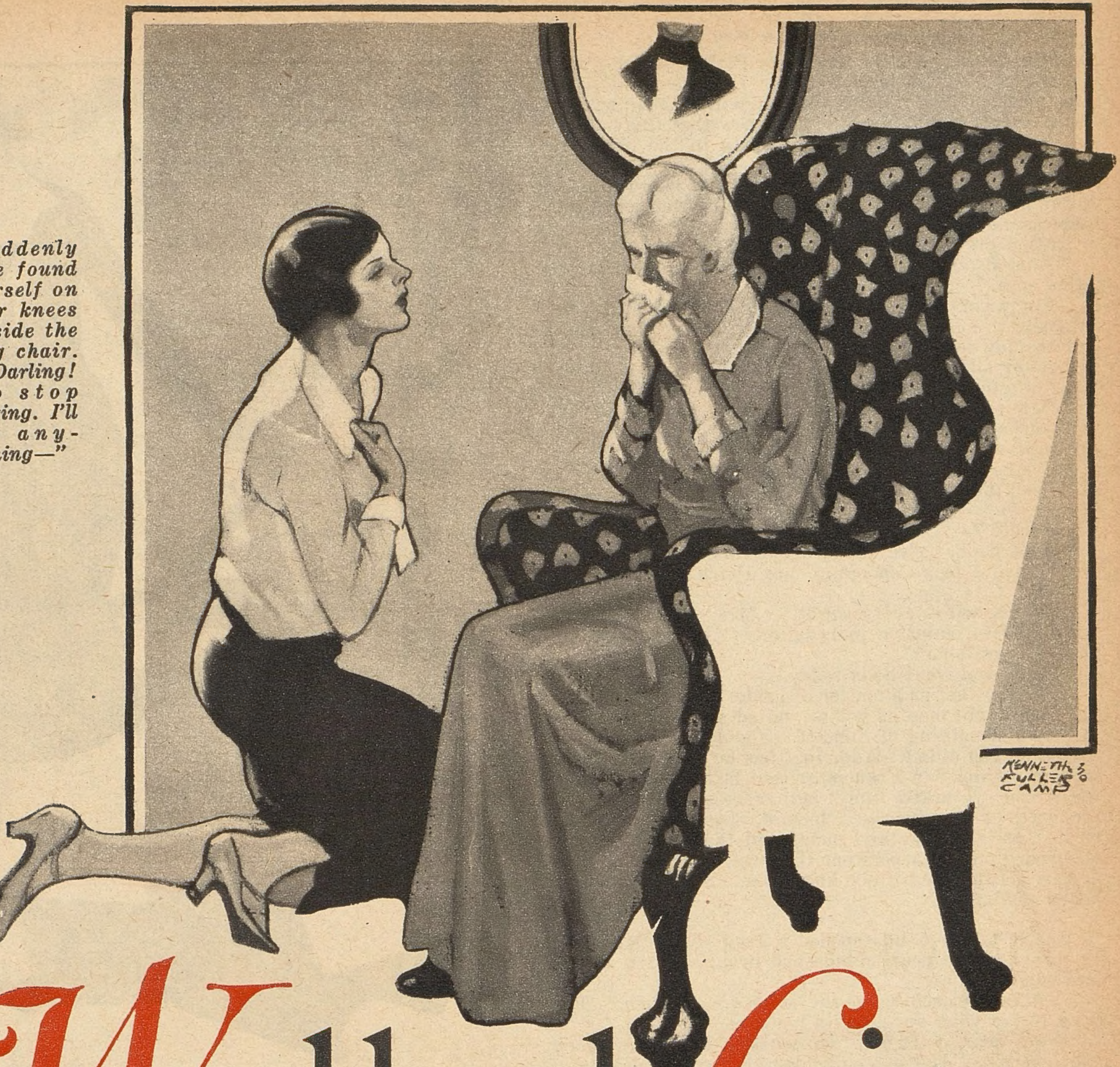


Suddenly she found herself on her knees beside the big chair. "Darling! Do stop crying. I'll do anything—"

Walled City

A Story of Love's Strategy

By

RITA WEIMAN

whose decision to become a writer was made early in her life, and has borne fruit in a number of plays, including The Acquittal, The Watch Dog and The Co-Respondent, and many stories. She was born in Pennsylvania and is now a married New Yorker.

Pictures by KENNETH FULLER CAMP

MRS. DRUCE-PAYTON—of the Druce Druce-Paytons, you know—sat before the silent glow of the coal fire in her Gramercy Park drawing-room and told her niece exactly what she thought of her niece's husband. Mrs. Druce-Payton had a weeping voice that made her arraignment of Dan Claridge rather a plaintive reproach than the barbed-wire accusation it undoubtedly was.

A miniature figure, fragile as frosted glass, she seemed swallowed by the high-back chair. Yet, somehow, her presence was the one dominant feature in the cavelike height and depth of the room. Ancestral portraits, furniture of nineteenth-century bulk and ugliness—all receded into background for the delicate gray-robed woman with feet propped on a tapestry stool. Mrs. Druce-Payton had enjoyed ill health for years. It made a graceful scepter to wield over family and friends.

In a corner of the distinctly uncomfortable couch Ruth Claridge sat and listened. During the past half hour she had found herself sinking farther and farther into that corner. Ruth had accepted Aunt Enid's rule since, as a small girl, she had

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

WALLED CITY
Continued from page seven

been installed under the Gramercy Park roof, an orphan intrusted to the tender care of her father's oldest sister. Her marriage had been the first step ever taken without Aunt Enid's guidance. And she knew that this outrage of gentle authority the little woman in the big chair would never forgive.

"Of course, ever since you married this man you knew nothing about, I felt sure we should discover something unpleasant."

Ruth drew from her corner; leaned forward.

"Aunt Enid, would you mind not speaking of Dan as 'this man'? It sounds so—so casual."

"But wasn't the whole affair casual? Isn't that the tragedy I've had to face every day of the past eight months, my dear child?"

"After all"—Ruth's voice was low—"does it matter much whether we know what or who Dan's family was?"

"Deceit is the thing that matters, dear child. It wrecks happiness. And Dan Claridge is deceiving you about his origin, his past—"

"I've never asked him about either."

"Then it's time you did. He should have volunteered to tell you. Why not—if there isn't something he has to conceal?"

"Aunt Enid, we've talked about this so often. What right have I to go snooping into Dan's life before he met me?"

"As his wife—every right." Mrs. Druce-Payton's voice rose to plaintive indignation. "Is his future all that belongs to you?"

"Yes. And what he is today."

"You say that as a matter of pride. I know that during these eight months you've waited anxiously for Dan to reveal something of himself. You'd be an unnatural woman if you didn't. And what has he told you? That he comes from San Francisco; that he's traveled round the world. I asked him whether he's related to the Claridges of Burlingame. He said, 'Distantly.' Well, I wrote Jane Claridge and mentioned that my niece had married Daniel Featherstone Claridge, a distant relative of hers. I inquired if she knew Dan. She's never even heard of him."

THE fluttering hands opened a gray silk reticule embroidered in pearl cupids and brought forth a frail lace handkerchief.

"You're reproaching me for loving you so much." The tears in her voice appeared in her eyes.

"Now, dear, don't cry. Of course I know how much you love me. And of course you're free to make any inquiry you like. But it does seem rather low for me to play detective against my own husband."

"Low?"

"Well—cheap."

"Cheap?" The frail handkerchief was pressed into a reluctant ball.

"Aunt Enid, please don't take me so literally. I mean just that it's up to Dan to tell me as much or as little as he likes."

"You mean you haven't the courage to ask him. You're afraid of his evasions, aren't you?"

"I love him." Ruth avoided the tearful gaze.

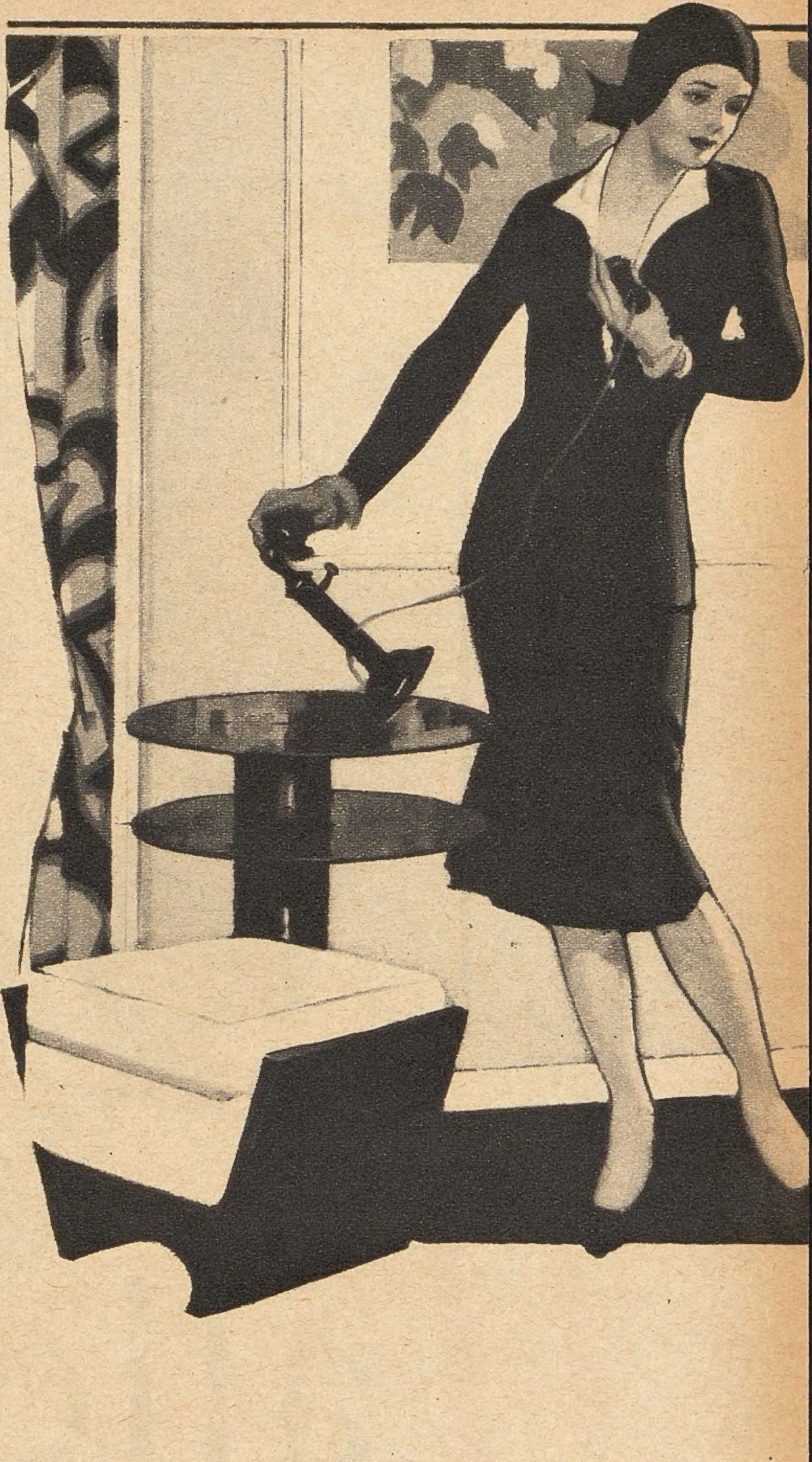
"But you *are* afraid of his evasions, aren't you? Haven't you tried to make him talk about himself? And hasn't he always changed the subject? And doesn't it humiliate you beyond words to have your friends ask about him, when you're completely unable to answer? You can't make me believe, my dear, that this state of affairs hasn't worried you. Why, I've seen the circles under your eyes, those lovely big brown eyes that never knew a tear when you were living under my roof."

"Please, Aunt Enid! Don't sympathize with me as if Dan were a criminal."

"He may be. How do we know? It's this terrible uncertainty that's sending me to the grave."

The last words lost themselves in a deluge. Mrs. Druce-Payton was sobbing.

Ruth got to her feet, moved about the room. She knew she would end with arms round her aunt, promising to do anything that might bring peace. But she wanted to put off the gesture, to see whether just once she could not resist the plaintive demands that always won their way. She wanted to go home, to get out of this house, away from the subtle influence for years so interwoven with her own life that the threads could not be disentangled.

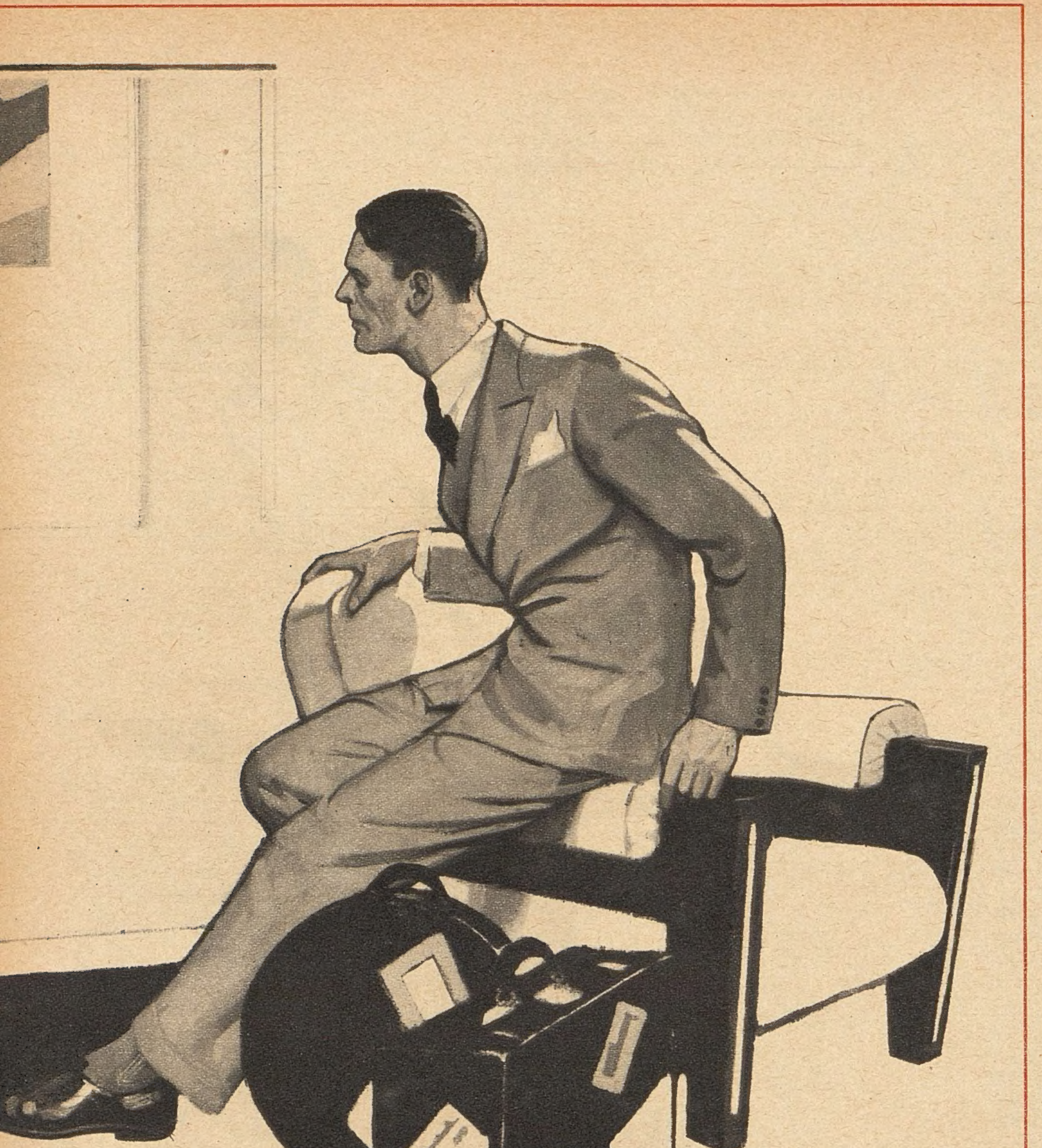


Just as Dan made his last count of luggage, the telephone shrilled. He frowned. "Don't answer! Let them think we've gone."

Her restless hands roved among books, magazines, *objets d'art*, to take up, put down, take up again. Her nerves strained against the persistent sound of sobbing. The tyranny of love clung round her throat like a rope.

Then suddenly she found herself on her knees beside the big chair. "Darling! Do stop crying. . . . Anything you say—I'll do anything—"

"I want only—your happiness." The fluttering fingers ran through Ruth's brown hair that clung damply against her forehead. "You're miserable, dear, and your adoring aunt knows it. Why, I've brought you up like my



own child—my very own child." The lamenting voice drifted into wistful silence.

"All right, I'll ask Dan—"

"Tonight?"

"Yes, tonight. And I know he'll give me a clean slate to show you."

Ruth Claridge drove home in the Druce-Payton car, sitting rigid against the cushions. She had promised to do the thing she had for months fought against doing. Instinct, inclination, reason—all had been arch-antagonists in the battle against the love that demanded a trust in Dan Claridge beyond all question.

She and Dan had started out so gloriously one. Resolved to make this adventure called marriage, which the world seemed to regard as such a problem, no problem at all.

"Let's get married and then forget it, Lady Ruth," Dan had dismissed the question in his casual, laughing way. "No ownership business in our household. I'll be your lover. Understand? Have to work like blazes to keep you from liking the way another guy's hair grows better than mine. Take a look at that moonlit stretch of ocean. Well, that's it! That's my love."

"'O, swear not by the moon—'" Ruth remembered the way she had sung the words in mock warning—"'th' inconstant moon.'"

"I swear by the depth and breadth of the sea. Fathoms—"

THEY had been standing at the rail of the Aquitania on the way home, the same ship on which they had met going over. What a courtship! Four tempestuous weeks during which Dan had substituted telegrams and telephone messages for the business trip that should have taken him to London. What were wires for, anyway, when you had a girl to win, a girl so devastating that any man might walk off with her right under your nose? He had followed her to Paris; followed her to Brittany. Ruth's plan of a summer abroad visiting friends in France, in Switzerland, in England, had been shot to pieces under the bombardment of Dan's attack.

Dan's serene assumption of all those little irritating travel responsibilities a woman loves to escape; Dan's almost soldier-of-fortune indifference to obstacles; Dan's encompassing smile that so completely disarmed feminine caution; Dan's way of lifting a girl out of herself and figuratively hoisting her to his broad shoulder—irresistible, all of it.

"You're not staying abroad without me, Lady Ruth. Can't be done. You're going home with me and marry me the minute we get there."

And she had gone home with him. And married him the minute they got there. Against traditions, against everything she had been brought up to recognize as sacred. Looking back now, she saw a slight girl with intense dark eyes pledging herself to a tall man in a tweed suit, a man about whom the girl knew astonishingly little—nothing, in fact, except that she couldn't imagine going on without him.

Secretly Ruth knew the reason for that swift cometlike marriage. She had been afraid to encounter Aunt Enid's disapproval in advance. Aunt Enid's disapproval had not, however, been limited by time or space. Now, almost a year later, it still fell slowly, like the ancient Chinese torture of water, falling drop by drop on a man's head until he went mad! It fell unbearably, with

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WALLED CITY
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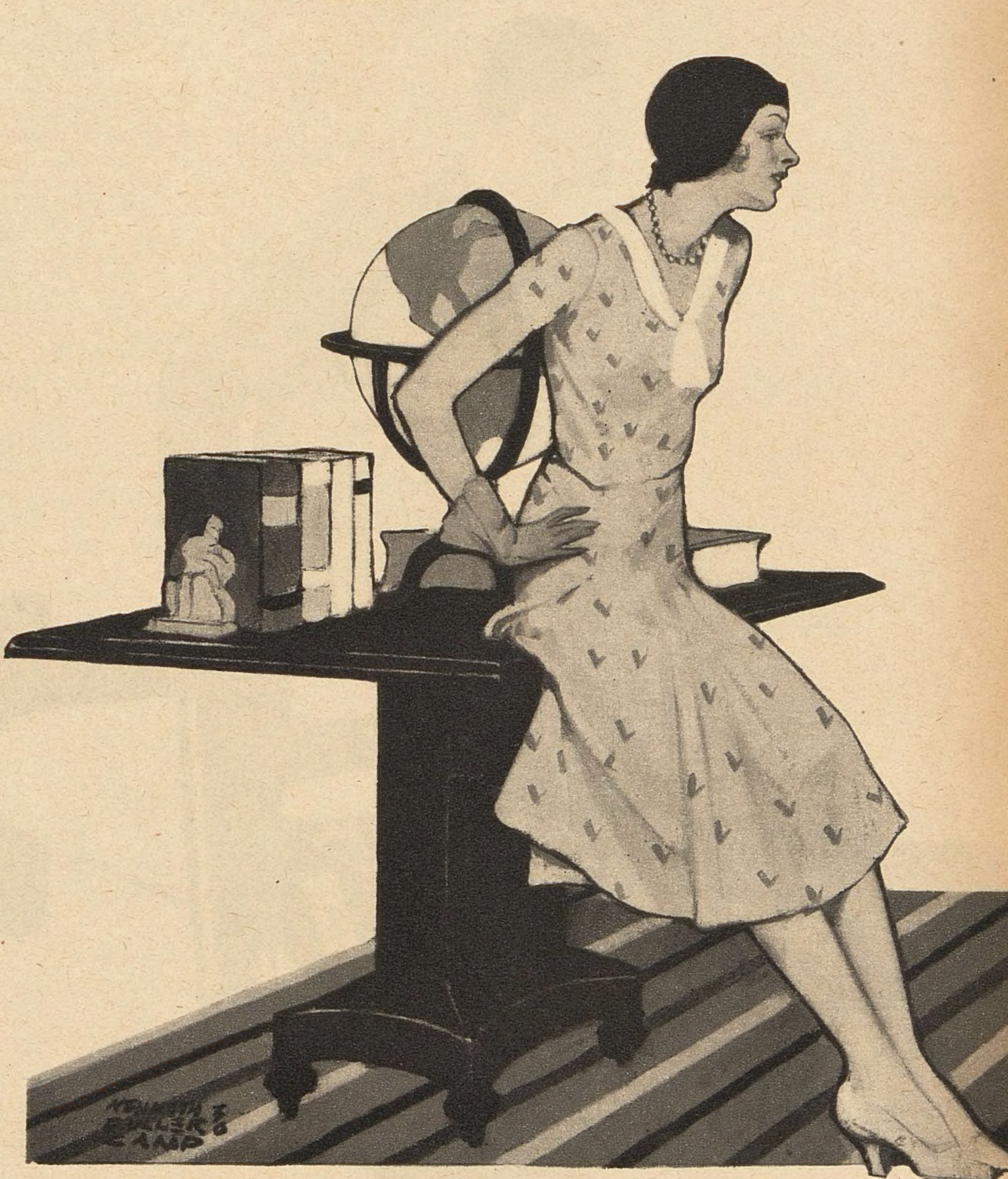


Mrs. Druce-Payton sat down. "You can't, of course, mean that you're the wife of Daniel Featherstone Claridge," she suggested.

a pressure that closed Ruth's eyes in pain.

If only she could forget that, although living for eight months under the same roof, sharing all of Dan's present, she was as ignorant of his actual past as during those four reckless weeks of courtship.

Who was he? What? . . . How absurd! He came from San Francisco, had gone to public school, was a civil engineer, had traveled more or less round the world. Wasn't that enough? . . . No, it wasn't. She knew it wasn't.

That gnawing demand for all of a man's confidence had grown in proportion as they had grown closer. She wanted no blank pages. She wanted Dan as Aunt Enid knew she wanted him.

The car drew to the curb at an apartment house in the section below Fourteenth Street which used to sit so snugly in the lap of towering New York. Ruth hurried across the foyer and into the elevator. Perched on the roof like a bird with wings folded was the four-room penthouse flat that she and Dan had made their own.

She let herself in, closed the door. From the little foyer she looked into the living room with its French windows and balcony and the glow of sunset splashing across carpet the color of bronzed leaves.

"Hello, there!"

FROM a lounge chair at the far end, Dan Claridge sprang up and came toward her. Dan had a loose-limbed ease of movement, with the economy of effort of a man accustomed to scaling heights and mastering depths. One got the immediate impression of fearless muscular strength.

His distinctively black hair and eyes, the strongly marked cheek bones, the thin lips across white teeth suggested a strain of Indian blood. Or perhaps Spanish—it was difficult to tell. Certainly a face that roused interest, a personality of unquestioned magnetism. His voice was low, yet resonant. A voice whose barest whisper carried its message.

He took off Ruth's hat, lifted her until their eyes were on a level and their lips met.

"Just getting ready to send out police reserves. It's after six. Where've you been, young woman?"

"At Aunt Enid's."

"Oh!" He searched the eyes close to his. "That would seem to account for the state of depression." He put her down and without another word helped her out of her coat.

"Why do you think I'm depressed?"

"I know the signs by this time. Those big troubled eyes—stars with clouds over them."

Ruth went to the window, opened it. Somehow it was easier at the particular moment not to meet Dan's searching gaze. He followed her, stood silently looking down at New York afloat like some mystic city in the red sea of the departing sun. Presently he reached out, took her hand in his warm grip.

"What is it, dear? What has she done to you now?"

"Nobody's done—anything." She paused, hesitated. Then the soft voice of Aunt Enid seemed to speak for her: "Nobody, that is, but you, Dan."

"I? You don't mean that."

"Yes, I do. I've been meaning it—wanting to talk about it for a long time. Dan—" she turned swiftly, with the catch of breath of a swimmer about to plunge into ice-cold water—"do you realize we've been married almost a year and I know as little about you as the day we met?"

"I—don't get you."

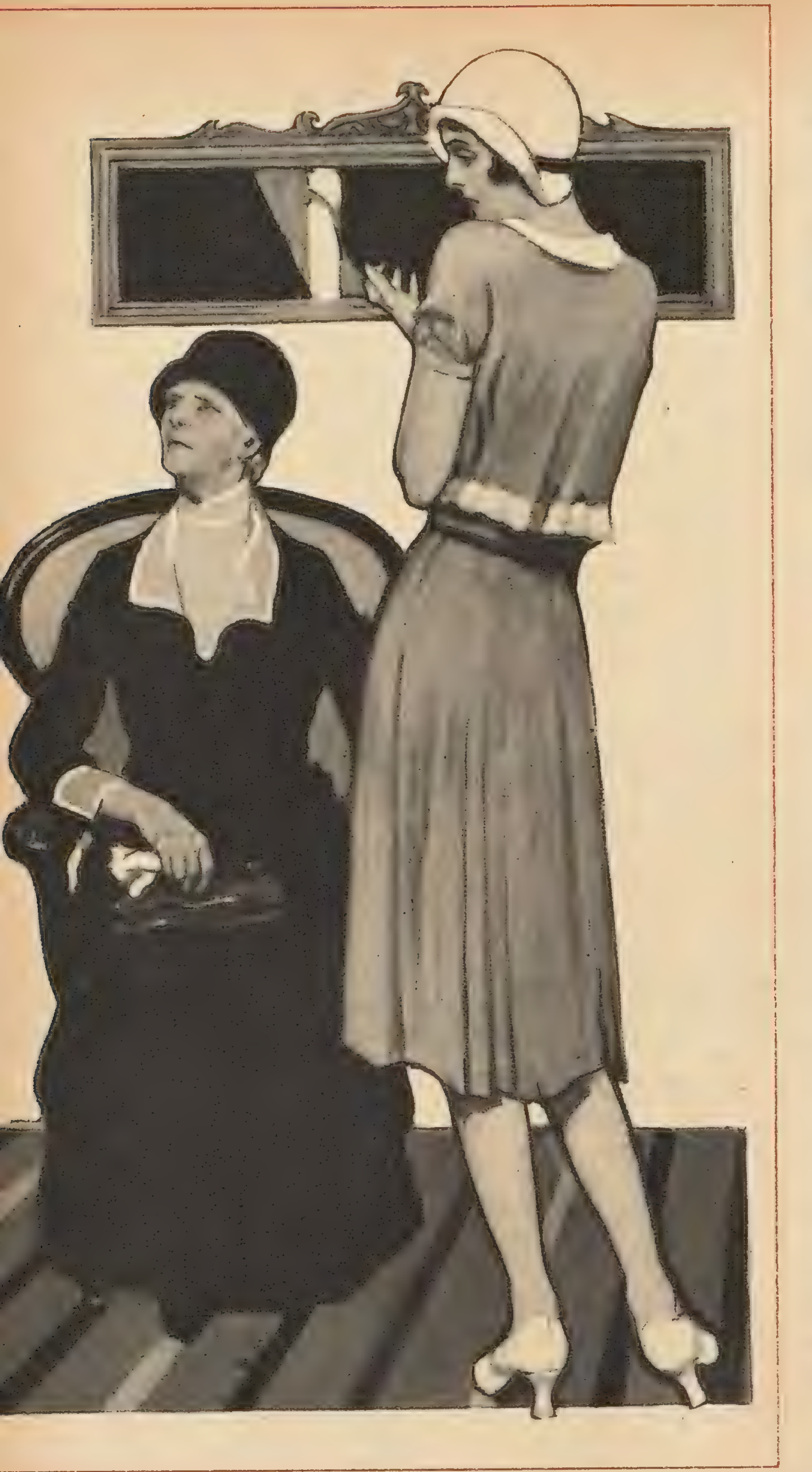
"About your family, your friends, your life before we met."

"I still don't get you."

"Yes, you do. You must."

He gave his deep, infectious laugh.

"Family? I haven't any. Like Topsy I just growed.



I'd like to invent a family tree, but it wouldn't have any more branches than a walking stick. Friends? A couple of dogs that have gone to the happy hunting ground and a few human beings I hear from every now and then, scattered in various corners of the globe. You see, dear, this man—the man I am today—was born such a short time ago that what he was before then doesn't matter."

"It does—to me. I can't help it."

"Why? What do you care what I was before we belonged to each other? My life is an open book to you now. Are you tired of reading how much I love you?"

"Dan, can't you see? It's just my love for you that—" Her voice struggled for composure. "Not to have your full confidence—it hurts so!"

He caught her shoulders, turned her so that the light flamed round her face.

"Will you explain, please, what you think I'm trying to hide?"

"Dan—"

"This isn't exactly news to me. I've felt it coming for months. You didn't question me in the beginning. What's up now?"

"Dan, do you remember the day we were lying on the sand at Dinard, looking across the bay at the walled city of St. Malo? Do you remember saying that almost every one of us is a walled city inside?"

"Yes."

"Well, I feel shut out, as if you'd closed a door—like those great iron-bound doors at St. Malo—against me. I don't want to be shut out, Dan. It isn't sporting of me, perhaps—"

"The only walled city is your own imagination."

"Then why don't you tell the truth? Why did you let Aunt Enid believe you were related to her friends in Burlingame, when you're not?"

"Lady Ruth, ever since I had the temerity to marry you without consulting that little tyrant who regulated every step you took, she's been determined to smash us!"

"That's not true, Dan! How can you be so unjust?"

"It's as true as fate. She's cross-questioned me, put me through the third degree, tried to strip me of your respect—and my own."

"Don't accuse her of such a thing! She just wants me to be happy."

"Not with me. She's determined you shan't be happy with me if she can help it. I'm not in her class. Besides, I've violated her authority by taking you. She won't let me off."

"But, Dan, you did lie, didn't you?"

"Yes. Because, frankly, I consider that my past belongs to myself. And I resent busybody methods of inquiring into it. I simply told her what she'd made up her mind not to believe, anyway. Will you please inform me what difference it makes whether I'm related to the Burlingame Claridges or not?"

RUTH tried to pull away, but the grip on her shoulders tightened.

"Does it make any difference to you? Tell me!"

"Just this: If there's nothing to keep secret; if— Oh, Dan, it's so hard to say!—but if you haven't anything to be ashamed of, why don't you let me share your yesterdays?"

"All right, if it's of such vital importance! From the time I was a kid, I've had to shift for myself. I've sold papers, bummed my way on freight trains, been chore boy with tent shows, sold patent medicines on street corners. My boon companions often came from the slums and dregs. I've knocked round the Barbary Coast with the worst of them. Between the spirit of adventure and the necessity to live, I've been about everything you can think of. Everything but what Aunt Enid would like you to believe."

He turned abruptly, went to an end table beside the couch, took a cigarette from a marble jade box that was one of their wedding gifts, and thrust it between his lips.

"What do you think that is?"

"Oh, a hardened criminal of some sort!" He said it with a crisp laugh, but the hand holding his lighter shook.

"Dan, can't you get her point of view? It's only natural curiosity."

"Would it interest her to learn that I came out of an orphan asylum, that I never had a name of my own until I selected one I liked from the telephone book? Not a bit! Except to give her something more to torture you with. Can't you see, Ruth, what she's doing? Torturing you, feeding you slow poison that's bound to kill your faith in me. Get me? She's killing your faith! Let it go on, and she'll end by killing your love."

Cold grayness descended suddenly on the room. Swift drop of the curtain over daylight as the sun disappears. Silence fell with it. Silence that had the sense of doom.

Ruth shivered, closed the window, went quickly to the electric switch. The place must be flooded with light. Instantly. This darkness between her and Dan— He looked strange, blurred, as if he were receding, moving away. As she passed him, his voice came huskily:

"Ruth—you know what you've got to do?"

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

WALLED CITY
Continued from page eleven

She paused, waited.

"If you want to save the thing we have, you've got to cut her out."

"Cut her—out?"

"Completely. Oh, I know it's a brutal thing to ask, but I'm fighting for happiness. Yours—mine. A man has the right to fight for that any way he can."

Ruth stumbled to the switch. The lights flashed on.

"Darling"—Dan went to her quickly—"don't look so agonized. I'll make it all as easy as possible."

"You can't make it easy. You're asking me to break a tie as strong as if she were my mother."

"I understand. But if you'll let me handle it—guide you—she'll realize that we belong together now, that nothing on the outside dare interfere. I'm leaving town next week—called in on the construction of a dam in Arkansas. I came home early tonight to tell you. It would have meant several months of separation. But it's not going to mean separation now—if you don't mind putting up with all sorts of inconveniences. Down there, alone in a more or less wilderness, we'll laugh at all these silly obstacles. Away from civilization people see things pretty much as they are. We'll grow closer, Ruth, than ever. By the time we get back your aunt will take her proper place in your life. It's a way out for us. Will you come?"

Quiet demand, not pleading, was in the question. Ruth responded just as quietly:

"Yes—I'll come!"

His very authority cleared the air of doubt. Absurd that she had ever allowed any question to enter her consciousness!

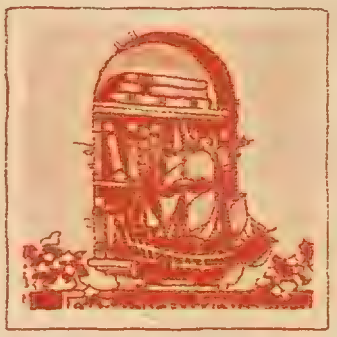
She carried the sense of release all through preparations for the trip. It put her on her toes.

Dan exacted a promise that nothing would be said to Aunt Enid until the day of departure. Then, briefly, in the most kindly way, they would break the news. There might be a few tears, perhaps, but not too much time for sentimental self-pity. No time at all for a devastating scene. Better to take no risks.

Early in the afternoon they called at the Gramercy Park house.

In a transparent black gown, accenting her fragility, Mrs. Druce-Payton received them.

"We've come to say 'good-by,'" Dan announced casually. "I'm rushing away tonight. A little trip southwest. Hurry call to work on a dam down there. And I'm taking Ruth along."



MRS. DRUCE-PAYTON'S hand fluttered to her throat. Her gaze traveled slowly to Ruth. She said nothing.

"We won't be away very long, dear," Ruth began hurriedly. Then stopped.

She felt throttled, as though the frail hand were at her own throat. If only Aunt Enid wouldn't sit there staring at her with that stark look!

She never knew how she got through the half hour of farewell. Dan chatted amiably of the importance of the construction work he had been called in to supervise. He kept his talk impersonally pleasant. Still Mrs. Druce-Payton said nothing.

"Don't you wish me a happy trip, Aunt Enid?" Ruth asked finally.

"Of course, my dear child—my baby." It was barely a whisper. "A wonderful trip. Come over here and kiss me good-by."

Ruth went over. The lips against hers were cold.

"I may never see you again," they murmured.

It was a desperate memory to carry away. Clinging hands. Cold lips. The murmur of final parting. The very resignation of it all.

At eight o'clock that night, just as Dan made his last count of luggage, the telephone shrilled. He frowned.

"Don't answer!"

"Why? How foolish!"

"Don't answer, I say. Let them think we've gone."

"Who?"

"Whoever it is. I don't care."

The shrill cry again. Commanding.

Ruth lifted the receiver. Her aunt's housekeeper was on the wire.

"Mrs. Claridge, I had to call you. . . . It's the mistress! She's been in a dead faint for the past hour. Dr. Anson said you should be called at once—"

"Sending for you, isn't she?" Dan broke in curtly.

"She's unconscious—"

"A put-up job. Tell them to get some other relative."

"Dan, I can't!" Ruth heard her own voice from far off.

"A put-up job, I tell you!"

"Get Dr. Anson, please," she spoke into the phone, then turned to the man whose face was suddenly rock-hewn. "We'll see—we'll see in just a minute!"

"I might have known she'd manage somehow—" He halted abruptly. "Ruth, you don't know it, but this is the minute when you choose between us."

"Please don't be cruel!"

"You don't know it, I say—"

Ruth heard the doctor's alarmed "It's hard to tell, my dear. I've never seen her like this. Nothing seems to bring her round."

"Must I come?"

"You'd better. At once."

SHE hung up the receiver, spoke without looking at the man who waited.

"Dan," she said numbly, "if I went away—and Aunt Enid died I'd feel that I'd killed her."

He bent, strapped his kit bag.

"She won't die."

"Dear! Please don't make this any harder. I'll join you—later."

"You won't. She'll see that you don't." Suddenly he caught her, held her close, kissed her so that she shut her eyes against the pain in his. "My God, how I wish I could find some way to make you see what's happening!"

That was all. His arms dropped.

Ruth stood uncertainly, groping for words. All she could summon were:

"It's just as hard for me. Just as hard. . . . But I'll come to you." . . .

She did not go to him. Weeks of tender care were required to restore the vitality that always seemed so slight, yet burned within the frail flesh, an indomitable flame. Mrs. Druce-Payton recovered, clinging to her niece with a tenacity pathetically appealing.

A month went by. At her aunt's request, Ruth closed the penthouse flat, went to live at Gramercy Park. It seemed the only thing to do.

Dan's sole comment on the announcement of removal was a brief and bitter "Just another step in her scheme to part us."

Ruth tore up his letter. She had a guilty sense that Aunt Enid, sitting on the other side of the table as she read, might guess its contents. A guilty, apologetic sense. The soft pleading eyes were watching her. Cruel to jump at snap judgments as Dan was judging this gentle soul. Cruel to assume that she could act a part for selfish motives. Brutally cruel!

An infinite wave of protective tenderness swept from the younger to the older woman. What matter how much or of what Aunt Enid suspected Dan? That didn't justify deserting her.

It did not seem possible that a month ago she, Ruth, had agreed mercilessly to break the tie of a lifetime. This was where she belonged! At the side of the woman whose need was beyond any other consideration. She crumpled the torn bits in her hand.

Mrs. Druce-Payton continued to watch her, smiling softly.

Letters to Dan now ceased to speak of joining him. A certain strained self-consciousness crept into their contents. A curious veiled thing of which Ruth herself was unaware, as a ghost walks intangibly without substance or shadow.

But the man in his wilderness read the unwritten message. It was handwriting on the wall.

Mrs. Druce-Payton proceeded benignly to let the wheel of circumstance revolve. Yet even she was totally unprepared for the sudden swerve it took.

Returning from their daily drive one afternoon, they were informed that a woman was waiting to see them in the library.

"I told her the ladies were out," explained the butler apologetically. "But she insisted her business was most important."

"The name?" asked Aunt Enid.

"She said she was one of the family, madam."

As they entered the library their visitor came forward, wafting a pungent trail of perfume as of clothes saturated. A small person of indeterminate age, she had a brisk, hard prettiness—the sort of prettiness that might once have been immobile beauty. The eyes were blue and at the moment expressionless. The nose had a chiseled thinness. The red lips indicated that nature's lines had been powdered off and a cupid's bow painted in their place. Her dress was childishly blue. Under a snug blue hat tufts of peroxide curls lay against her cheeks.

Mrs. Druce-Payton's brows met.

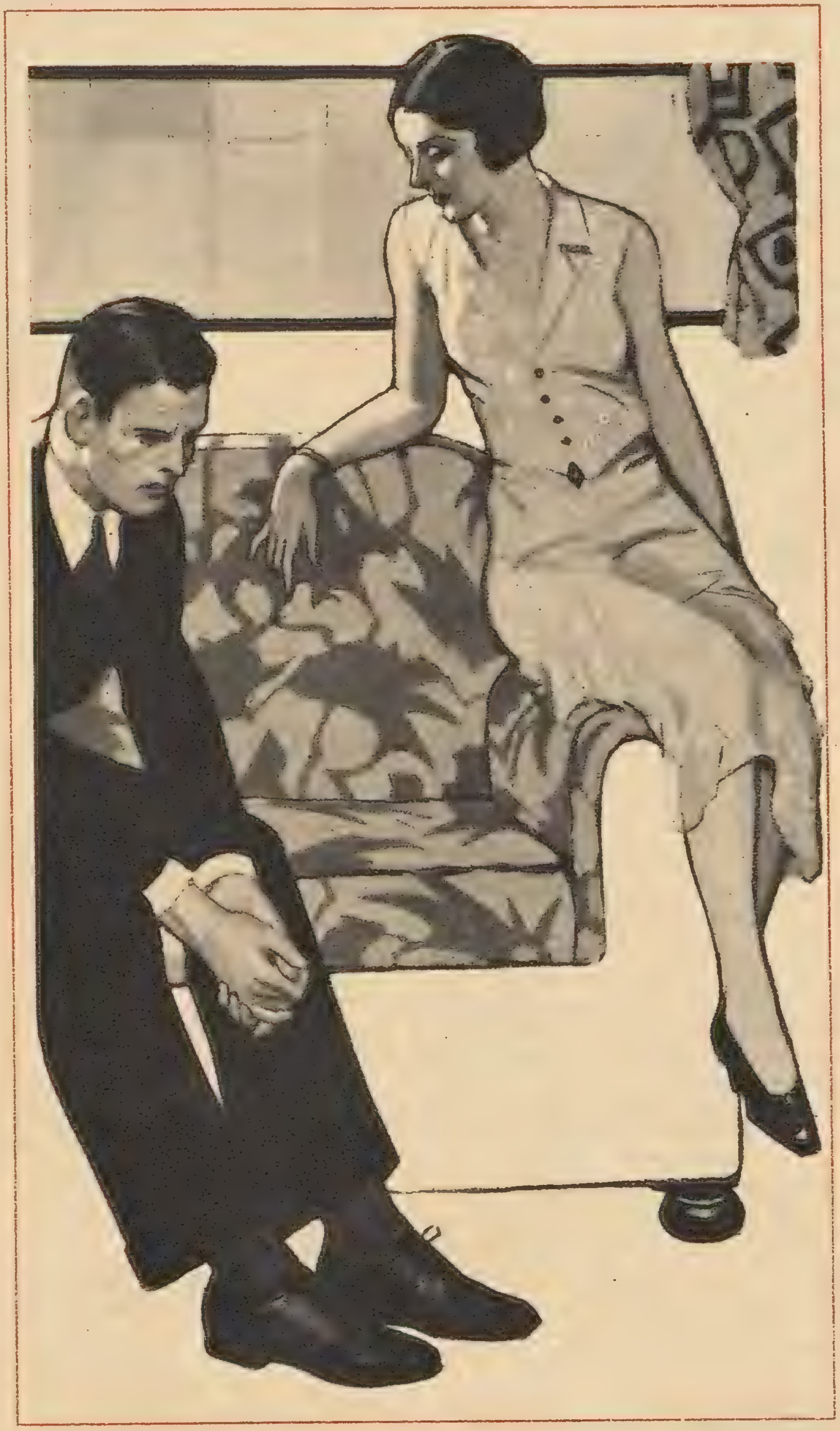
"I beg your pardon. My butler informed me one of the family—"

"Right." The visitor's voice was high and self-assured. "I am—sort of."

"May I ask your name?"

"Well, that's a little hard to decide. I used to be known as Mrs. Dick Crane. But now I suppose I ought to call myself Mrs. Daniel Claridge."

She said it pleasantly, with a smile showing pointed white teeth.



She tried to be sporting about it; to be fair to Dan, who sat hunched forward, hands clasped between his knees, and listened.

Ruth stood perfectly still in the doorway. She experienced that absolute lack of sensation which, due to its very force, terrific shock brings. Automatically she could have talked about the weather—anything.

MRS. DRUCE-PAYTON sat down, drawing off her gloves while her glance surveyed the other woman.

"You can't, of course, mean that you're the wife of Daniel Featherstone Claridge," she suggested.

"Well, I never registered under that name. We traveled as Richard Crane and wife."

"Common-law wife?" asked Aunt Enid cryptically.

"Married eight years ago by a justice of the peace," the other woman came back with equal curtness.

Ruth spoke then, listening as though the words came from another person. The calmness of her own voice was amazing. Was this the way women met destruction?

"There must be some misunderstanding. You see, I am Mrs. Dan Claridge."

The glazed blue eyes slowly measured her.

"Well, he always had a taste for class. That's why we didn't hit it off."

The visitor opened her handbag, searched hurriedly, and, failing to find what she wanted, dumped its contents on the table. Two lipsticks, a small comb once white, an aromatic, blue-silk handkerchief, a miniature perfume bottle, soiled puff wrapped in chiffon, and some folded papers. Her fingers with their painted red nails flashed through these last, then beckoned to Ruth and spread a much-thumbed sheet for inspection.

Richard Crane . . . Nora Winslow. January 2, 1922. . . . In the city of San Francisco.

"After a New Year's Eve party," the cupid's bow announced.

SHE rummaged once more through the scraps.

"Here he is!" An old kodak picture was tossed before Mrs. Druce-Payton.

Without touching it, she raised lorgnette and bent down.

"Undoubtedly, my dear child"—her tone was low, conclusive—"this is the man you know as Daniel Claridge."

Ruth picked up the photograph. Turning her back to them, she examined the likeness for a long moment. The picture showed the woman younger, prettier, but unmistakable, and Dan with a collie stretched at his feet.

Just as she had been without emotion, so, looking into the face that smiled back frankly, endearingly, a tidal wave engulfed her. Breath stopped, as the sucking sea closes over the drowning.

"That was taken just before we split."

"How long, may I ask, since you've seen him?" Mrs. Druce-Payton leaned forward with an air of polite interest.

"Oh, two years or thereabouts. We called it quits, though, long before that."

"Divorce, you mean?"

"Well"—she showed her white teeth again—"the boy friend's under that impression. I changed my mind

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[WALLED CITY
Continued from page thirteen]

after the interlocutory decree was granted last spring. I'm partial to the married feeling."

"Do you mean," Ruth put in quickly, "you let Dan go ahead and marry me without notifying him that you were not going through with the final decree?"

"Don't forget, my dear," Mrs. Druce-Payton softly corrected, "this young woman did not know Mr. Claridge under his present name."

"Oh, yes, I did," the cupid's bow pouted. "I knew right after he left me. He wanted to forget the old crowd. He came East to forget us."

"Then why didn't you let him? Why did you follow him—"

Ruth's vehemence was halted by Aunt Enid's expression of pained reproach.

"Dear child, we must not forget this young woman has done what she thinks right. If there has been a mistake, it must be rectified —at once."

"That's what I thought. When I found out about his being married again, I knew he must have believed I went through with the divorce according to our agreement, before he sailed for Europe last year. You see, I sued in California—for desertion."

"Most difficult!" Aunt Enid's tone was appealing, but without a tinge of nervousness. "You place us in a most difficult position. I hope you had no idea of mentioning this to—to anyone else."

"Oh, no. Of course, it would be a great bet for the papers. Sort of makes him a bigamist, don't it?" She said it almost with a laugh. The game was so completely in her small grasping hands. Ruth's clenched. "But I just have a hankering to have him back. I don't want to make trouble."

"Not make trouble!" laughed Ruth. "Not make trouble!"

"Ruth dear," warned her aunt, "this can all be settled without hysterics. We must keep our heads and try to be just."

"I really came East to see him," apologized the other. "But his office said he was out of town. Then I tried his flat and the doorman sent me here."

"Mr. Claridge is South. But we need not communicate with him for the present." Mrs. Druce-Payton rose conclusively. "Let me understand the matter clearly: If we make it possible for you to take your position as his wife again, will you be quite satisfied?"

"That's all I want. He's got class now—money. I'd like to be a swell."

RUTH looked at the short talonlike fingers gathering up the messy possessions. This woman couldn't belong to Dan—couldn't be any part of him! Yet she could stalk into his life again and demand him—according to the law's letter, could ruin him as completely as though right were on her side.

"I must ask you to excuse us now." Mrs. Druce-Payton was dismissing her gracefully. "My niece and I must have some time to talk this over. I shall communicate with you as soon as we see our attorney."

"Oh, I've talked to a lawyer. He's given my papers the once-over and he says I've got the boy—coming and going. Jail offense, if I say so. But I don't want to make trouble—just get *him* back."

"And I'm quite certain"—Aunt Enid gave a faint smile—"the whole affair can be settled without unpleasantness for either side. May I have your address?"

"The Cragmore. Thought I'd do myself proud."

"Very well, Mrs.—pardon me?"

"Crane—the Claridge belongs to her." Hesitating, the woman finally approached Ruth. "Would you pass me the boy friend, please?"

She held out a hand. As it closed over the picture, she stood with the first sign of discomfort, looking into Ruth's white face.

"This must be kind of a shock to you."

"Will you agree to do nothing about it until you see Mr. Claridge?" Ruth put.

"My dear child," objected Aunt Enid in a startled, hurt tone, "that's quite unnecessary—"

"Will you?" urged Ruth.

"How long will that be?"

"Ten days at the utmost."

"It's a long time."

"I'll get him back before then if I can. You've nothing to lose by waiting. The law's all on your side. Of course, any expenses meanwhile—"

"Are you trying to buy me off?"

"No. I wouldn't be foolish enough to attempt such a thing. You'd have a right to laugh at me. I just want to buy your silence for a time. Will five thousand dollars do that?"

"Ruth, my dear child—"

"Please, Aunt Enid. This concerns me, I think, and—and Mrs. Crane."

The blue eyes lost their glaze to a glint of calculation.

"Five thousand dollars—for keeping my mouth shut ten days."

"Yes. That's five hundred dollars a day."

"You must be crazy," the woman observed.

"Perhaps. What do you care?"

"But you can't make me sign any papers without my lawyer's advice."

"No—I must simply take your word. Will you agree?"

The woman laughed crisply.

"What it's going to get you, I don't know. But it's nuts for me. Five thousand dollars—and ten days to spend it!"

"You can have the check now."

Ruth went to the desk. The scratch of her pen was the only sound—a swift and summary consummation of the bargain.

"Only for ten days, though. Don't think you can put me off any longer."

WHEN she had gone, Aunt Enid dropped into a chair.

"What a humiliating, horrible experience!" she murmured. "That frightful little creature! And so sure of herself. Of course, my dear Ruth, you must stop payment on that check."

"The check will go through."

"But you shouldn't have done a thing without seeing Cornelius Graham. You can't know how you've played into her hands."

"I've paid her to keep quiet. That's all I care about."

"Perhaps it was wise, after all," Mrs. Druce-Payton said painfully. "I'm so confused—it's so difficult to know. But one thing I see clearly: we must manage it all without notoriety, without disgrace. And without delay."

Ruth did not speak.

"Cornelius is the most conservative lawyer in New York. He can be depended upon to handle the affair with the utmost caution. There must be an annulment—or maybe that would bring about newspaper investigation and unpleasant publicity. No, on the whole, you'd better go abroad quietly and get a divorce. After all, if we do keep things quiet, the outrageous position that scoundrel has forced you into need never be known."

Fury suddenly seized Ruth. Fury tinged with something strange, unbelievable—a sickening horror. This frail woman regulating her future avidly, like some thin greedy vulture. This woman she had loved so many years beating her into submission as though her own will had ceased to exist!

"I haven't the slightest intention of doing anything of the sort."

"My poor darling!" Aunt Enid raised her eyes tenderly. "My poor tragic, stricken baby, you can't decide anything now."

"You're glad about it all, aren't you?" Ruth answered.

"Glad?"

"You think you're justified in everything you've said."

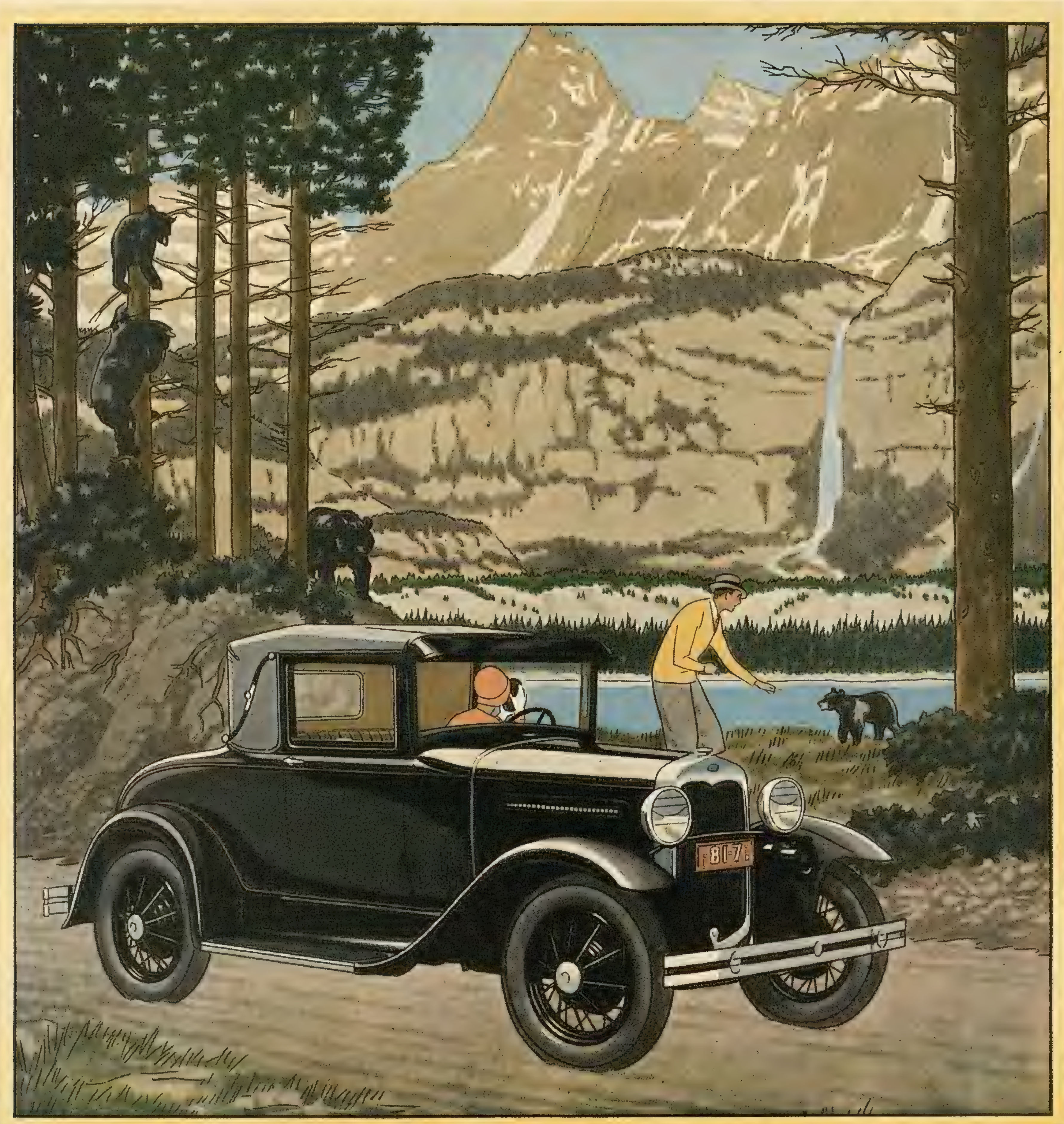
[CONCLUDED ON PAGE SEVENTEEN]

Built for many thousands of miles

THE new Ford has been designed and built to give you many thousands of miles of faithful, economical service. Beneath its flashing beauty of line and color—in those vital mechanical parts which you may never see—is a high quality of material and accuracy in manufacturing.

The reliability and capable performance of the car, in all weather and under all conditions, make it a particularly good choice for long, constant use.

It stands up under the added strain of bad roads and hard daily service in a way that has always been characteristic of the Ford car. The experience of the passing months will increase your satisfaction in its performance and confirm your first impression that it is a value far above the price.



THE NEW FORD SPORT COUPE

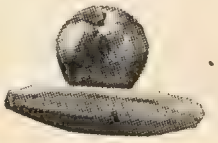
Do These Three Things
to have strong, healthy teeth

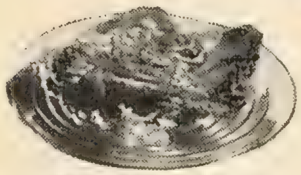
Eat the proper food; use Pepsodent twice daily; see your dentist twice a year. That is the ultimate as modern science sees it.

1
Follow the diet below

From one to three eggs, depending on age of individual.

Raw fruit and fresh vegetables you like.





Head lettuce, cabbage or celery.

½ lemon mixed with orange juice to make 1 pint.

One quart of milk every day.

2
Use Pepsodent twice a day

3
See your dentist twice a year

A PROMINENT professor of a large university finds that the natural resistance to decay and gum disorders can be greatly built up by the proper diet. The most common ages of tooth decay are during the period of growth. Here is the diet he recommends for you and your family, depending upon age for the quantity.

Do these things

Every day one quart of milk; eggs; head lettuce, cabbage or celery; lemon juice mixed with orange juice, and as much raw fruit or fresh vegetables as you like.

Every day, too, you must remove from your teeth a cloudy film that coats them. Film is that slippery coating you can feel with your tongue. It sticks like glue and ordinary brushing fails to remove it effectively. Film absorbs the stains from food and smoking. It turns teeth dull and dingy.

Your dentist will tell you that when Pepsodent removes film from teeth it plays an important part in the prevention of decay and other troubles.

Eat the proper food. Use Pepsodent twice a day. See your dentist at least twice a year. That is the surest way modern authorities know to lovely, healthy teeth.

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is found by dental research to play an important part in tooth decay . . . to cause unsightly discolorations on enamel. It *must* be removed twice daily.

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Pepsodent, the tooth paste featured in the Amos 'n' Andy Radio Program

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FOURTEEN]

"But I am justified. It's far worse than I imagined."

"Yes—an even happier turn of affairs than you could have hoped for."

"Ruth, what are you saying?"

"You've got Dan where you want him."

"Why, the man's a scoundrel. He's victimized you—"

"He's the victim. But, of course, you won't see that."

Aunt Enid rested both hands on the table and made a long feeble effort to rise. She seemed dizzy.

"My darling, you accuse me as if I were in some way to blame for the catastrophe. But I understand. You're not yourself."

"I'm myself for the first time," said Ruth quietly. "I see things for the first time as they are. You're triumphant—happy. Dan and I parted at last! That's what you've wanted—prayed for. You're ready to go ahead now without giving him a chance to speak for himself. Well, I'm not. He means too much to me. He means—everything."

"What do you think you can do?"

"Go to him."

"You can't! You wouldn't dare!"

"Do you think I care what that woman says—or does? Do you think the technical reading of the law makes any difference? I'm leaving tonight—"

"Ruth, you can't! Have you no consideration, no pity for me?"

"I'm afraid, Aunt Enid, I'm through pitying you. I've got to live my own life—with the man I love."

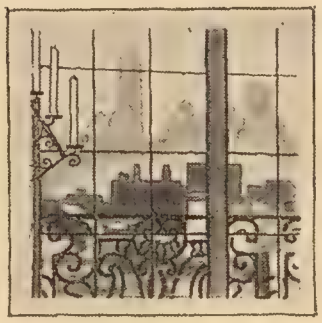
"But you can't live with him!"

"He'll find some way out of this mess for us both."

"Child, child, there's nothing he can do!" Aunt Enid's protest fogged with tears. "How can he defend himself against such absolute proof?"

"That," said Ruth, "is what I'm going to find out."

She turned and, without another word, left the room, shutting the door against a cry of passionate helplessness sent to halt her. The sound of Aunt Enid's persistent sobs followed her to her own room, through the brief process of packing her suitcase. Their final echo drifted down the stairs as she left the house. But Ruth did not turn back. . . .



THE house—more of a shack—stood near the river's edge. Cool shadow of trees closed it in. For miles beyond, green meadows waved their plumage. And sketched dimly in the far distance, the Ozark Mountains seemed only clouds.

The lyric quiet of early afternoon, fluted by music of water against stones, accented the story Ruth Claridge was telling. She tried to tell it quietly, to keep it free of the tremor of panic. She tried to repeat each detail honestly, with no outburst, no slopping over of her own fear. To be sporting about it all: to keep out the impression of reproach; to be fair to Dan, who sat hunched forward on the bungalow's divan, hands clasped rigidly between his knees, and listened. He was so still that bars of sunlight from the window turned him to bronze.

"And, strangely enough," she ended, "when I found out your past, it didn't really matter. The only thing that mattered was being with you."

"I've been the loneliest man on earth," was all he said.

"Somehow I couldn't feel, I couldn't imagine that you—the you I know—had ever belonged to that woman."

"I never did."

"Yet she's going to try to make you take her back. Dan, we've got to stop her—somehow."

Dan got up, paced the floor silently, head bent, hands thrust into his trouser pockets. He had been like that, oddly laconic, from the minute he had folded her in his arms at the station that morning, held her as if no words could express what he wanted to say. He had kept silence all through the long drive, turning from the wheel every now and then just to look at her. Dan, to whom words came so gayly!

Finally he stopped the even pacing and came to her.

"Ruth, do you recall what I said once about the right to fight for you any way I could?"

"Will you fight now?"

"That's what I've done. It was strategic, my method—rotten, if you like. But I have no regrets. I won't have, unless—" He drew up a chair, sat down, took her two hands, and leaned close. "Dear, look at me! I'm telling you the truth. I've never had any wife but you."

"She claims—"

"No! Actually, I mean. There isn't anyone who can legally make such a claim. Please hear me through, without any snap judgment. Just remember I loved you enough to take desperate chances. . . . The woman who called on you *is* Mrs. Dick Crane, but Crane happens to be a pal of mine from the coast. Until three weeks ago, when I drove over to Hot Springs for the week-end, I hadn't seen them in years. Then I ran into them at the Arlington and persuaded them to come out here for a few days. It was like old times, when we used to go camping together for weeks at a stretch. We swapped yarns, laughs, experiences. . . . But women have a queer instinct about men. Nora hadn't been here a day before she knew I was sunk. She knew something was wrong between us—you and me. I can't tell you how, but she pulled the facts out of me, pretty much the way a doctor gets at symptoms. On the whole, dare say, I was glad enough to spill it all—somebody to talk to—and the thing had been bottled up so long.

"WHEN I'd finished, her only comment was, 'Well, if the old lady wants dynamite, why don't you give her dynamite? Manufacture a past that'll make her hair stand on end. Give her all she expects—and then some.' I couldn't see the advantage. She pointed out that, as things were, I was floundering, taking no definite action, and losing you anyway. It was true, dear; I was losing you. I knew it—I believe you did, too." He halted, waited.

"Yes," said Ruth, "I guess you were, but I didn't know it then."

"I wanted you to know, to wake up. That's why I gave in to Nora. She'd done burlesque in the old days—I told you, I've mixed with all kinds—and her theatrical instinct staged the whole thing. It seemed so fantastic, I was reasonably sure she could never carry it through. But nothing short of a thunderbolt could have wrenched you loose from your aunt. She had such a weird hold, dear—the strangle hold of strength that seems weakness, of self-pity that seems self-sacrifice. I had a pretty clear idea of what steps she'd want to take the minute Nora appeared on the scene. And I hoped—mind you, I chanced just about everything on the hope that you still cared enough to put up a battle for me against her. If you didn't—well, it would just precipitate the break. At least the scheme offered a weapon we could take hold of, something to help us fight back to each other. Providing you wanted to come back. Even now—now that I have you again—you may not forgive the trick—"

"Suppose I'd found out it was a trick? Suppose I'd gone to a lawyer to investigate her claim?"

"You couldn't have gone far. She and Crane left for the coast a few hours after you saw her. And I was ready to hop a train if she wired me of any hitch. All pretty low, I admit. But I'm not sorry. You were mine—I wanted you. Please laugh the way we used to laugh together. Let me see you smile."

"Your friend," smiled Ruth, "did such an expert job that she got five thousand dollars for a few hours' work."

"I know. The check's on the way to you. She wired me yesterday—said she was pretty sure you loved me. Do you?"

Ruth's eyes took on the look of Puck's, whimsical, puckering at the corners, yet deep with wisdom.

"So much that a battalion of wives couldn't have kept me from you. But, Dan, never let me meet that woman! She knows too much about me."

THE END

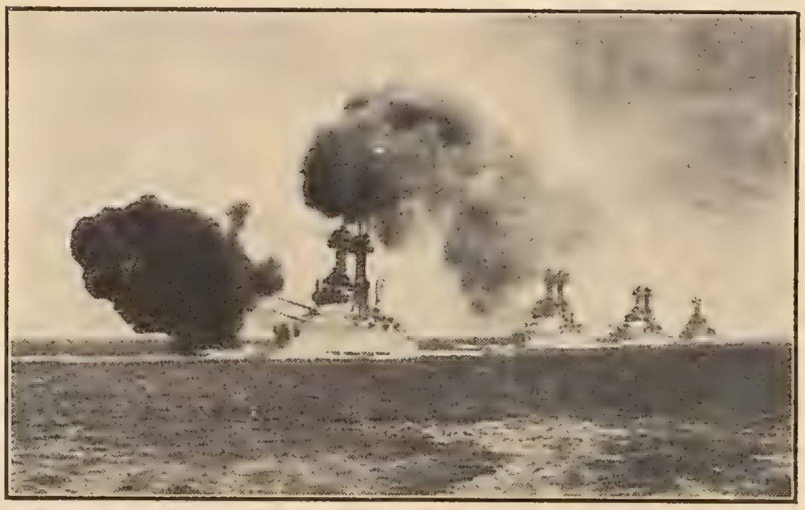
"Join the NAVY"

What Some of Its Graduates Think of Uncle Sam's Select School for Young Men

By

RICHARD CARROLL

a writer who has been both a soldier and a sailor—the former in his teens, in France and at Gallipoli; the latter in the Grand Banks fishing fleet. Since then he has become a flyer. Besides articles, often on aviation topics, he sometimes turns his hand to fiction.



War training. A division of the battleship fleet at target practice.

IN all the storm and fury over permanent peace and the reduction of naval armament, over the squandering of millions on warships and what all that money, saved, could buy, nothing has been heard about the most important item on the list—the sailor himself.

The plain gob, the 85,610 of him, hasn't rated a whisper in the flood of oratory. He has been entirely overlooked by the great economists who have been insisting that the more than $300,000,000 annual outlay for the United States navy in time of peace is so much money thrown literally into the ocean.

There are, of course, several minor defects in the argument that the upkeep of a powerful navy is wasted money. It is possible, especially in these none too prosperous times, that the building of ships gives employment to thousands of shipbuilders, whose wages in turn give employment to the grocer, the baker, the tailor, and the automobile maker. There is, too, the necessity for paying an insurance premium on the most valuable property in the world, the United States of America. And there is the fact that through the training for the navy, upward of 15,000 youngsters are each year taken from the farms, the cities, the high schools, and from homes where money is scarce and ambition large, to be shown over the entire world, taught self-respect and discipline, instructed in some useful art, and turned back to their communities immeasurably better citizens than when they left.

In these times of peace (if we will forget the odd wars around us) the fact that the navy does so train our youngsters for useful citizenship, while at the same time keeping them listed for times of trouble, does seem worth second thought. No school or college or university in the country could do so much on so large a scale. And even if you, with the rest, have never stopped to inquire where your taxes go in the navy, here is a part of that information for you.

In the first place, the old navy ain't what she used to be. Once upon a time and not so very long ago the navy was regarded as a sort of super melting pot into which the unruly youth who seemed headed for either a hobo jungle or a hoosegow was thrown to be killed or cured. Judges on the bench waved a threatening finger at the petty thief and gave him his choice: "Join the navy or go to jail."

Let the petty thief today try to do it. Far from being a reform school with a wide open door, the United States navy is actually a select school for young men, harder to get into than Yale or Harvard! At the large universities no one inquires if the applicant's morals are not what they should be. Pass the exams and produce enough money and you're in. If, at Yale, an applicant were thrown out because he had flat feet, because his father had tuberculosis, because he was once pinched for going on a souse, or because his church pastor wouldn't recommend him, he would very naturally conclude that the faculty had gone batty. Yet these are the little things that the navy looks into most carefully. The boy who finally wins entry has passed all these tests and many more, including one that would be a deadly barrier elsewhere: "Is the applicant mentally alert?"

The 12,000 to 15,000 young men admitted each year to the navy must give each his family history, not as to social status, but as to tuberculosis, apoplexy, insanity, epilepsy and such, and he must show a clean slate. The applicant must be at least five feet two inches in height and must weigh a certain amount, depending on his height. Corns or calluses or ingrowing toenails—even extreme ugliness of face—might prove a disqualification. The slightest suspicion of venereal disease would automatically shut him out of the navy for all time. He must be normally keen and intelligent and—fairest of all—he must show a degree of understanding commensurate with the schooling he has had. Poverty helps rather than hurts.

IN the city of New York some 200 young men apply every month at the navy recruiting stations. Of these only twenty-five are able to pass the physical examinations. When the recruiting officer gets through checking up the histories and credentials of these remaining twenty-five, eliminating those who have police records, those who have dependents who cannot spare them, or those who in some other respect are not up to standard, about twelve youngsters are left to take the oath of enlistment. How's that for the greatest city in the world? The government isn't worried about it, however. The quota allowed for New York is only twenty and Uncle Sam can afford to be mighty particular about who the twenty are.

There is no chance of putting something over. Recruiting officers check all birth certificates. They investigate the applicant's family and home surroundings, see his parents or guardians, and look up the references from his school, church, and last employer. A drifter who fails in one city hasn't a chance in another. Circulars are sent to all recruiting officers in the United States listing the men who have applied at other stations, and descriptions are furnished.

Small wonder the bluejackets grin when they read in

and See the World”

their newspapers the indignant letter of the worried citizen urging his government to draft all the awful gangsters into the navy. Al Capone wouldn't get as far as a petty officer's anteroom unless there was a hefty war on.

Here, then, is what happens to the youngster who finally wins his way into the navy.

First he expresses a preference for a trade. There is something he wants to do in life, and as a civilian he hadn't the money or the opportunity. The navy gives him a wide choice. There are courses—full courses turning out experts—for machinists, boiler makers, coppersmiths, molders, electricians, radio men, carpenters, ship fitters, printers, painters, pattern makers, pharmacists, cooks and bakers, aviation pilots, photographers, aërographers, musicians—and in addition there is the art of modern seamanship with all it entails.

Should that not prove sufficient, there is also the opportunity offered the individual to go as far in his studies as personal application and ambition will permit. Extension courses from universities are given those who want them.

AND while all this is going on, while from the deck of a warship the farm boys are viewing the ocean for the first time and the city boys are learning how good fresh air can feel, the navy is paying them good wages and introducing them to the whole cockeyed world. Taken from the farms and the city streets these boys are taught self-control, personal hygiene, a trade; they are given good health and paid for it; and as a sort of dessert they get an introduction to the life and customs of the rest of the peoples in the world. Then they are handed back to the nation.

Thinking all this over, one is forced to the conclusion that the naval appropriations aren't such a dead loss after all.

I had the privilege of seeing navy training at work. At Hampton Roads, Virginia, is one of the great naval training schools. To this school come the brightest of the recruits—about 15 per cent of the total number--for study and manual training. The detachments as they enter are put through the medical unit again. Teeth are examined and cared for, inoculations are given, and the men instructed in the simple but rigid rules of personal cleanliness. After three weeks, during which they learn the rudiments of sailoring, knotting, splicing, rifle drill, etc., the youngsters are detailed to their various schools.

The machinists and mechanics and coppersmiths and various metal workers begin at the beginning. First they are taught how to fashion their own tools from the raw metal. They must do it by hand, although this is an age of machinery. The object, of course, is to give them the sureness of touch required for all good metal work. Next the simpler manufactures are tried, and gradually the work progresses until at the end of a few months the apprentices are turning out products that a civilian-trained artisan could not turn out under two years.

The same rules apply to the other trades. No time is lost. The scattered information that the civilian picks up in the course of a number of years of looking over someone's shoulder, the navy apprentice gets in about nine months of well directed, concentrated effort. There is plenty of incentive for

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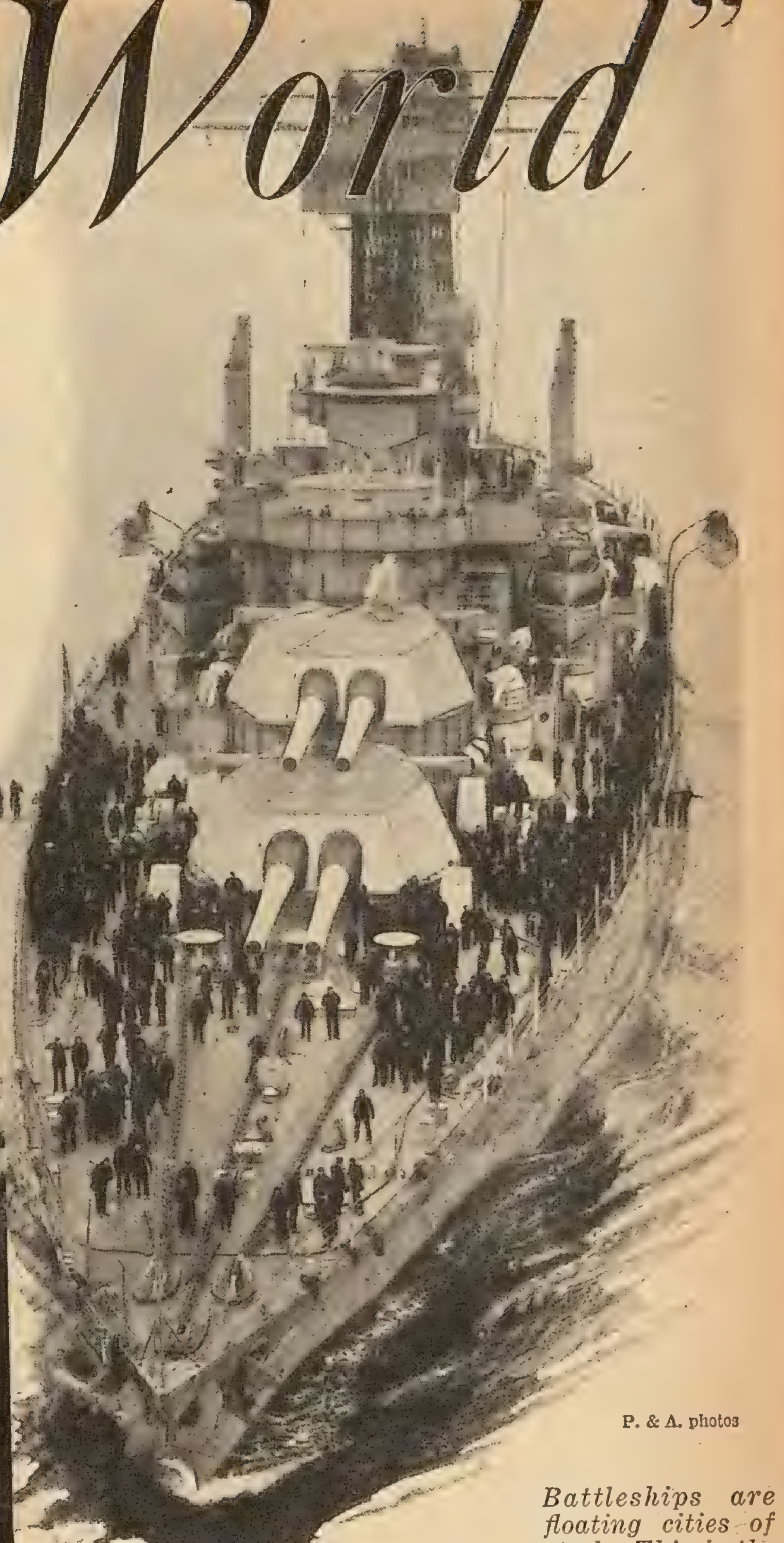


P. & A. photos

Battleships are floating cities of steel. This is the U. S. S. Maryland.

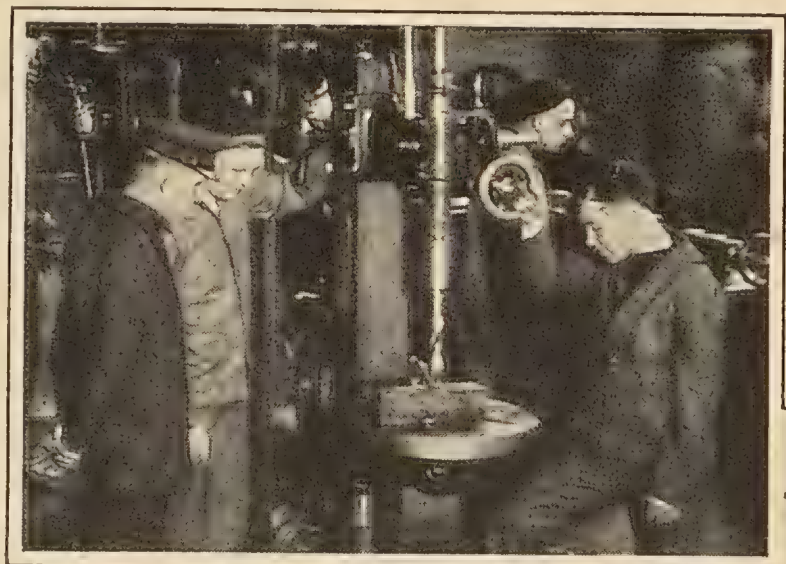
Seeing the world and a Chinese signboard in Nanking Road, Shanghai.

[“JOIN THE NAVY AND SEE THE WORLD”
Continued from page nineteen]

hard work. There are the grades of pay. In proportion to what they have to spend for themselves, the graded bluejacket is far better paid than his officers. The commissioned ranks of the navy, considering what they are and how much they have to learn, and how they have to live and dress, are disgracefully underpaid.

The men, on the other hand, have decent wages. Entering, the recruit gets twenty-one dollars a month and found for a few months while he is waiting to see what it's all about. Immediately he is assigned second-class rating at thirty-six dollars a month and found. Then he begins working upward, in the meantime having all his expenses paid—his clothing, doctor's and dentist's bills, his food and lodging. Out of his thirty-six dollars his only expenditures are for personal luxuries.

Quickly enough he works up to fifty-four dollars a month, then to sixty dollars, to seventy-two dollars, and on up to eighty-five dollars a month base pay. This pay does not include the extra money paid for special work, such as diving, submarine, aviation, mail, messmen's service, etc. All the while his training goes on. Battleships are floating cities of steel and machinery. They are complicated things and require skilled men to handle them and keep them in repair. Machinists, plumbers, carpenters—every craft needed in a big city is needed on board ship, and the navy trains all its men for the jobs. Most of them get their training on board ship.



Training a bluejacket machinist in the Hampton Roads shops.

The first enlistment period is for four years. If, at the end of that time, the man wants to enlist again, he can, with an increase of 10 per cent in pay. Reënlistments each four years after that bring increases of 5 per cent. At the end of twenty years he can retire with a pension that runs all the way up to $125 a month. For a man who enlists at seventeen and retires at thirty-seven, the world is still ahead, and his pension coming in each month does not interfere with other employment and, naturally, does not make him unhappy or a poor citizen.

I talked to many of the boys at Hampton Roads, talked to them when their officers were not around and when they knew they could say what they wanted. I watched them work and saw the things they made. I went through the medical school, the machinists' school, the barber shops, clubrooms, radio, and all the rest. From the start to the finish, from the time the recruit entered until he left, I followed his course.

WITH Commander J. W. W. Cumming, executive officer at the station, I went with the men to mess hall—unannounced, so that no special arrangements would be made for favorable publicity—and ate the good food provided. Everything was in order. We had soup, meat, vegetables, dessert, and coffee. I looked up the records of the men. Hardly one of them but showed an increase in weight of from five to fifteen pounds within three months of entering. The men I talked to were simply decent young kids who had made up their minds to go somewhere in life and were on their way. Rowdies there were none, or none in sight. The air was cleaner than a college campus.

Only with the workshops could I find fault—drafty, rambling wooden buildings in which the boys work and which an economy-mad government will not replace. Economy has to be, and is, in force at Hampton Roads to a surprising extent. As for the taxpayer who grumbles because it is necessary in war training to blast away $2,000 worth of shells at one salvo, let me inform him that his money is saved for him in a thousand other ways. For instance, at Hampton Roads—and likewise at the other training stations—Newport, San Diego, and Great Lakes—the students gather old scrap iron and metals from the dumps, smelt it down, and use it over and over again.

Machines that Dewey thought old in his day are still in use, only they have been repaired so often that all the original parts are gone. Every penny down there passes through a dozen hands before it is let go for two pennies' worth of material. No civilian shop—none that I know of—is run nearly so economically as the navy.

Perhaps better than anyone else, the man who has served in the navy and is now earning his living in civilian life can describe just how beneficial to him his enlistment was. With this in mind Liberty sent out a questionnaire to several hundred former sailors. The list was selected at random. If anyone knew the navy, these men did.

MORE than 350 answers were received from all parts of the United States. These were the questions:

1. What are you doing for a living?
2. What is your salary—exact or approximate?
3. Do you feel your time in the navy was well spent?
4. If you could choose again, would you join the navy?
5. Would you recommend the navy to other young men—
   a—As a training for civilian life?
   b—As a permanent vocation?
6. State below any personal comments you would like to make.

A lesson in electric welding.

Liberty promised to keep all data and names confidential whenever requested. The answers, if you remembered the old ideas of the navy and of sailors in general, were amazing. To the first question—“What are you doing for a living?”—86 per cent said they were working at some skilled trade which they had learned while in the service. Of the rest, 12 per cent were following various lines, such as driving taxis, superintending buildings, farming, running auto service stations.

Only 2 per cent were unemployed. The average salary of the artisans was $165 a month. Some few were high-paid executives. Many were bosses of shops, foundries, or foremen in big plants.

To question three—“Do you feel your time in the navy was well spent?”—exactly 97½ per cent, or 343, said yes. To question four—“If you could choose again, would you join the navy?”—83 per cent said yes. For various reasons the balance would not. A few declared they believed they could have made more of themselves had they remained in civil life. Others admitted they had been given the opportunities they wanted but had not taken them, nor did they believe they would take them if they had the chance again. Which were rather honest answers.

Question five asked, “Would you recommend the navy to other young men—(a) as a training for civilian life? (b) as a permanent vocation?” Ninety-three per cent thought naval training of great value for civilian life.

Their reasons, given in the remarks column, were many and various. To the second part of the question, 74 per cent said yes flatly. The rest said it with reservations. If a man wanted to get married or was married, the navy was no place for him. His home life would be nil in most cases.

Others thought that one must be temperamentally fitted for the work. Still others thought that with the training acquired, more could be done for oneself outside the navy than in it, as promotions were difficult and long delayed in the service, while outside the training could be put to immediate use.

All agreed that congenital loafers should not apply. And particularly did the men advise youths from seventeen to eighteen to get in. That was the age, they held, when much could be learned and life still be at its beginning when a man came out. With his hitch ended when he was twenty-one or twenty-two, he could join the Naval Reserve and get into business for himself.

Only 2½ per cent definitely said that the navy had done them no good, and could do no one any good. Their objections were mostly to the discipline and the subservience to officers. One poor soul had found his comrades too rough and the life too hard.

SOME of the questionnaires were returned unanswered, as the receivers had reënlisted and did not think they could give unbiased answers. One loyal son refused to answer because Liberty had printed an article, The Guantanamo Blues, which he believed had not treated the navy fairly. Many questionnaires were returned by the postmaster on account of faulty address, the men having settled in towns other than those from which they had enlisted. But throughout the whole list of answers received, petty criticism was remarkable for its absence, and good will and gratitude and loyalty predominated.

I am incorporating here some of the answers sent in by these men, all of whom served in the navy and all of whom are now in business for themselves or working for others. The answers are given exactly as they were sent in. It will be noticed at once how intelligently the subject was treated by the men. Nor were these men selected as the best on the honorable discharge list. They were taken at random from the navy files. Among them were actually dishonorable discharges, several ordinary discharges, and a few medical discharges.

William J. Walsh of Cambridge, Massachusetts, says he is a shipping clerk and earns $1,500 a year. He feels that his time in the navy was well spent, recommends it to others, and believes it a good training for civilian life and a good vocation if a man has no definite plans. He remarks:

“I served in the U. S. navy from the age of seventeen to twenty-one

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

The Saline Cocktail Club
keeps open house at 7:00 a.m.

LEAVE behind you dull mornings and listless spirits. Join up with all men everywhere who look to this Saline Cocktail to keep them fit all day!

The next morning you arise feeling sluggish and upset, go directly to the bathroom shelf and take down your bottle of Sal Hepatica:

A turn of the faucet... into the cool, fresh water a spoonful or so of Sal Hepatica foams and bubbles! (Measure with the bottle cap if more convenient.) Drink the sparkling mixture!

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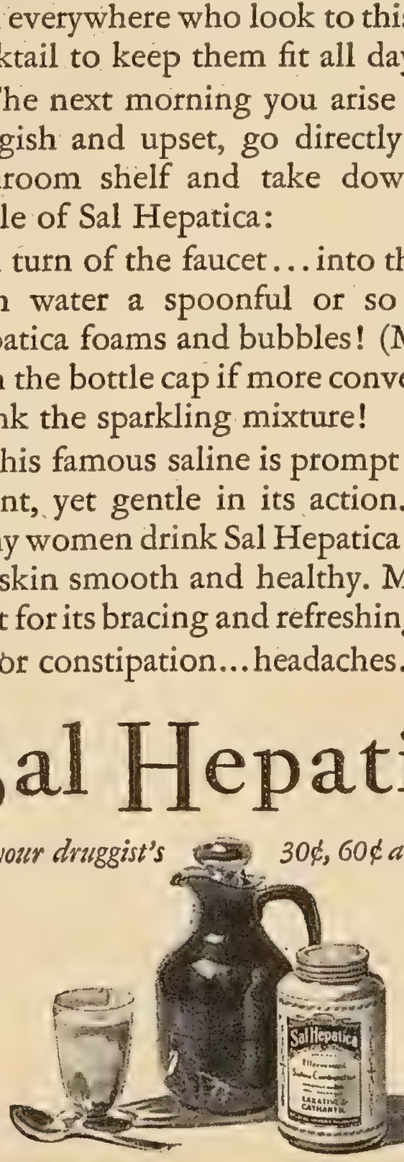
Ask your doctor more about this saline method. Ask him about Sal Hepatica. Buy a bottle today from your druggist ...And when you wake up feeling tired, depressed and half-sick, propose yourself for membership in the Saline Cocktail Club!

Sal Hepatica

At your druggist's *30¢, 60¢ and $1.20*



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Dept. A- 80, 71 West St., New York
Kindly send me the Free Booklet that explains the many benefits of Sal Hepatica.

*Name*__________
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*City*__________*State*__________

"JOIN THE NAVY AND SEE THE WORLD"
Continued from page twenty-one

and will always hold these years in my memory as the happiest and best spent of my life. My mind and body were developed and I was able at an early age to understand discipline, real fellowship, and by constant cruising get a good idea of the world."

Moonlight on a Riviera harbor, the cruiser Pittsburgh, and two well pleased gobs.

Harry C. Felty of Lebanon, Pennsylvania, is a mail carrier who earns $2,100 a year. He answers yes to all questions except as to remaining in the navy as a permanent vocation. He says:

"My four years' service I will never forget, and money could not pay for the experience I received while there. I have seen quite a bit of the world on my cruises, including two trips across the Atlantic, one to the Mediterranean, one to South America, and trips to the principal ports on the Atlantic coast from Newfoundland to Mexico."

Another, who asks that his name be withheld, is a linotype operator earning fifty-two dollars a week. He, too, says yes to all questions save the permanent vocation one. His comment is:

"A good place to learn a trade and secure early retirement with a good financial return."

Gustave Senger of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, is an electrical tester earning $245 a month. He answers yes to all questions, and remarks:

"Time spent in the navy has given me a broader view of everything in general. Learning how to obey orders has made me more valuable to my employer."

So the letters go. They came to Liberty from all kinds and classes. Here is one from E. M. Heim, who is at present an officer in the navy. He is a commissioned lieutenant and the salary of his rank is $4,200 a year. He answers yes to all questions, but qualifies his answer about training for civilian life. He says the function of the navy is to train men to perform the duties of a man-of-war's man. His comments:

"Having enlisted about 1915 and having arrived at my present rank by my own efforts, I am probably biased in favor of the navy. But I really believe that any man can advance himself in the navy or civil life proportionally to the effort he puts forth. The opportunities in the navy exceed those in civil life for the untrained man, since he is given every opportunity to secure training should he show any application and a desire to advance himself."

G. B. JOHNSON of Ironwood, Michigan, an electrician in business for himself, answers yes to all questions save the vocational; that, he says, depends on the individual. His comments:

"I am a radical at heart and earnestly hope I shall be ever thus, but the service did impress on me the great value of character, the obligation of duty, and a wholesome respect for constituted authority or government consistent with the will of the majority."

These letters represent the others received by Liberty. The almost unanimous verdict is that the navy is a good training school for the youth of the nation whose parents haven't enough money to give them training. As a matter of fact, with or without money the navy seems a good place to develop character, see the world at Uncle Sam's expense, and get away to a good start in life.

Last year 81,000 men applied for admission to the navy. Of these, 13,000 got in. Whether they like the navy when once they are in it can be told by the fact that 72 per cent of the men reënlist after their first four years. The government allows the navy 86,000 men—that is, regular bluejackets. The officers are in addition and are determined by percentages. The Naval Academy at Annapolis supplies these. The academy draws its officer material from all walks of life. Each state is allowed so many entries, and the enlisted men in the navy are allowed to fill 100 vacancies each year. These vacancies are open to any sailor in the service who can pass the tests.

The actual strength of the navy today is but 85,610 men exclusive of officers. That's one reason why the service can afford to pick the men it wants. Another reason why it gets the best material is that all recruiting officers are checked up on the man material they supply. The men are watched, their progress is noted after they get in. The credit for good results goes to the recruiting officers who signed them up.

I TALKED also to many of the old-timers still in the navy. Most of them now are petty officers, drawing good pay and looking forward to the time when they can draw a decent pension and settle down and raise a family.

Petty Officer Steuerwalt went into the navy in 1909 from New York. His story in his own words:

"I talked to a boy who was already in and he sold me the idea. Mind you, that was in 1909, when the navy wasn't like it is today—although it was all right. I was working as an armature winder. They get twelve dollars a day now, but I'm not worrying that I've lost anything. I get one sixty-five-fifty a month, which isn't bad. My first trip was with Commander Sims to Europe in 1910 on the U. S. S. Minnesota. Went to Brest, France, and Gravesend, England. Then I went to Cuba for winter maneuvers.

"In 1919 and 1920 I was in Europe for fifteen months. We got liberty from four P. M. to ten P. M. two days out of three. Then we would have week-end liberty, two weeks out of three, going ashore from one P. M. Saturday to eight A. M. Monday. I went to Venice, Jugoslavia, Pola in Istria, Gibraltar, and Naples, and sometimes got five, ten, or even fifteen days' furlough. I went to the Olympic games in Belgium, which I couldn't have seen any other way. And I always managed to have some money for spending, even though I always sent my allotment home to my mother.

"We guys sure got good breaks. Why, we even got in to see the Pope at Rome, where lots of millionaire Americans can't get. Our chaplains always tried to arrange things like that for us. They got up sight-seeing trips and saved our dough for us."

On the U. S. S. Pensacola Chief Signalman Chester B. Clark takes care of communications. He went into the navy at the age of sixteen. First he was apprentice seaman. He was in the war two and a half years, on destroyers in European waters. Part of his duty was to escort troopships out of Plymouth and Brest. Clark says you can't beat the course the navy gives. If he had a kid brother, he says, he would drag him in by the ears, if necessary. Says he:

"You can see the boys change under navy training. First they begin taking care of their clothes and themselves. You don't see any dirty necks or unshaven chins. They soon learn tidiness—without being sissies about it, I mean. But all the gear they have in the world is in one little locker, and they sure find out how to care for it."

Chief Radioman William F. Dixon comes from Georgia and has put in fifteen years. He has had many offers of jobs from outside, but likes his present one. He admits a man has to be flexible to care for the navy. A sailor, he says, isn't forced to advance, but if he wants to, all the opportunities in the world are at his disposal. He likes his present ship, the Pensacola. (She's the new 10,000-ton-limit boat.) There are twenty-one operators in her radio room in direct communication with Washington.

To the folk who, when they think of the navy at all, conjure up the hard-living, hard-drinking tars of a hundred years or so ago and imagine that sailors are the same today, the recent accounts of the visit of the fleet to New York City must come as a surprise. So decently behaved were the boys on shore and on ship that it aroused much editorial comment—which in itself the navy, so far has it progressed, regards as a sort of criticism. Were they expected to behave otherwise? The Evening Telegram noted particularly that the thousands of sailors ashore in the big city where prohibition isn't and fair-to-middling liquor is, and where beautiful maidens are conspicuous, passed up the hard drinks and were content with a wistful eye for the gals. That doesn't mean that the naval authorities forbid drinking. Nothing so impossible. They do forbid and punish drunkenness. As for the girls, they are a naval tradition.

NEXT WEEK—

The Age of Chiselry

A new story by

Viña Delmar

who wrote BAD GIRL and KEPT

AND it must have chilled the hearts of the visionaries who see in the signing of a few treaties an end to the martial spirit of the world, to watch the hundreds of thousands of eager citizens who turned out to view the great ships riding at anchor. There must have been weeping in some quarters at the enthusiasm of the merchants and the clerks, the printer and his devil, the readers of All Quiet on the Western Front, and all who have forsworn forever the horror of war. For when the naval bands played and the sailors swung into line, a wave of what was surely not pacifist sentiment rolled down the thronged Riverside Drive.

This, then, is the United States navy of today. It wasn't always so select. But it is now, and will continue to be so as long as the present spirit holds and Congress keeps its hands off save where it can help.

America was sea-minded in her early days. Something of the toughness of the New England coast must have got into the souls of the early fathers to make them what they were. But today a congressman from an inland farm state can rise to instruct his country on what she should do at sea—the sea about which he knows nothing and can care less.

PERHAPS, however, the world really is changing. The type of rulers at least has changed in the great nations, but only now after they have become great. The influence of women has much to do with it. And the fear of personal injury in pacifistic minds has more. It is far less dangerous to fight for peace than to storm a trench.

Commerce will, if national pride won't, turn America to the sea. Even today's prosperity is based on traffic across the oceans, just as it was centuries ago. That means ships, and warships to protect them. The navy is taking youngsters from the farms and teaching them the lure of the sea. Each year the number grows—slowly, but, still, it is growing. Surely, then, there is profit in this peaceful evolution. Surely there is some return for the taxpayers on their relatively small outlay in naval appropriations, when that outlay sends 86,000 men a year to the blue university.

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, Liberty Weekly, 220 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

1—What is common to the following words—cirrus, cumulus, stratus, and nimbus?

2—Who wrote Ramona?

3—What is altruism?

4—What was the Reign of Terror?

5—What is a ruminant?

6—Which extends farther north, Maine or Idaho?

7—What is the main trunk of the arterial system?

8—Who was Scheherazade?

9—What is tautology?

10—What is a hydrometer?

11—What is an affiant?

12—What is an Oxonian?

13—What is the antonym of benediction?

14—What is penury?

15—What is a jackanapes?

16—What does querulous mean?

17—Whom did Pocahontas marry?

18—What play by Shakespeare includes the character Banquo?

19—How many pairs of ribs does a human being normally have?

20—In what state is the Brazos River?

(Answers will be found on page fifty-six)

Your face is dirty

The pores are like a net . . . that's why

The pores of your face are a net—they catch and hold the dirt.

And there's danger in every unclean pore. Remove it or it will develop blackheads...large, coarse pores...skin eruptions.

You may wash your face till it tingles—but ordinary washing can't thoroughly remove pore-dirt.

To Prove It: After you have washed and shaved tonight, rub some Pompeian Massage Cream into your face—around the nostrils, in the crease of the chin. It's pink when you start...but keep rubbing. Soon it rolls out in tiny pellets—dingy gray pellets—*almost black with pore-dirt!*

Result: A clean skin—clearly lighter, athletically, healthily pink and *young!*

You can buy a jar of Pompeian Massage Cream for only 60c. Or you can have a Pompeian Massage after your shave at any first-class barber shop. Be sure you get the genuine Pompeian.

POMPEIAN MASSAGE CREAM

PINK MAGIC
This is the famous pink Pompeian massage cream that rolls out the hidden pore-dirt. Ask for it by name "POMPEIAN"—accept no substitutes.
Pompeian Massage Cr
The Pompeian Co

The Pompeian Company, Incorporated, New York, Elmira, New York and Toronto, Canada.... *(Sales Offices:* Harold F. Ritchie & Company, Inc., Madison Avenue at 34th St., N. Y. and 10 McCaul St., Toronto, Canada)

FROTH and

—And a Play with No Women at All

Two Pages of Movie Reviews by

KATE CAMERON

The beguiling Clara Bow and Stanley Smith in Love Among the Millionaires.

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ ★ LET US BE GAY

CAST

Kitty Brown......	Norma Shearer
Bob Brown........	Rod La Rocque
Mrs. Bouccicault...	Marie Dressler
Townley..........	Gilbert Emery
Madge Livingston..	Hedda Hopper
Bruce..........	Raymond Hackett
Diane..............	Sally Eilers
Wallace............	Tyrrell Davis
Whitman...........	Wilfred Noy
Struthers........	William O'Brien
Perkins..............	Sybil Grove

Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.
Directed by Robert Z. Leonard.

This scene from Lawful Larceny is enacted by Lowell Sherman and Bebe Daniels

RACHEL CROTHERS' play, Let Us Be Gay, has been transferred to the screen with the prologue elaborated to show why Bob Brown strayed from his loving wife and family. It is the not unfamiliar story of the spinster-like wife who, after she loses her husband to a blonde vamp, turns into a beautiful butterfly and insists on being gay no matter what happens.

Kitty Brown returns to America after three years in Paris with a charming manner and a lot of swell clothes. She is ordered by old Mrs. Bouccicault to spend a week-end at her country place and on her arrival the terrible old lady tells her that she is to lure away from her granddaughter a man with whom the youngster is infatuated because the affair is interfering with the marriage arrangements of Diane to a more eligible man. Kitty, of course, discovers that she is expected to work her charms on her own erstwhile spouse. There are many amusing and ridiculous situations. Norma Shearer as Kitty is charming and her clothes are lovely.

Marie Dressler carries off most of the comedy lines and you will love her as Boucey, the eccentric old lady who doesn't always know what she wants when she wants it, but she has a butler who does.

Gilbert Emery makes the most of Townley. The background has the allure of a beautiful country house some place not far from New York.

★ ★ ★ THE DAWN PATROL

CAST

Dick Courtney..	Richard Barthelmess
Douglas Scott	Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.
Major Brand.........	Neil Hamilton
Gordon Scott.......	William Janney
Field Sergeant.....	James Finlayson
Bott.....................	Clyde Cook
Ralph Hollister......	Gardner James
Lt. Bathurst.........	Edmund Breon
Flaherty.............	Frank McHugh
Mechanics..............	Jack Akroyd Harry Allen

Produced by First National.
Directed by Howard Hawks.

This picture seesaws all through its many reels. The high spots are its occasional fine bits of acting by three members of the cast and the thrilling air-raid scenes which take up a good deal of the footage. The low spots are the scenes borrowed from other films and a confusion of tongues.

John Monk Saunders is responsible for the story and he has written another Wings with a suggestion of Journey's End here and there.

A mistake in casting destroys some of the illusion, since half the cast speaks with the syllabic stress of the British-trained tongue while the other half uses the familiar American intonation.

The scene is a British flying squadron in France during the war and the difference in the speech of the men is too marked to be anything but irritating.

Richard Barthelmess, Neil Hamilton, and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., convey the drama involved in their daily adventures with death in restrained but effective acting.

There are no women concerned in the story.

Let Us Be Gay presents Hedda Hopper, Rod La Rocque, and Raymond Hackett.

Femininity

★ ★ LAWFUL LARCENY

CAST

Marion Dorsey	Bebe Daniels
Andrew Dorsey	Kenneth Thomson
Guy Tarlow	Lowell Sherman
Vivian Hepburn	Olive Tell
Judge Perry	Purnell B. Pratt
Mrs. Davis	Maude Turner Gordon
Mrs. French	Helene Millard

Produced by R-K-O.
Directed by Lowell Sherman.

Lawful Larceny is taken from a play by Samuel Shipman which had a season's success on Broadway some time ago. It is light, frothy stuff and Lowell Sherman's acting of Guy Tarlow will cause you to chuckle. Sherman is not as clever a director as he is an actor, since all the other parts are played a little off key. There is not the harmony there should be in such a piece.

Olive Tell, who is an experienced stage actress, is surprisingly self-conscious before the camera, and she gives an unconvincing performance of a vamp who has not the slightest trouble in getting twenty-five-thousand-dollar notes from men who haven't got that much money. The wife of one of Vivian Hepburn's victims manages to get herself hired as her secretary and she turns the tables neatly on the vamp.

The situations are ridiculous, but the lines are amusing.

Fifi Dorsay in On the Level.

The Dawn Patrol gives you Richard Barthelmess and Gardner James.

Also Norma Shearer, Tyrrell Davis, Gilbert Emery and (seated) Marie Dressler.

★ ★ LOVE AMONG THE MILLIONAIRES

CAST

Pepper	Clara Bow
Jerry Hamilton	Stanley Smith
Clicker	Stuart Erwin
Boots	Skeets Gallagher
Penelope	Mitzi Green
Pop	Charles Sellon

Produced by Paramount.
Directed by Frank Tuttle.

Clara Bow and Stanley Smith sing together a song entitled Love Among the Millionaires, otherwise there is no sense in the title of the picture.

Clara, with her wild mop of hair neatly subdued, is a peppery little waitress in her pop's restaurant, catering to railroad employees. The son of the president of the line—need we say it?—falls in love with Pepper, but she thinks he is only a brakeman. When she discovers his identity and learns that she is persona non grata to his family she tries to disillusion him by pretending to be tight.

Mitzi Green, as Pepper's younger sister, is very funny. She and the two comedians, Stuart Erwin and Skeets Gallagher, furnish whatever amusement the picture contains.

★ ON THE LEVEL

CAST

Biff Williams	Victor McLaglen
Mimi	Fifi Dorsay
Danny Madden	William Harrigan
Lynn Crawford	Lilyan Tashman
Don Bradley	Arthur Stone
Mom Whalen	Leila McIntyre
Mary Whalen	Mary McAlister

Produced by Fox.
Directed by Irving Cummings.

Victor McLaglen has deserted the army and navy for structural iron work, otherwise in On the Level he is the same old McLaglen.

The story is silly, but it has its amusing moments.

Do you know that—

William Powell is stealing the honors from Adolphe Menjou as the best-dressed man in Hollywood?

Four- and three-star pictures of the past month

★★★★—With Byrd at the South Pole.

★★★—The Unholy Three, The Border Legion, The Big House, Raffles, Holiday, The Social Lion.

The Harvest

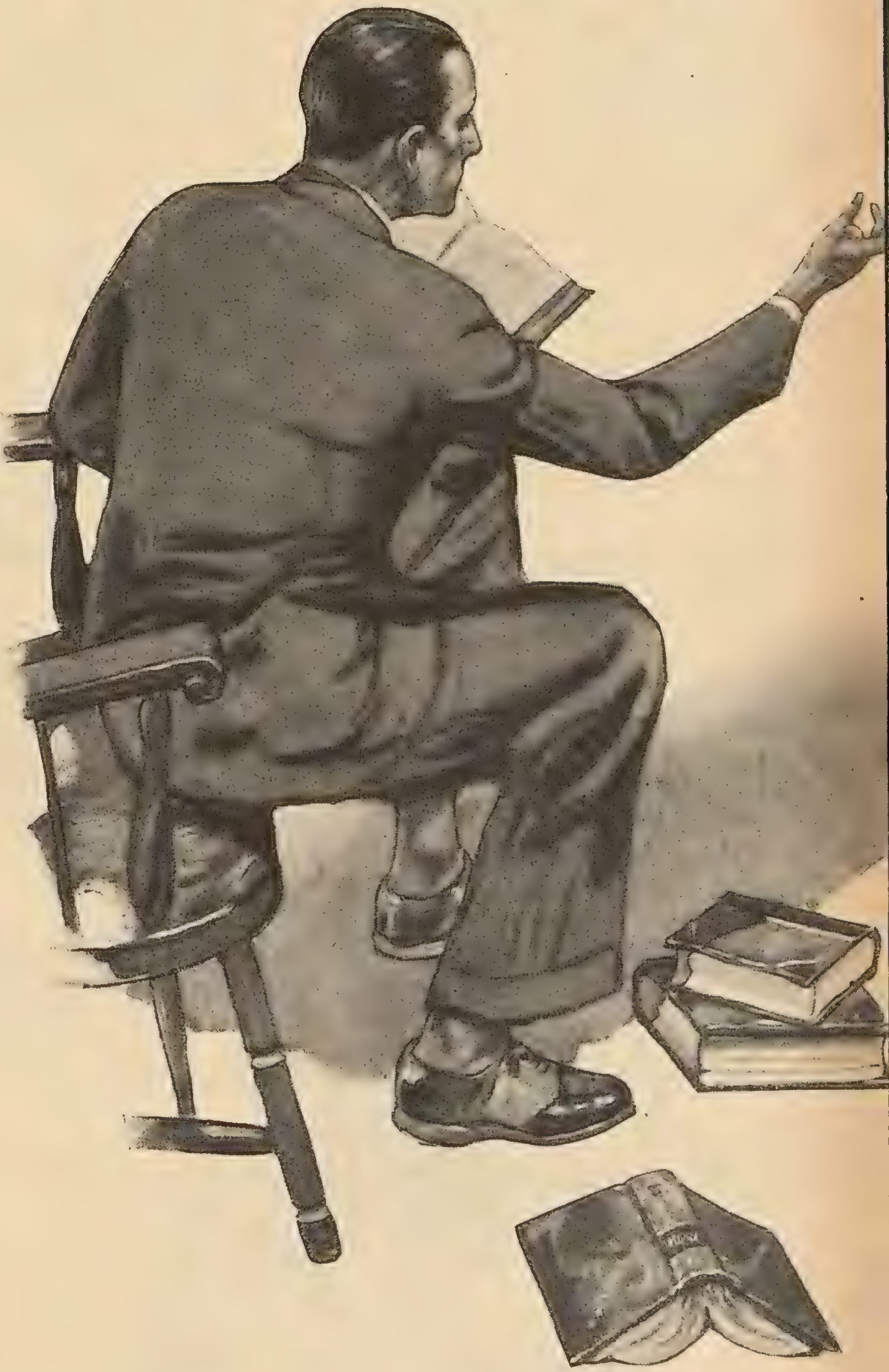
The Story of a Revenge that Backfired

By

Elliott White Springs

who distinguished himself as an aviator in the World War, and has since divided his time between running cotton mills in South Carolina and writing fiction. He is the author of a recently published novel, Contact.

Pictures by Ralph Pallen Coleman



THREE of us were sitting on the club terrace sipping cooling drinks and arguing aimlessly.

"Well, that's the way I feel about it and always will," Bob Cooney said in conclusion. "It may be a foolish idea. It may be only the result of my bitterness and disappointment, but I'll always believe that German doctor amputated my arm for no other reason than spite. I've talked to other doctors about it since and they tell me what he did was criminal. That's why I still hate the Huns and always will. I don't care who started the war or who ended it. But a race that can produce such inhuman, such barbarous, such contemptible—"

"Easy, Bob," George Caswell interrupted, as Bob's voice grew louder and other people turned to stare at us. "We all agree that it was a rotten shame you lost your arm, and that it was probably due to malpractice. I'll take your word for that. But I will guarantee that you can find five hundred Germans who lost limbs the same way. I've read that it was the German custom to lop off anything that showed the slightest suspicion of infection, whether friend or foe. I believe the Allies did the same thing when pressed. When Joe Gish developed a stomachache at Toul, his appendix was taken out by an obstetrician. Don't ask Joe about it—he's sensitive. The Germans probably had the same system in their army."

"Oh, it's all right for you to reason that way," Bob said. "You can play tennis and bridge. You can swim and tie your tie. The war is a memory to you, growing dimmer each year. But every day I'm reminded of that damned swine." His voice was lower now, but there was hate in every note. "Well, I've got to go now. My chauffeur is waiting to take me home for my valet to dress."

He pushed back his chair with an expression of disgust and started away.

We watched him walking up the steps, self-consciously shrugging his right shoulder from which hung an empty sleeve.

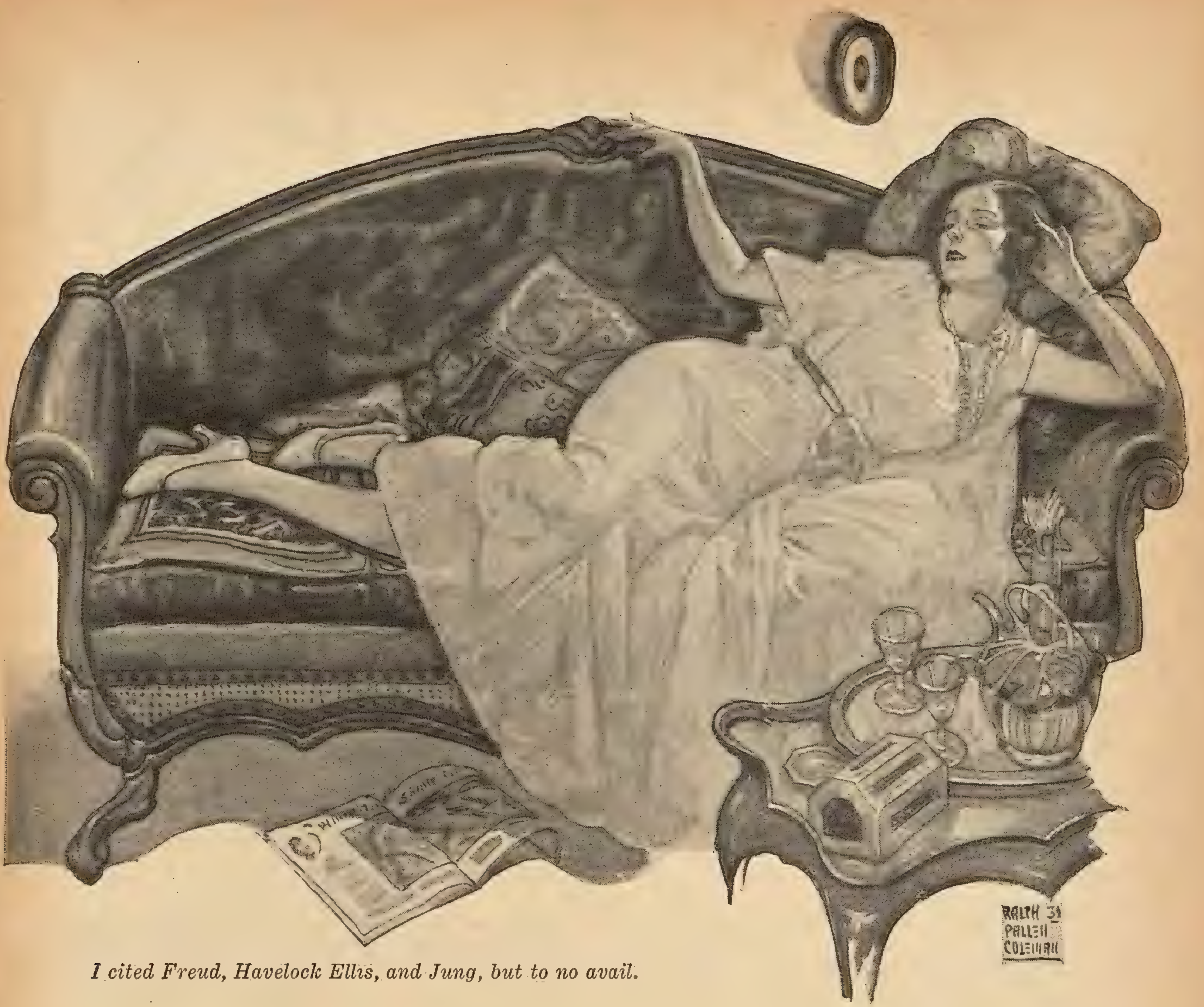
"It's a pity," mused George, "to see Bob ruining his life."

"How do you mean?" I asked.

"By hatred. What if the Hun doctor did take off his arm from malice? Bob can't do anything about it. Even if he's right, brooding won't grow him a new arm. And he has let his hatred react on his disposition until he's almost a maniac. He forgets his good luck. Not many men are alive after having five tracer bullets in them and cracking up in enemy territory. It's a miracle he's alive. Think how many men would leave both arms in Limbo to come back!

"Plenty of men get along without an arm. Look at Alan Winslow. He can do everything but play a ukulele, and his disposition is all right. He has as much cause for complaint as anyone. They cut off his arm without waiting to see whether it would develop infection or not."

"It is a shame about Bob," I agreed. "Hate caused the war and prolonged it. We ought to forget it now. I never did hate the Germans. I had a contempt for them which was due to a few of them I saw in American uniform. My first adjutant talked like Weber and Fields. They sent him to Leavenworth later as a spy. After two years they decided that his blunders were simply due to the fact that he was feeble-minded. A lot of wars are due to the same thing. Certainly a lot of hate is caused by it."



I cited Freud, Havelock Ellis, and Jung, but to no avail.

"Well, I'm a poor one to talk," George said. "I've no right to criticize Bob. I let hate ruin my life."

"How's that?" I asked.

And here is the story as George told it to me:

YOU and I split up in England after Oxford. You went to Stamford. Harold Tate and I were sent to Grantham to fly with a British squadron. Since we came from the same town, we had roomed together and were close friends. Technically we still are.

There was a little girl in Grantham that took my mind off the war. Every poilu has to have a marraine and she was mine. You probably saw several girls in England as pretty as this one, but I doubt it. At least I wasn't complaining about being marooned in the fog at Grantham. And when a soldier isn't complaining, he's in love or in ether. She was the daughter of the man that ran one of the hotels and she acted as cashier for him occasionally. That was where I first saw her. I made up my mind to become a regular boarder before I'd finished my soup.

In those days it didn't take long to fall in love. Life was short and sweet. I thought she was in love with me then, and in spite of what happened later I still think she was. She was a good kid—of that I am sure—and I had a notion I'd marry her. Maybe I would have and maybe I wouldn't. But that was my state of mind then. Anyway, I meant to do right by her. I wonder now why I did, but the fact remains.

Just about the time I got ready to propose to her, I had a crash. I was up in a quirk and the engine conked while I was flying low. I hit a haystack and busted a leg.

While I was in hospital at Grantham she and Harold came to see me regularly, but after I was moved away, I didn't see anything more of them. By the time I was well again Harold was at the front and the girl had left Grantham. I found out later that she had gone to London with him when he finished his primary training. Jake Stanley saw her there later and she told him she needed some money badly. She was in trouble. He gave her enough to tide her over. Harold had gone on to pastures new without leaving her his address. I tried to find her to see what could be done for her, but I was never able to get any trace of her. Jake had just seen her for a moment on Piccadilly.

I don't suppose I had any right to be sore, but I was. The girl was free, white, and twenty-one. There was a war going on and every girl had to love some soldier. By the same token, every soldier had to love some girl. I had taken out no copyright on her. Maybe I was too slow for her in the first place. Then here came Harold with the right combination. Who was I with a broken leg to interfere with the union of Venus and Mars? Time and tide and pink-cheek girls waited on no cripple. Who knows but what I might have done the same thing myself in Harold's place?

But it rankled; it rankled. The more I thought about it the madder I got. The hatred I should have lavished on the Germans I vented on Harold. I made up my mind that if I never accomplished anything else in life I was

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE HARVEST
Continued from page twenty-seven

going to pay him back in his own coin. An eye for an eye and a dimple for a dimple!

After the war I felt just as strong about it, but I never let on to Harold. We continued to be cordial, just as we were at Grantham. I wanted his confidence so I could know when to return the compliment. I wanted to blister him and then rub salt in the wound.

For two or three years we drifted along. I made it a point to know every girl he did. I also kept close track on the exact temperature of his affections. Some day I was going to steal his girl right from under his nose. I was going to wait until the moment when it would hurt him the most. I lived on hate.

But Harold didn't give me a chance to retaliate. He liked the girls, but he liked them all. He was no more vulnerable than the Sultan. All that happened was that I got involved with a couple of girls just about the time he was trying to make a get-away. He liked to have me around to help him out. I got the reputation of being worse than he. I learned a lot by studying his methods. I sharpened my ax and waited.

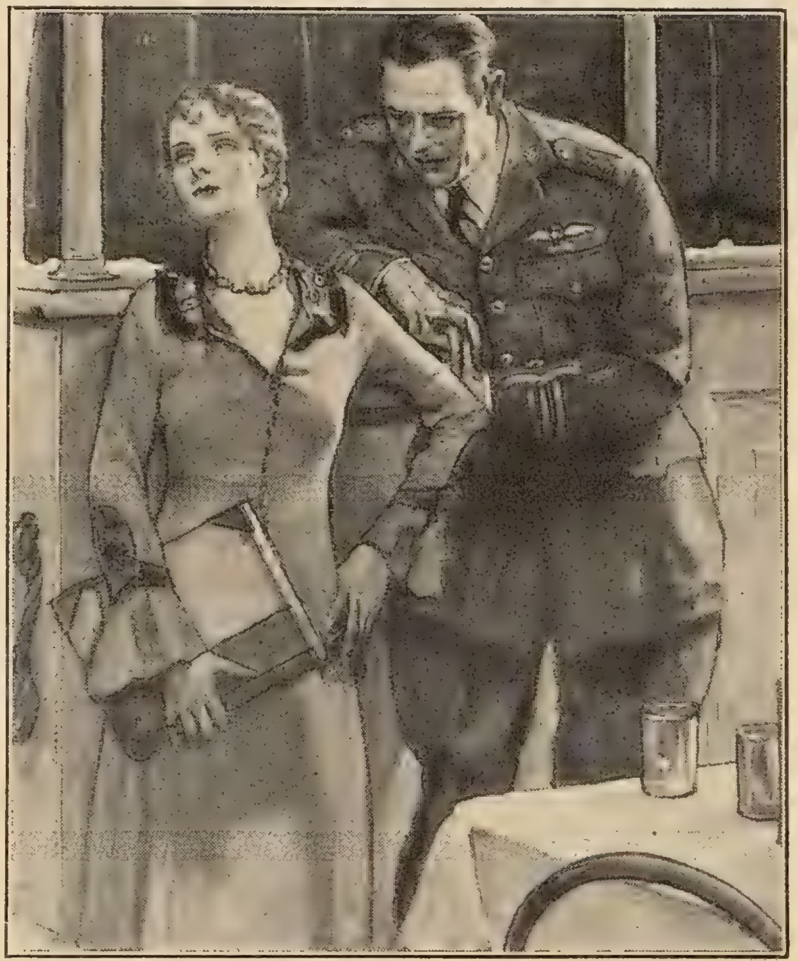
While I was away one summer he took up with a new girl and decided that she was the pearl of great price. Before I was back he had married her. So much the better, I thought, and lost no time in getting the lay of the land. I wasn't long in finding out it was the promised land. Everything was just as I wanted it. He was as crazy about her as I had been over my little one in Grantham. He had a swell wife and he realized it. She had looks, poise, breeding, clothes, money, and a sense of humor. Harold did a good day's work when he married her. For the second time I had to admire his taste.

For two years I made it my business to be nice to her. It was the easiest thing I ever had to do. Being nice to her was as easy as being warm in July, and the July sun wouldn't do any more to you than she would. When Harold was away or busy she had me for a willing escort and slave. In fact, I liked my job so well I was in no hurry to proceed with my revenge. My conduct and conversation were impeccable while I was laying the foundation and trying to worm my way into the lady's affections. She could always count on me to fill in when needed and send flowers and gin at the right moment. Just a good friend of the family! I picked up handkerchiefs quicker than Iago.

Then when I detected a note of discord in Harold's matrimonial harmony I was ready to tune in.

EVERYTHING was ready but the lady's consent. That was the snag I had figured on, but I hadn't done it justice in my calculations. I'd heard of Lucretia, but I never met her. I was ready to build my bridge, but I hadn't arranged for any piers. My plans were up in the air and there they stayed.

I let Doris find out how I felt about the matter, and, while she didn't exactly show me the door, she certainly didn't encourage me. She liked me well enough—by that time she liked me plenty. Remember I had spent years showing her my better side, or, rather, a side that was better because of her, while Harold was just rocking along as friend husband with all his faults in the spotlight. I had a decided advantage and was under no obligation to play fair.



She was the daughter of the man that ran one of the hotels.

She thought I was a fine fellow. Even after I showed my hand she still thought I was all right. Naturally she couldn't work up any resentment because I had a soft spot for her. She rather liked it. Harold had taught me how to make them like it.

But that was as far as she would go. She was the kind of girl who would have been faithful to Brigham Young. I couldn't make any progress. But I remembered that it took a lot of persistence on Harold's part to get my girl to London and I kept right on without getting discouraged. It was a pleasant task even though unfruitful. Somebody had taught her a lot about the game too.

There wasn't any lack of affection for me. She admitted that. She even went so far as to say that she had a yen for me long before I mentioned the subject. She thought more of me than I had suspected. When I found that out I kicked myself all day. I hadn't learned as much as I thought I had.

GIVEN an option, she'd have chosen me instead of Harold. But now that she was married to Harold I could run sell my papers. I had supplanted him in her affections, but I couldn't take his place otherwise.

That whetted my appetite and egged me on. Only one thing stood in my way—her scruples. So I set out to break them down. It wasn't easy.

Harold was out of town and I had a free hand. She not only tolerated my society but craved it. That part was easy. But the path led to a stone wall and I couldn't build a ladder.

She'd go anywhere with me but to my apartment. She knew, and I knew, that once I got her there, I'd put the hypotenuse on the eternal triangle. She wouldn't go in, but she didn't mind riding by it slowly.

Months went by like that and we were both in a terrible state of mind. I forgot my original motive and took the case on its merits.

The only thing I could do was to try to blast her morals. I read Faust carefully, looking for hints on Mephistopheles' method. I needed help badly. I became an advocate of women's rights. I tried to convince her that she had the privilege of doing as she pleased. I argued and argued and argued. And I had to talk with my mouth. It cramped my style. You can't get eloquent without gestures.

I called her attention to every case of marital infidelity that cropped up. I read the divorce headlines carefully and kept her posted on how the other women were misbehaving. My conversation sounded like the Decameron.

I delved into history. I paid compliments to Helen of Troy, Aspasia, Sappho, Dido, Cleopatra, Lucrezia Borgia, Catherine of Russia, George Sand, and George Eliot. I wanted to make her think it was an established custom, and contended that feminine genius went with hot blood. It didn't accomplish anything, but it certainly kept her on her toes.

I gave her a few of these books by the Ladies of the War Workers' Union. Say, where were we all that time? After reading a few of them, I'm convinced it was no safer at the front than in the S. O. S.

I quoted the great neurologists and tampered with logic to suit my needs. I had her thinking that if she resisted me any longer she'd have nightmares the rest of her life. I cited Freud, Havelock Ellis, and Jung, but to no avail. I threatened to leave her for good. She was so upset at the thought that I had to abandon that line.

I almost convinced her that the Seventh Commandment was like the Eighteenth Amendment. I say almost. She wouldn't go back on Moses. She agreed that a lot of people did; she agreed that she wanted to; but she was equally firm in refusing to agree to it.

I called her attention to my suffering. I had lost weight. My nerves were like the strings of a bull fiddle. I wanted to forgive Harold and quit, but I couldn't. In trying to take my Eurydice to hell all I'd done was to get myself bitten by Cerberus. I got her sympathy but not her coöperation.

I think the matter would have ended there if Harold hadn't slipped up himself. He was in a hurry to get out to the coast and went by plane. The pilot was an ambitious lad and broke the record for the trip. That was all right, but an ambitious news-reel photographer took shots of the plane landing and the passengers debarking. The picture showed Harold trying to hide behind a big-hearted blonde who never bought a ticket in her life. After she saw the reel she came over to my apartment to tell me about it.

By that time we were hopelessly in love with each other. There wasn't the slightest question about that.

She had the goods on Harold and divorced him. In due time we were married and Harold took his medicine.

I was revenged. Yes, I was revenged all right, but it was empty. I had forgotten my hatred for him long before. I was only revenged on myself. My hatred had ruined my life.

GEORGE paused and looked at me in agony.

"What are you sobbing about?" I asked. "Aren't you still in love with her? Hasn't she made you a good wife?"

"Yes," he admitted, "she has. I'm more in love with her than ever."

"Then why the jeremiad?" I demanded. "Why does it ruin your life to find you're in love, even if it is with your own wife?"

"Because, man, I absolutely ruined her whole moral fiber. I dragged her down and taught her she had a right to follow her emotion as she pleased. I convinced her that she owed nothing to a husband. I made her think matrimony was a joke. You've no idea how thorough I had to be. And, in spite of her almost adamant resistance, she finally agreed I was right."

"Well, what of it?" I objected. "Has her love for you cooled off?"

"No, thank God, it hasn't. But it may. It may! And then what can I do? I can't protest. She's got my own words to urge her on, to excuse her, to throw in my teeth. I can't tell her that I was intending to use her as a pawn against Harold. I can't admit that I was lying to her all the time. I can't let her find out that my campaign wasn't inspired by her charms."

I couldn't help but smile.

"You are in a bad fix, George," I agreed. "I can see one fact plainly. You are always going to be a model husband. You set yourself an example and you'll have to live up to it. Mrs. Caesar is revenged."

THE END

Bright Sayings *of* Children

Liberty will pay $5 for every published original bright saying of a child. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned if unavailable. Address Bright Sayings Editor, Liberty, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Better than Shoes

Bobby was told not to go barefooted, but disobeyed. When asked what he had on his feet, he replied:

"Scabs, skin, and mosquito bites."—Norma Velie, 15 Builter St., Salamanca, N. Y.

* * *

When the Donkey Spoke

Betty had never seen a donkey. While playing in the country one day, a man drove by with a donkey. The animal began to bray and Betty ran to the house screaming, "Oh, mother, do come see the honking horse!"—Mrs. Paul A. Waeker, 1004 East 18th St., Hopkinsville, Ky.

eau de cologne
CHERAMY
PARIS FRANCE

These 6 Little Girls Went On Their Vacations ››
And Not One Of Them Wished That She Had Stayed At Home

This little girl went to the seashore and learned that Cheramy's Floral Eau de Cologne is a perfect rinse for sticky, salt brine.

• • •

And this little girl says that its astringent effect retards perspiration remarkably.

• • •

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This little girl spends her vacation motoring. The flacon of Cheramy's Eau de Cologne removes all trace of the road's dust and dirt.

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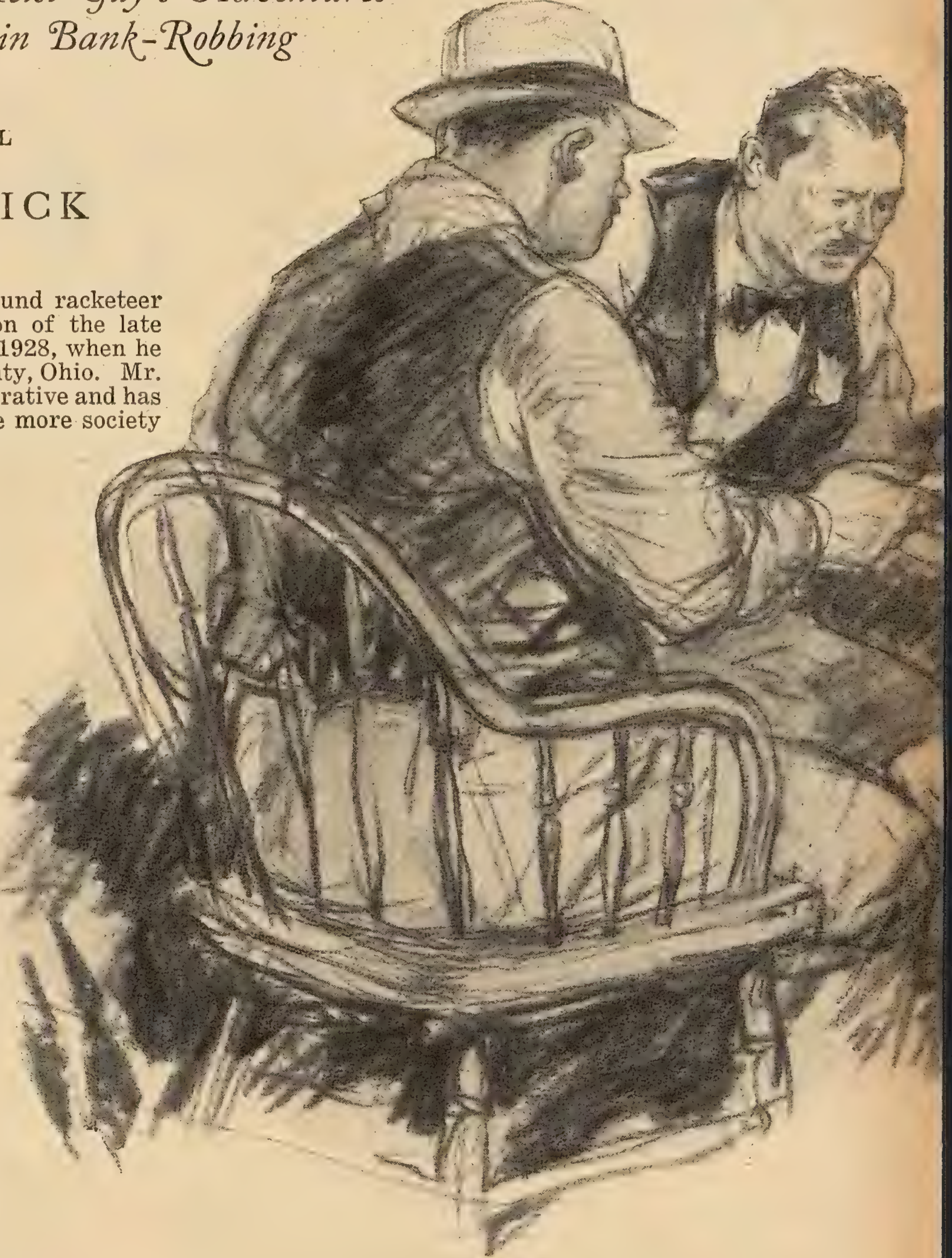
Cleaning *the*

A Heist-Guy's Adventures in Bank-Robbing

As Told to EUGENE SEGAL

By ROY CHADWICK

Pictures by RAYMOND SISLEY



THIS is a true story, told by an all-around racketeer with whom Charles P. Taft, 2nd, son of the late William Howard Taft, came in contact in 1928, when he was prosecuting attorney of Hamilton County, Ohio. Mr. Taft vouches for the authenticity of the narrative and has urged its publication in the belief that the more society knows about crooks the better it will be able to fight them.

BANK robbery, to the hustler, is the class of all rackets. What rates it up, in the first place, is that it produces the big dough. A thief's friends grade him not much higher than petty larceny unless he knows how to make real money.

Bank robbery, in the next place, is risky. It's a daylight proposition. A good mark usually is on a busy street. There's nothing to guarantee that a big crowd won't gather at the door of a bank during a stickup, and if they do, you're trapped. People will do that. If there's enough of them, each one feels it's the other guy who is going to stop the slug from the thief's heat.

Another thing, a bank robber is liable to run into trouble from the customers, a bull who might be passing the place, a guard, or from the boys in the cage. Bank tellers are the worst suckers in the world to deal with. They find it so tough getting ahead at their jobs that it seems they're willing to take any chance to make a hit with the boss. They're not going to get anything but a chunk of lead in their guts for their trouble, but still they're pests to the hustler.

With all those people around, a bank robber has to make up his mind that on any job he'll have to give away his kisser and that, likely as not, he'll have to do some shooting. No hustler likes the hot spot.

To show you how thieves rank bank robbery—I know a lot of them, who have had years of experience in every kind of racket from house prowling to safe cracking, to count themselves out when a chance for some heavy paper in a fairly easy bank sting comes up.

I reached the top of the hustling class when I put in with a mob of Cincinnati bank robbers six years ago.

I'm not back in Middletown, Ohio, my home town, more than a couple of days before Duke, the head of the Cincinnati outfit, comes and asks me if I'll hook up with him. That shows me where I stand. I'm a guy with a reputation in hustling circles wherever I go.

Duke wants my experience in the pete racket and he wants my steers on some good marks.

"Whatever we do," I tell him, "I'm in on the play right up front and I'm getting my even split and no steer money."

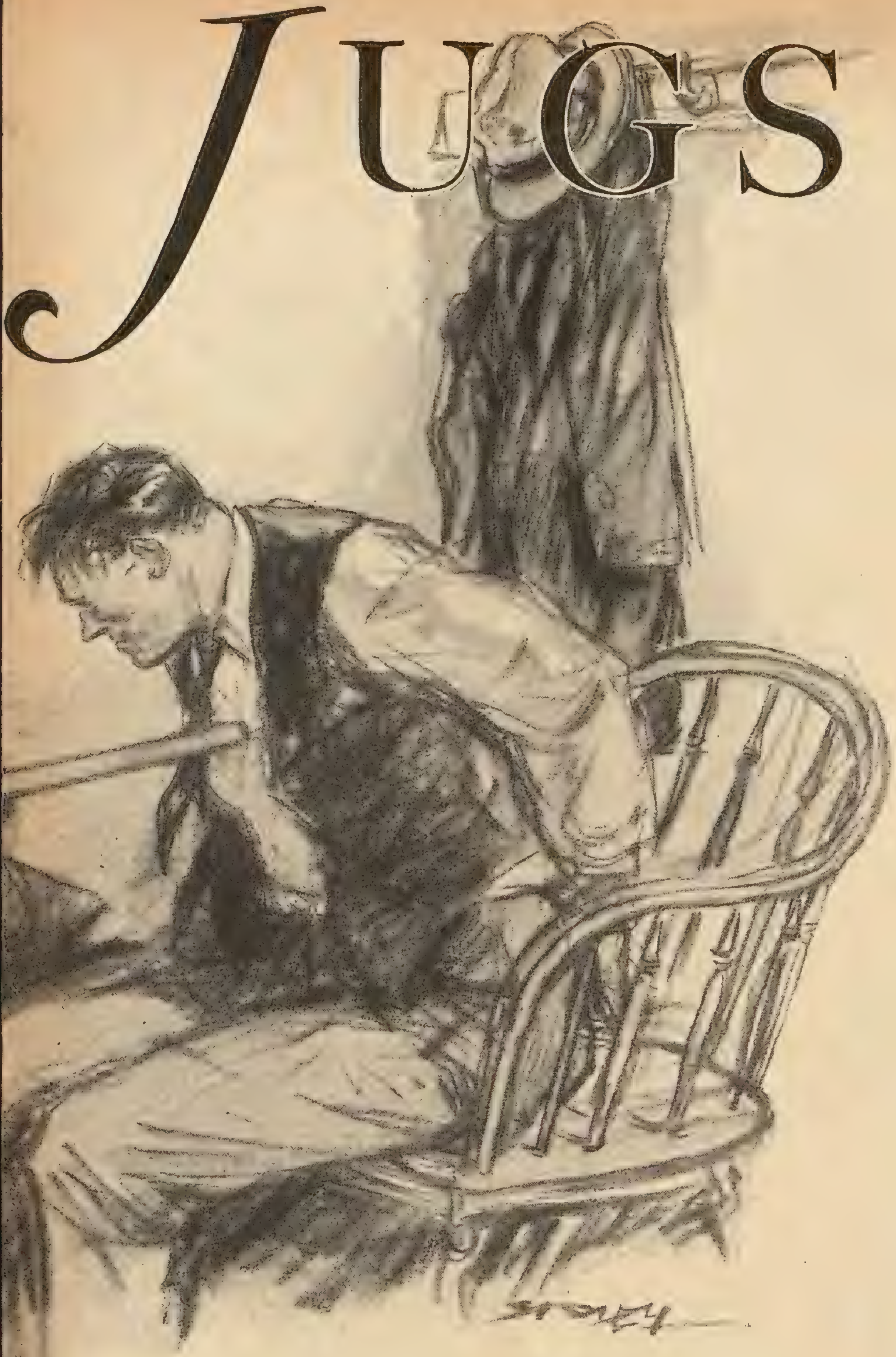
That stops any argument as to leadership and Duke has to like it because he needs me. He takes me up and, for the three years I'm in the mob, I'm giving orders right along with him.

This mob's business is hijacking, warehouse robbery, bank heists, and petes. I'm telling you about the bank jobs.

First thing to find out in planning the robbery of a bank is if the money is there and how much. Of course, you can't expect to get an itemized account, but you can start off figuring that no matter how small the bank is, it's bound to come for at least three grand.

If you're lucky you can pick up a steer on a bank that's

JUGS



The other dick is jabbing me in the chest with a piece of broomstick, as regular as clock ticks.

going to have a big factory payroll on a certain day. The steer guy usually is a worker in the factory who knows about how big the payroll is and when it's being made up. Or he is a depositor or employee at the bank, or just somebody who lives in the neighborhood.

WITH experience you don't need a steer. Take that bank we knocked off in a town just outside Cincinnati about five years ago. There are a dozen good-sized factories in this town and we figure that every day is somebody's pay day. That's enough to put us on the job.

Duke, Rube, Butch, and I, the four who are in our mob, case that job for two weeks just on a hunch. Watching from our car parked near the bank every day, we make up our minds by the amount of business going in that the place is a fat one. I say the jug will come for about seven grand. Duke rates it at ten. I don't know how either of us get our figures. It's just experience. But we're each so sure of our guess we lay a bet of a fin.

Still, we're not ready to take the joint. There's about a week's work more to be done. A bank heist is full of fire at best, but there are a lot of items you can look after to hold down the risk. Some little detail can put you in the stir, and where the high-class bank thief differs from the punk is that he knows which of these minor matters have to be dealt with.

Among these are the places of business near the bank. Small-town banks often make it a practice to arm neighborhood storekeepers and you can't clean a jug in a businesslike way when you feel those monkeys might be waiting at the door to blast into you.

IN the neighborhood of our particular mark are a couple of dry-goods shops, a candy store, an electrician's place, and a lunchroom. I make it my business to get a line on the dry-goods shops and Duke, Rube and Butch divide the other places.

In both my stores I order a pair of garters. One of them is run by a woman so I don't investigate any further. But I have to put the bee on the guy in the other joint. Here's the way I usually begin:

"Isn't this the place that was held up a couple of weeks ago?"

"Why, no," the storekeeper answers.

"I thought you might be the one," I go on. "I read in the paper where the proprietor chased the bandit and shot him."

Then maybe he answers:

"No, sir. A bandit can have anything I got. I ain't taking any chances."

If that's his answer, or something like it, I know we don't have to expect trouble from him. But he might say:

"No, sir. And I hope I won't ever have to shoot anybody."

There's a monkey you have to look out for. A few like him in the neighborhood can queer your job for you, and if the mob, after discussing them further, decides the dope on them is right, it's no go.

The fellow I spoke to is O. K. and so are the ones questioned by Duke, Rube and Butch.

Next we look for a spot to park the getaway car. We pick a place just around the corner, about fifty yards from the bank. Finally we decide on the route of escape. This is the most important feature of the line-up.

We map a route that leads into the heavy traffic of Cincinnati, as direct as possible without following the main drags. If the bank happened to be in a country town, we'd make for the sticks. It hands me a laugh to hear about dicks hunting a mob out in the country after a bank heist in a big city.

In laying out a getaway route, the guy who's going to drive, in this case Rube, fixes in his mind all the cross roads and where they go. Something might happen to make you turn off the set course, and the driver has to be sure he's not getting into a blind alley.

Rube drives us over the route four or five times. Each time he stops at a point about a mile from the bank and takes his bearings. This is the place where the switch car will be parked. You can't go the whole way in one car. A lot of people are going to get a good peek at the auto you use at the bank, and the description is liable to be sent on ahead of you.

On the morning of the day we pick for the job, I grab a dandy new Chrysler off the street. Three of us set out in this car from Duke's home in the West End of Cincinnati, with Rube following alone in my Hudson.

This is a Friday. We figure that if the bank handles any payrolls it will be the day before pay day.

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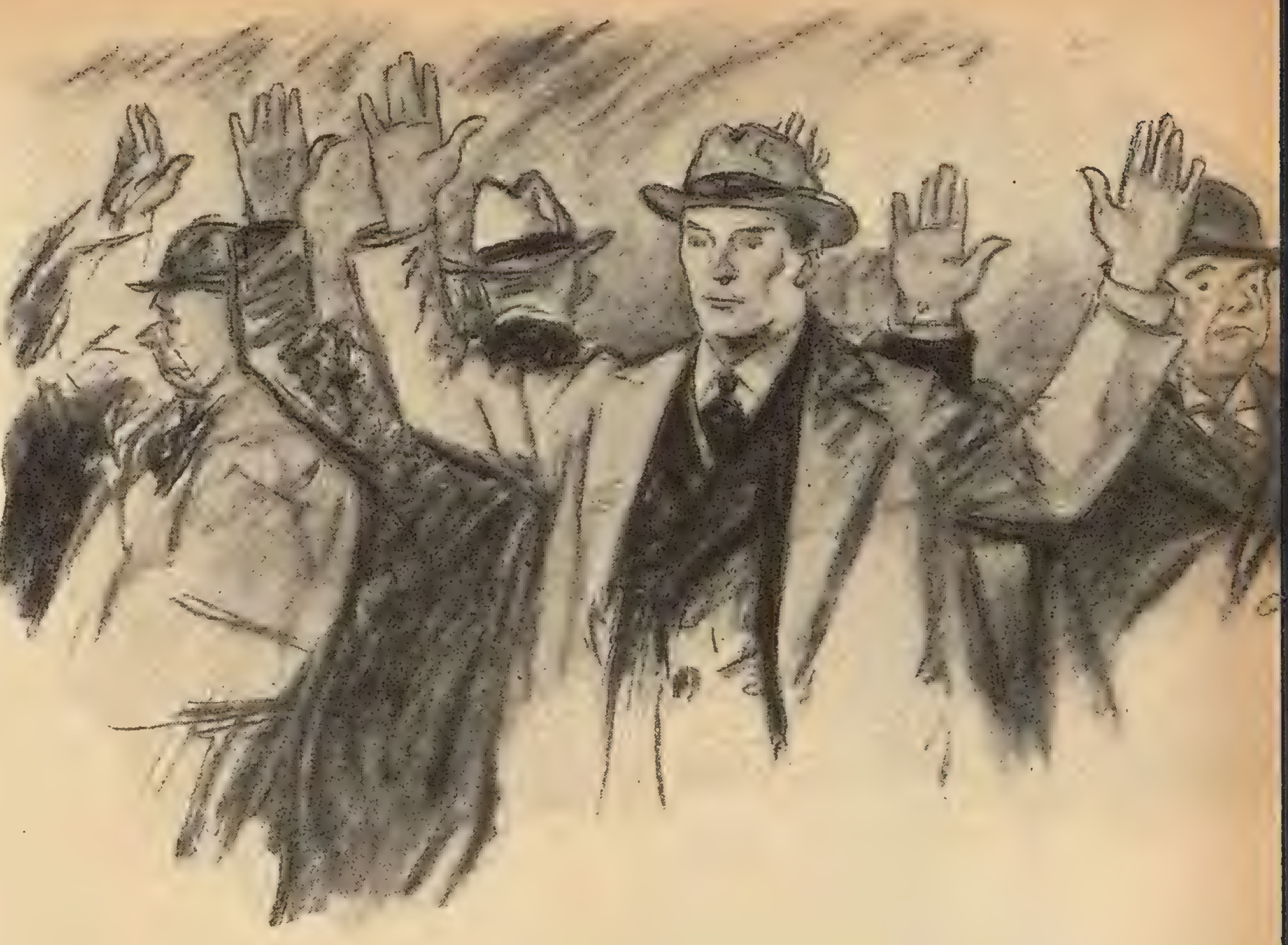
CLEANING THE JUGS
Continued from page thirty-one



“Stick ’em up, the whole damn crowd! If they don’t go up, they’ll

Rube parks the Hudson, which is to be the switch car, and piles in with us. We’re going to take the bank at noon because then most of the employees will be out to lunch. But we get there fifteen minutes early because we still have a little casing to do.

We count the people going into the bank. There are thirteen. Eight come out. Eight from thirteen leaves five. Figuring that maybe four customers have been in the bank since before we started the count, we know we’ve got to handle nine. That’s O. K. A mob of three can take care of any number of customers up to fifteen, besides two tellers.

I’m sitting in the car with a watch in my hand. It’s noon.

“All set?” I ask.

Butch picks a sawed-off shotgun off the floor and packs it under his coat. I wait five minutes.

“Let’s go,” I say, leaving the car.

Duke and Butch follow about fifty feet behind. Rube takes the auto to the parking spot.

Duke and Butch know that if I’m not out of the bank before they get there we figured about right on the number of customers and tellers, and that everything else is O. K.

No stalling now. I go right up to the teller.

“Change for twenty,” I say, “in singles.”

He counts them out and shoves them toward the window. My hand goes for my purse but pulls out a heat with the hammer cocked.

“Up with ’em, both you guys!” I say to the tellers in a voice loud enough to attract the customers. I want their backs toward the door when Duke and Butch come in.

“Stick ’em up, the whole dámn crowd!” Butch yells. “If they don’t go up, they’ll go down.”

Duke runs to the cage and climbs over the top to the rear.

A woman faints on Butch. It would be a godsend if they’d all faint. Duke opens the gate and Butch rustles the customers into the cage. If one should happen to make a break out the front door, Butch will give us the office. If anybody comes in, Butch will take him over.

I keep the heat on the tellers while Duke scoops the paper and silver from the vault and counters into a bath towel. We don’t carry a grip. It’s a bank thief’s birthmark.

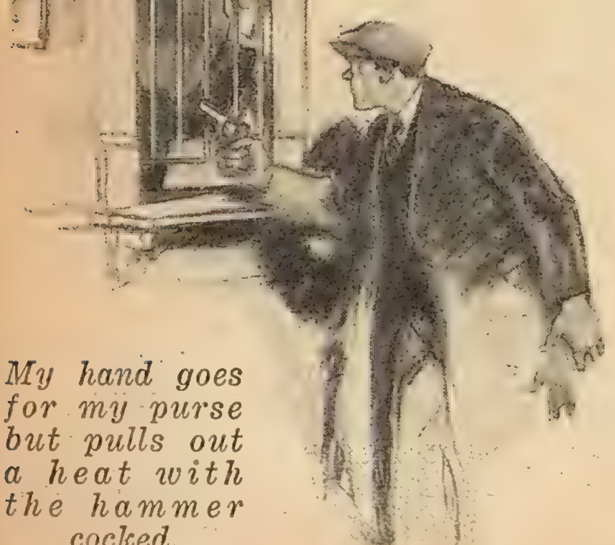
“She’s clean,” Duke says. He’s got all the dough wrapped.

“Now let’s see how fast you can get in there,” Butch says.

He starts the crowd and tellers marching into the directors’ room. Duke is at the door kicking the men in the pants as they go in.

“Down on your faces and stay there for five minutes,” he says.

They get down on the floor and we stroll out of the joint like going to church. You can stir a rumble at the last minute by getting excited.



My hand goes for my purse but pulls out a heat with the hammer cocked.

We have at least five minutes for a getaway. Those people will stay down, though if they came out of the room there wouldn’t be a chance for them to get hurt. Then you can count on another ten or fifteen minutes before the law is on the job.

By that time we’re in the switch car near Duke’s home in the West End. Butch, Duke, and I are down on the floor in the back because any car with four guys in it is going to look bad to the law. Rube is careful not to exceed the city speed limit.

Before we get to the stash we count the dough. We don’t want to put any temptation in Duke’s way as he’s going to keep the roll until the split is made that night. It’s around seven and a half grand. Right there Duke pays off our five-dollar bet.

He gets out at his house and the rest of us scatter.

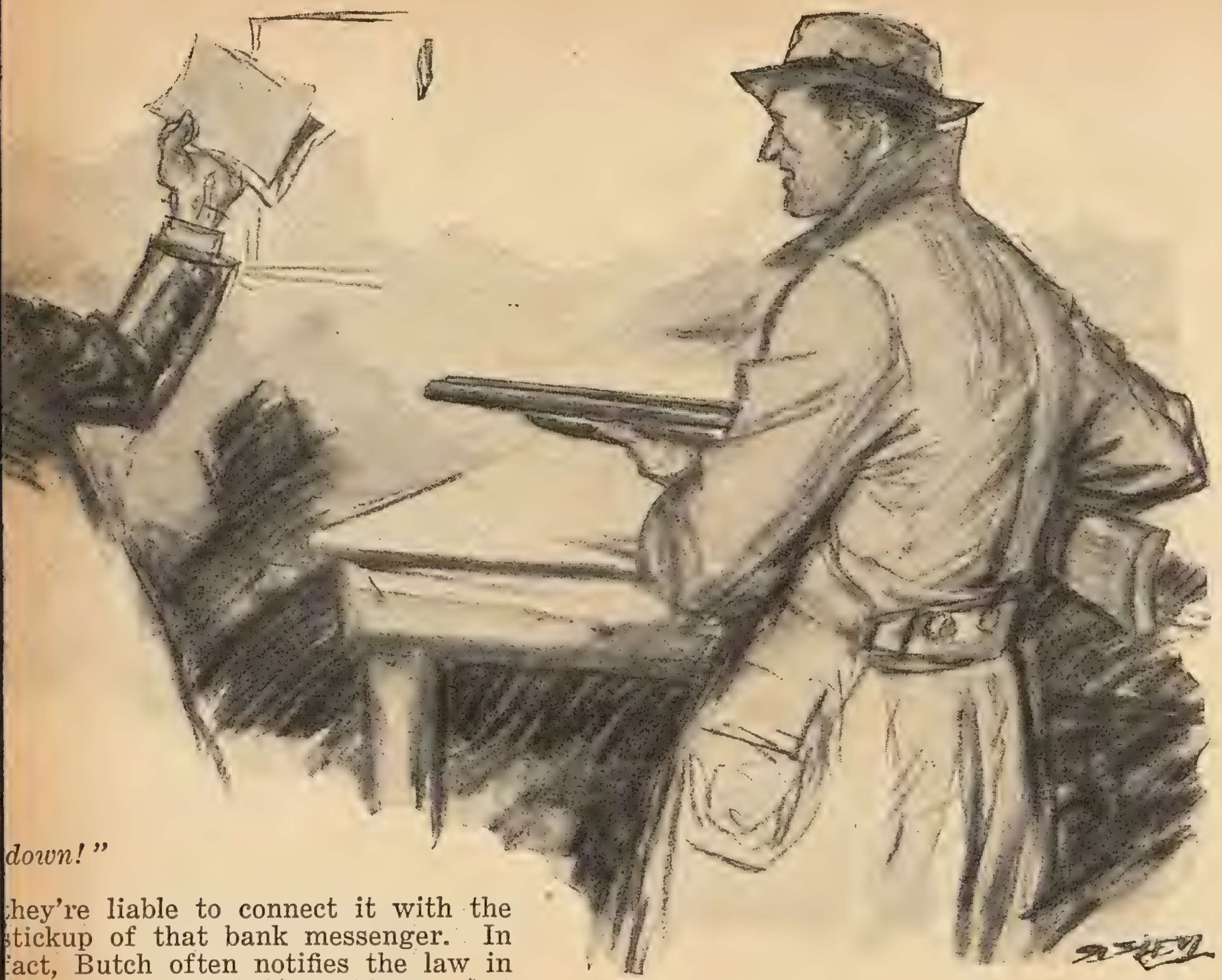
If we were on a bank job in a strange city the stash would be a room we had rented several weeks in advance. In a small town, though, you don’t have any stash, because an hour after you moved in everybody in the burg would be checking up to see who the new neighbors are. Not long ago I read in the paper about three guys taking a bank in Bowling Green, Kentucky, and about how the law found the house where they boarded. I said to myself right then that those punks are going to be nabbed, and, sure enough, next day one of them was.

That job of ours was a pretty piece of casing and turned out exactly as we planned. The law never came near us. But no matter how smart you are, something is liable to happen and make a bust out of the best job.

There was one in another factory town outside Cincinnati that would have come for forty grand if we could have seen everything in advance. The steer comes from a manufacturer who, as an old depositor, has the ups on this bank.

We case it down to the last detail and are planning to fan it on a Saturday morning when a payroll is being made up.

But, the day before, Duke, Butch, and Rube take off a bank messenger in a near-by city. Butch ditches the getaway car in the town where our mark is located. It’s his home town and he’s got a stand-in with all the officials. They get a big pay-off from a friend of Butch who runs a gambling joint. Butch wants them to find the auto because they’ll turn it in merely as a stolen car. If the county deputies get to it first,



down!"

hey're liable to connect it with the tickup of that bank messenger. In act, Butch often notifies the law in is town when he's parking a hot ob.

We don't know that he parked this car a half block from he bank and Butch is so sure it was picked up soon after he eft it that he doesn't take the trouble to look.

The man who steers us on to the job is inside the bank, ear the front window, and gives us the office that the payroll is ready. He drops a piece of paper.

Duke leads the way, Rube and I following. Duke is turning toward the door of the bank when suddenly he stops dead nd lights a cigarette.

" What the hell! " Rube whispers.

But we keep going. As we catch up to Duke, he's lit another match and has his hands up to his face.

" Nix, no go," he mumbles. " Move on."

After we're around the corner, Duke, white as his shirt, oins us.

" Now you can sneak a look down the street," he says.

It beats me how the county deputies had to pick that particular minute to find Butch's hot car. Anyway, it's a break hat Duke happened to see them at all.

In the three years I'm in Duke's mob we cleaned, I guess, bout twenty jugs, including most of the ones around Cincinnati that could be taken. Our work was what woke the own to the fact that mobs had hit southern Ohio. Sawed-off hotguns were seen in Cincinnati for the first time on our obs, though they had been used there before. Because of his, the papers, I remember, cracked that a gang of Chicago unmen were suspected of the robberies.

Y split of the bank jobs was about thirty grand. What struck me on every job was how easy it would be for the anks to stop us if they were smart. I never heard of any ellers' windows being inclosed in bulletproof glass. There's omething that would make a hustler change his mind. Banks ever learn anything. You'd imagine that after a guy had limbed over the cage, they'd think of building the grating lear up to the ceiling. They rarely do.

Guard towers, with a good rifle shot on the job at all times, re sure cures for robbery. I'd never think of taking a bank hat had one.

Burglar alarms are n. g. Whenever I figure on getting some nterference from a burglar alarm, and the mark is in a nine o'clock neighborhood, I get me a ladder the night before the job, climb the outside wall of the bank and cut the lead wire on the bell.

With all the law of southern Ohio hunting bank robbers during the years 1924 to '27, they picked me up on only one play and then it was an accident. This was my last job in the bank racket because, when I was released, I found hijacking to my liking.

We took a bank in a town not far from Cincinnati, getting five grand in bills, another grand in unsigned national bank notes, and about seventy-five grand worth of municipal bonds.

The bonds were worthless to us so we burned them on the roadside. The bank notes have to be signed. We send a kid to the bank to get us a bill with the president's signature. The name is traced on a piece of tissue paper and from there is retraced to a rubber belt. Then we use a safety-razor blade to cut out the rubber around the signature. Now we have a rubber stamp and can sign the notes as well as the president himself.

I NOTICE that the bills I got as my split of the six grand are numbered in series. To play safe, I take the paper to a town upstate where there's a thief I know, and give him a fin to have the bills changed at the local bank. The only trouble is, the bank also knows him as a thief. When he's gone, the teller checks up on the notes and finds they're stolen. The thief's arrested and steers the law to the hotel where I'm stopping.

Then starts the third degree, at four in the morning. I don't blame any hustler for squealing on his friends under one of those things. I'd rather stop a load of lead than go through another. A guy never knows how to rate himself as a thief until he finds he can hold out against a fourteen-hour grilling and beating, as I did.

Two dicks sit me down at the police station and take seats smack in front of me.

" Where'd you get those bills? " one begins.

I don't answer.

" Where'd you get those bills? Where'd you get those bills? " he keeps asking.

The other one is jabbing me in the chest with a piece of broomstick, as regular as clock ticks. I let them keep asking and poking. I've got to keep my head on my shoulders. I know what I'm going to answer but I stall because it discourages them when I give them something that sounds straight after they think they've got me cornered. I've been questioned before and know what they'll ask. Dicks are dumb.

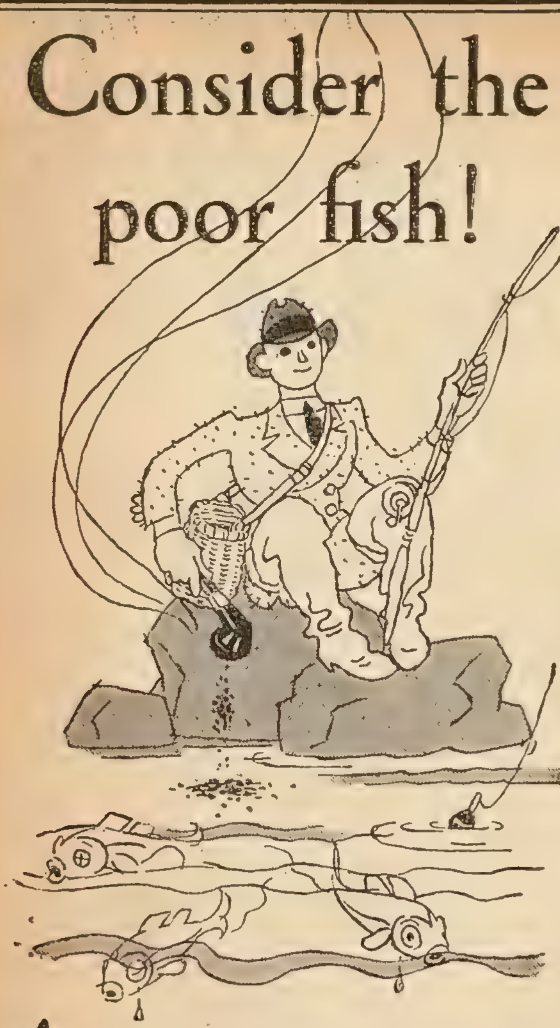
" Where'd you get those bills? "

" I'm in the liquor racket. A customer

[CONCL'D ON NEXT PAGE]

She busted right in. " Judge," she says, " I'm a friend of Dotty."

Consider the poor fish!



A TRUE sportsman is as careful about his pipe tobacco as he is about his lures. Why distress the poor fish and taint the pure air with a strong pipe when Sir Walter Raleigh's favorite smoking tobacco costs so little, and is so mild and fragrant? The success of the Sir Walter Raleigh blend is due to the use of very choice Burleys, which, although mild, lack neither body nor flavor. The quality is uniform, and the gold foil wrap retains all the natural freshness and fragrance.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH
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How to Take Care of Your Pipe

(Hint No. 7) Leave the stem out of the shank for a day after cleaning your pipe thoroughly. The stem and bowl can then absorb any moisture and dry thoroughly. A pipe cleaner run through the shank also helps to keep your pipe dry. Send for our free booklet, "How to Take Care of Your Pipe." Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, Louisville, Kentucky, Dept. 47. (In Canada, 3810 St. Antoine St., Montreal.)

IT'S 15¢—*and milder*

[CLEANING THE JUGS
Continued from page thirty-three]

in Detroit gave them to me," I answer finally.

"Where do you live?"

I give them the correct address because they'll sure as anything check on it.

"You stuck up that bank the other day," the dick with the broom handle says.

My chest is so sore I can hardly breathe.

"Listen, guy," I say. "I got a record, and see if you can find any bank jobs in it."

"Where were you that day?"

"I went swimming with my girl."

I take a chance and give her name and address. If I make the brig, she'll learn it from the papers in a few hours and will come to see me, probably before the law can get to her.

Crooks' Lingo in This Story

Hustler	Criminal.
Heat	Revolver; pistol.
Give away his kisser	Let his face be seen.
Heavy paper	A big haul in paper money.
Petes	Safes.
Jug	Bank.
Fin	Five dollars.
Heist	Holdup.
The stash	The hide-out or rendezvous.
Take off a bank messenger	Rob him.
Gives us the office	Signals us.
Mouthpiece	Lawyer.

At 6 A. M. the dicks let up, and two more, representing the bankers' association, start in. I get no rest between shifts.

"Where did you get those bills?"

I give them the same answer. There's a clock on the wall opposite me. Watching the time creep along gives me the jumps. It's 10 A. M. I'm sweating, my tongue feels like a rug, and my chest hurts. The bankers' dicks have had their rest and are back again.

"Want something to eat?" one asks.

"Certainly I want something to eat," I answer.

"Talk and you'll get it," he says.

With that I have to jump up to keep from spilling the works. I want water. The dicks shove me back in the chair.

After the first eight hours the time passes fast. I can't see the clock any more.

WHEN it's getting dark the police chief comes in and pushes the dicks aside.

"What're you trying to do with that boy?" he says. "You're a couple of fine detectives trying to squeeze something out of a fellow! What are they doing to you, bud?"

Here's a friend at last.

"They want to make me own to something I didn't do," I answer.

"Don't you know that's no way to treat a boy like this?" the chief says to the dicks.

He turns away from me. Suddenly, he swings around with his fist doubled and belts me one on the jaw that puts bees in my head.

"There's the way to treat him," he says.

I let go at him the dirtiest line of cursing he ever heard. He walks out, grinning.

"Now, you guys," I tell the dicks, "I'm through saying anything, and if you think you can hammer it out of me you can start right now."

They keep up the grilling for about an hour. Then one of them says:

"Oh, the hell with him. Let 'em worry about him where they want him."

It's 6 P. M. when I'm thrown in a cell and given some sandwiches, coffee and water. A couple of hours later I'm taken back to the town where the bank job was pulled. That's what I want. I have friends in official positions down there and, besides, the police are numskulls.

NEXT day my mouthpiece gets a habeas corpus and bond is set at ten grand. I can't make it and lay in the brig for two days. Then, for some reason, my bond is reduced to three grand. When I get out I learn what happened. Pearl tells me. Pearl is my girl, and you can take it straight from me, nobody ever had any better girl.

She busted right in on the judge who had heard the argument for my habeas corpus.

"Judge," she says, "I'm a friend of Dotty."

The judge, Pearl tells me, got so red she thought the blood would drip over his chin. Dotty is a girl the judge, a married man, is keeping in an apartment and clothes. In the basement of a local speakeasy is a room fitted up especially for the judge and his sweetheart. He knows Pearl is on to him.

"What is it you want?" he asks her.

"They haven't got anything on Roy Chadwick and his bond is too high," she answers.

"What can he afford?" the judge questions.

"Three at the most," she tells him.

"I'll see what I can do," he promises.

"Thank you so much, your honor," Pearl says. "And if Roy isn't out by tomorrow I'll be here."

I beat the rap at the preliminary hearing. It was held before the same judge.

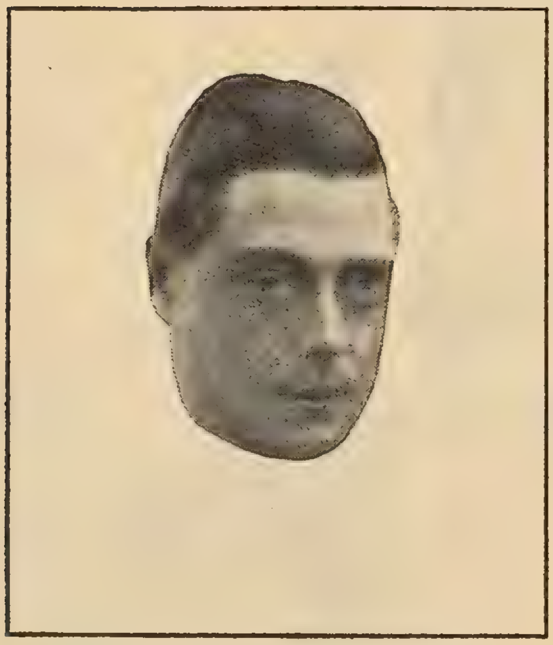
The true story of some of the Heist Guy's further adventures will appear in an early issue.

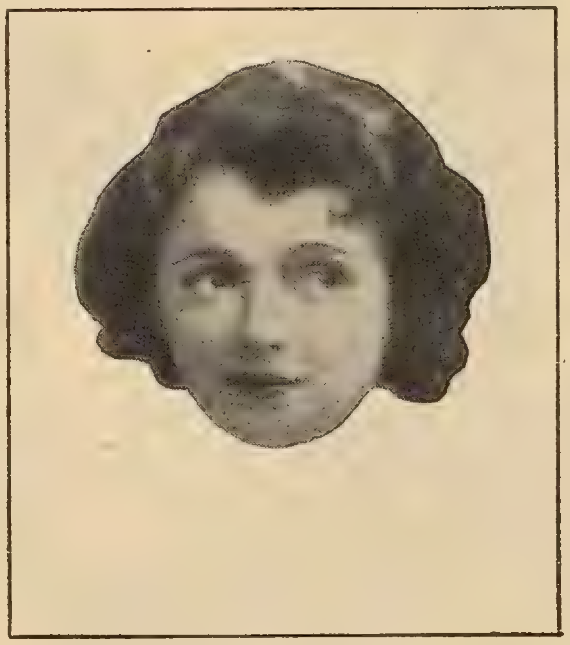
Funny Faces! *Can You Make Them?*

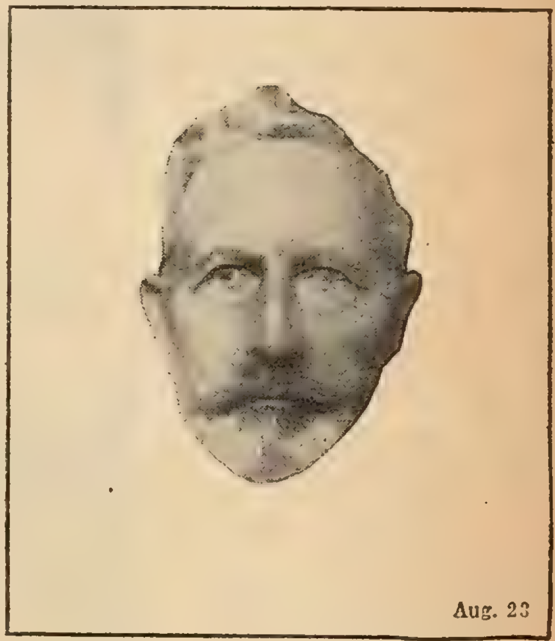
Liberty is offering One Hundred Fins a Week

For the funniest faces—distributed as follows:

First Prize $200 — Second Prize $100 — Third Prize $50
and 30 prizes of One Fin ($5) each—Grand Total $500


THE PRINCE OF WALES


JANET GAYNOR

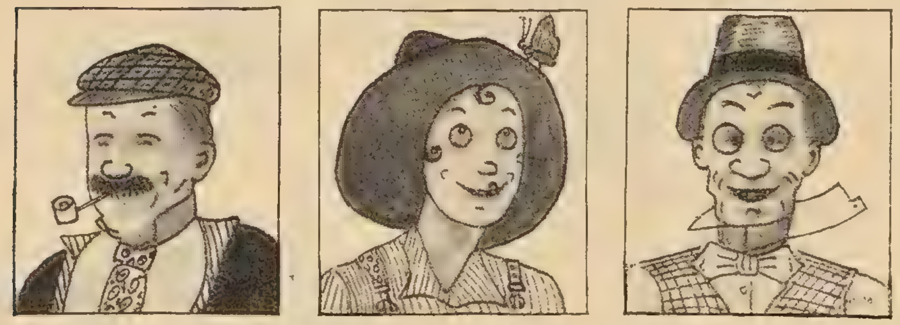


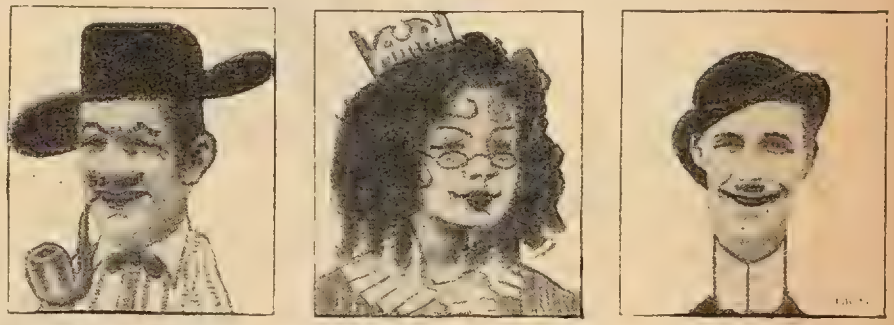
FORMER KAISER WILHELM

See what you can do to these pictures with a pen or pencil, making them look as funny as you can. Then mail them, as directed in the rules below, so that they will reach us before midnight, August 23. That's all there is to it!

HERE ARE THIS WEEK'S PRIZE AWARDS

for the funniest faces made from the pictures of Gene Tunney, Greta Garbo, and William T. Tilden 2d, in our July 26 issue


FIRST PRIZE, $200—For these faces by Ed. R. Macpherson, P. O. Box 87, Hilton Village, Virginia


SECOND PRIZE, $100—For these faces by King Chapman, 1121½ West 87th Street, Los Angeles, California

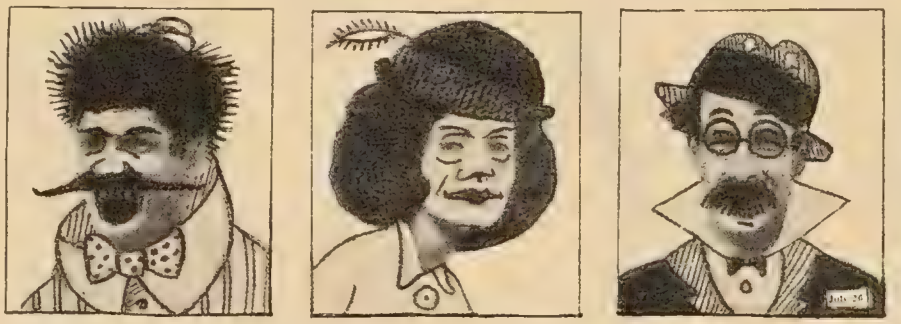
THE RULES

Each week Liberty will publish a set of photographs under the heading FUNNY FACES. You are invited to mark them up—all of them—in any way you see fit, and send them, with your name and full address, to FUNNY FACES, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 612, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

For the funniest sets of faces received each week, $500 will be paid, the prizes to be divided as indicated above.

You don't have to use the pictures on this page unless you want to. They may be copied or traced on another sheet of paper. Liberty may be examined at any of its offices or at public libraries free of charge.

Anyone, anywhere, may compete, except employees of Liberty and their families. The editors of Liberty will be the judges, and their decision will be final. Prize awards for the pictures in each issue will be announced four weeks later, and the pictures that win the first three prizes will be published. We cannot undertake to return any entries or enter into correspondence concerning these Funny Faces.


THIRD PRIZE, $50—For these faces by John J. Gorman, 122 Furman Street, Trenton, New Jersey

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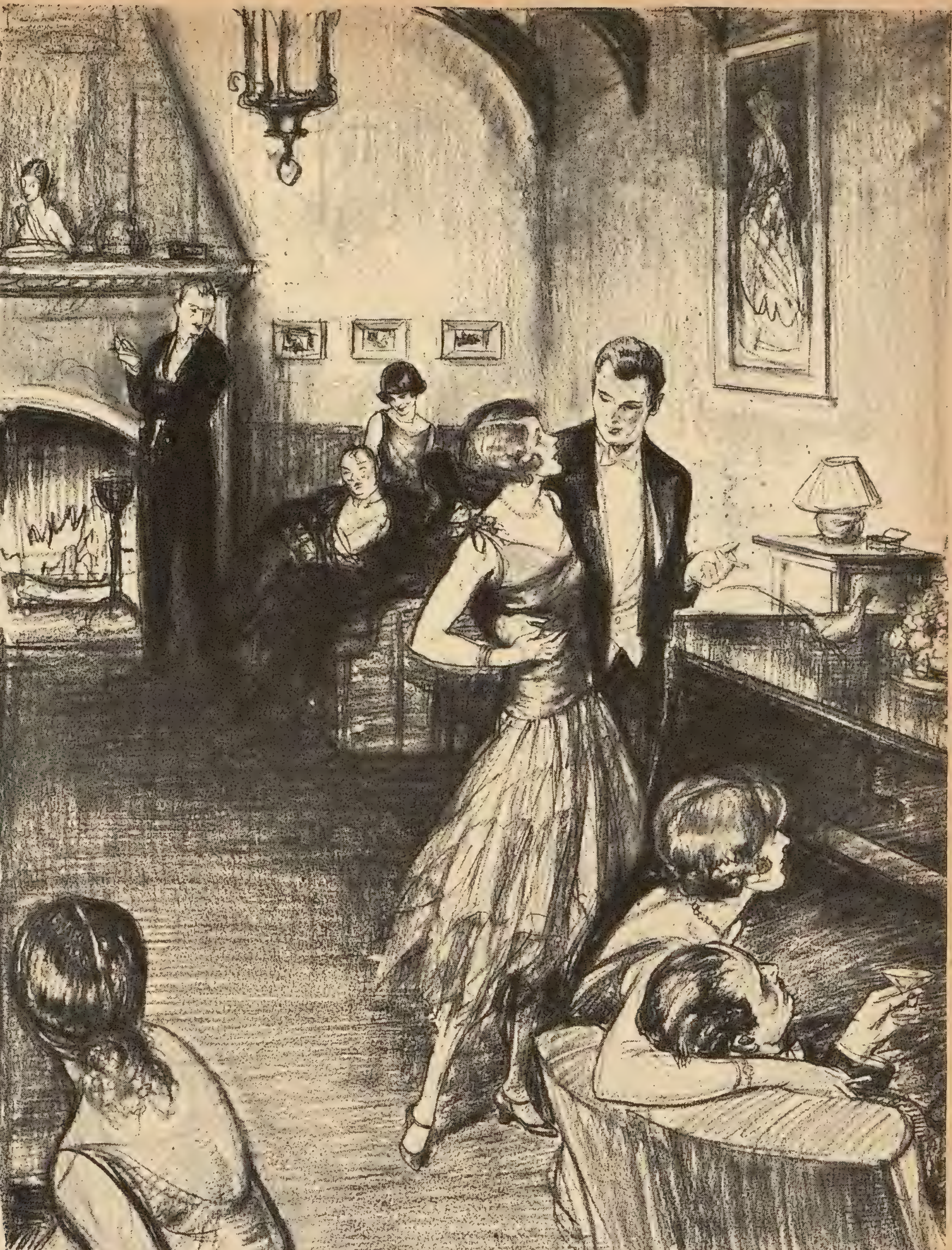
A Love Story of Today in America



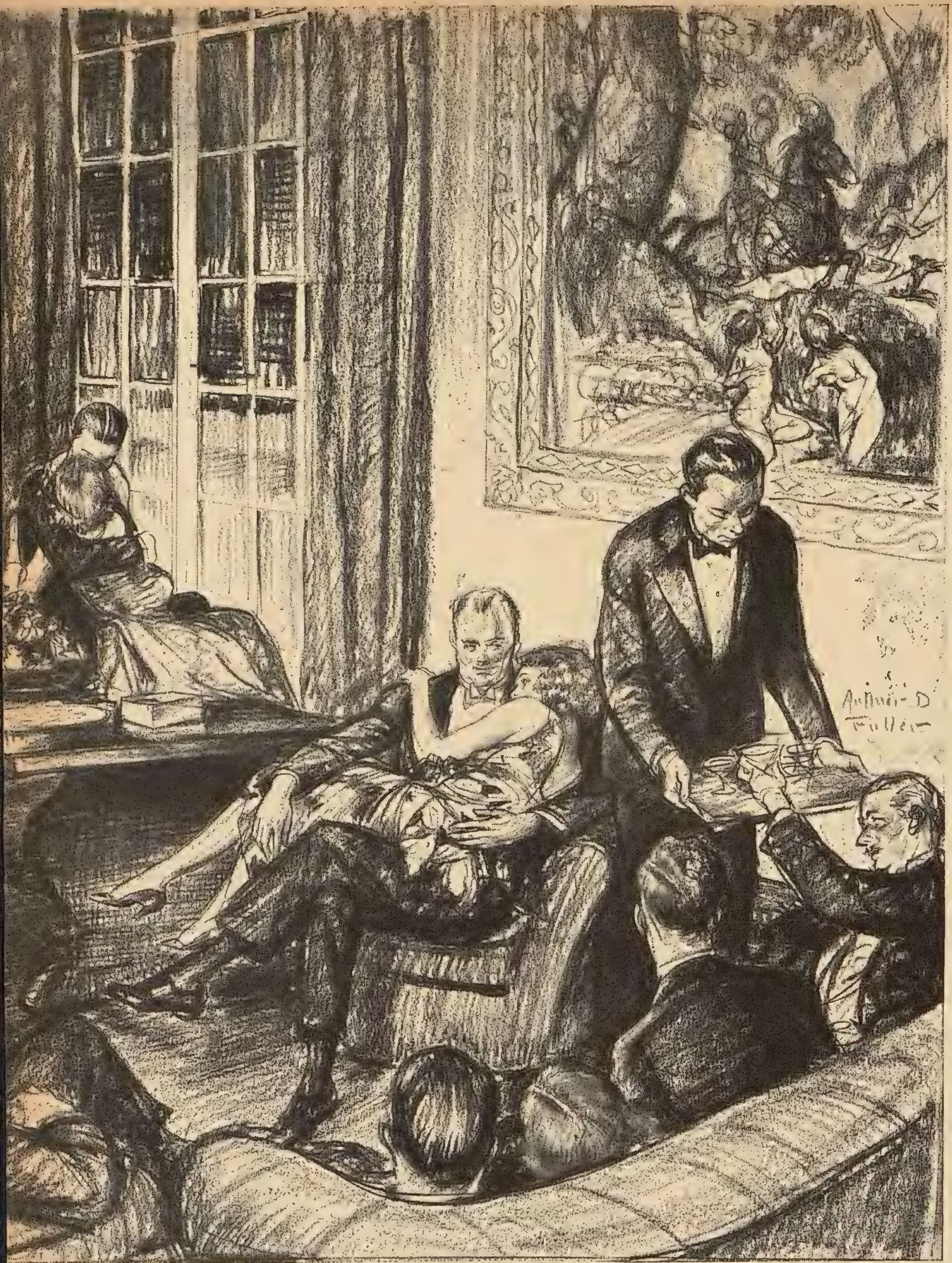
Still ANOTHER

What Has Gone Before:

JULIET ROGERS' real desires were a home and Keith Morris. And yet she became a show girl! She and Keith were engaged and she hoped to bring their marriage nearer when she accepted the job.

It gave a promise of money, and money was terribly needed. Keith had to support his mother, and Juliet hers.

Mr. Rogers was dead and Juliet and "mama" were alone in the house in Glen Hill, now that Thelma, the other daughter, was married. Unfortunately, mama disapproved of Keith. She had known his mother as a girl and hated her. So the situation was too difficult for Juliet to feel free to turn down the chance that Bert Thomas, a big theatrical producer, offered her, even though she



A MAN she had never seen before put his arm around Juliet in the friendliest fashion and drew her into the group.

Pictures by
ARTHUR D. FULLER

JULIET

By THYRA SAMTER WINSLOW

knew Bert's too colorful reputation regarding women.

She found his attitude, when she began rehearsing, reassuringly casual. But gradually it became warmer, and then changed from warmth to insistence. He made her this astonishing proposal: that she give him one hour out of her life, and, in return, her mother would be taken care of always. Now go on with the story.

PART NINE—JULIET'S ORDEAL

THE year 1925 decided to depart gloriously. The last day was golden with sunshine, warm for December. The cold spell of a few days before made the sun especially welcome.

Juliet rather looked to the weather for a sign. She was

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

STILL ANOTHER JULIET
Continued from page thirty-seven

young enough to believe in charms, to think that there were lucky and unlucky days, that certain things pointed to good or bad fortune. Since she had been in love with Keith her superstition had grown. She looked for signs which would point out whether she was to see him that particular day; or that seemed to prove how much they loved each other—and that they were to marry soon. She tried to close her eyes to omens that seemed to foretell anything except happiness.

Now, she had more than half expected the day to be stormy. That would have been a sort of sign. A message from the gods. She hated rain. And storms that blew knife-cold snow into her face when she was hurrying home alone. Only when she was with Keith, held close by his guiding arm, she didn't mind the weather.

Now, if it had been a bad day, she felt that she would have known that the whole thing was decided for her. Thomas' "One hour of your life!" In Glen Hill, with mama and home things around, it seemed vague, unreal.

Juliet wandered around the house a bit aimlessly. She brushed her red-gold hair until it shone. She was glad she had never bobbed it. Keith liked it better long. She looked at herself closely in the mirror. Did she look any older than she had looked—five years ago? She wondered. She couldn't feel that she did really. Her chin seemed just as firm, her skin as fair. Was Thomas right?

She got out a pile of pictures from the top shelf of her closet. Dust-covered. Photographs of dad and mama. How young and eager mama had looked then! To think that just a few years—And dad—

Thelma had been such a darling, with her round cheeks and friendly smile. Her eyes, in the picture, looked so gentle and unafraid. Those old days! How long ago they seemed already!

SHE found a picture of herself. Stiffly posed, taken by a Glen Hill photographer when she was nineteen. She peered at it closely. And looked at herself in the glass. What a nice child she had been then! That soft curve to her throat. The full, tender mouth. No, she wasn't old-looking now. She didn't have lines. Her mouth was still soft and full, her throat and cheeks smooth. But Thomas was right. There was a difference. Something young and fragile had gone. And in a few years more—

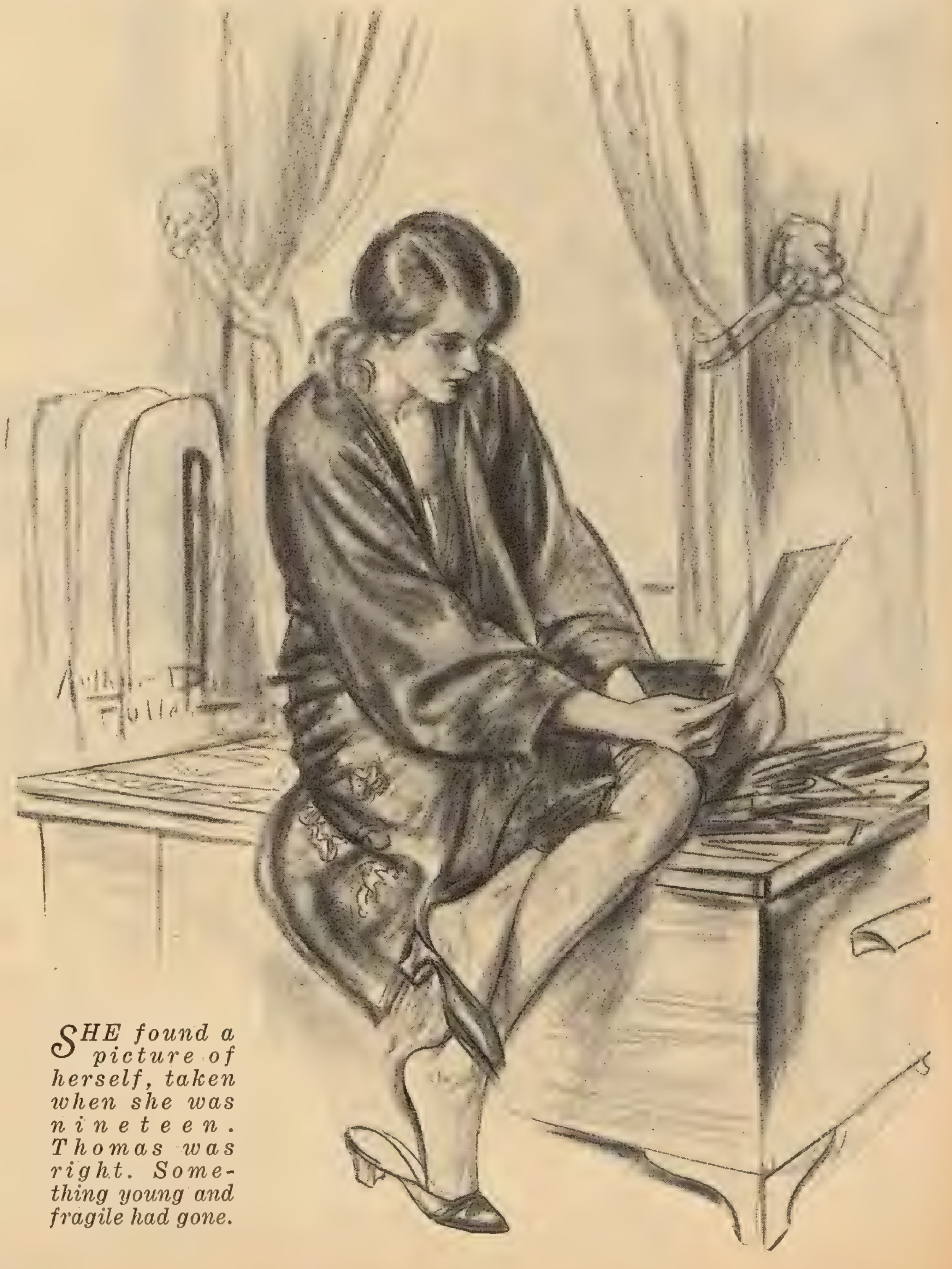
Why, it was nearly five years since she had known Keith—had started to go with Keith! She couldn't believe it. Their love had grown steadily, had become deeper and more real since those first days. She knew that. And the theater had given her new contrasts, had taught her how fine Keith was in every way.

She had still a wonderful, warm feeling when she thought of him. Being with him, she felt, would always be the most wonderful thing in the world. Keith was so upright and dependable—satisfying to look at, too. Why, he really was her ideal. To think that they had found each other—loved each other! And yet, they were as far from marrying as ever—could stay apart for years while youth passed them by, unless something happened to bring them together. Nothing had happened in five years. And now—

If she could go through with it tonight! An hour of her life to Thomas—and mama taken care of—and Keith always!

MAMA came up into Juliet's room and asked, as usual, curious and rather meaningless little questions. It was funny—now she felt older than mama; as if mama were a child who had to be taken care of. Mama was glad Juliet was going to a party, glad she wouldn't be with Keith. But she was inquisitive about the party, too.

Juliet explained patiently that she was going to stay all night with one of the girls in the show. The explanation was logical enough, certainly. The party wouldn't be over until very late. It would be awfully hard getting a train out to Glen Hill early in the morning—and unnecessary, too. There was a matinée New Year's day and a performance New Year's night. Juliet would be home



SHE found a picture of herself, taken when she was nineteen. Thomas was right. Something young and fragile had gone.

after the New Year's night show.

Mama puttered around the kitchen. There was little enough for her to do. She would be lonely New Year's Eve, Juliet knew. If mama only had friends of her own! Why was it that elderly people so seldom seemed to have friends? Mama had lived in Glen Hill for years. She knew a lot of people. Outside of Mrs. Watrous and a few other old neighbors, she hardly ever saw anyone. Nor went any place. Maybe, as you got older, you withdrew more into yourself. Juliet knew that a lot of other girls with mothers had the same problem. Little old ladies alone. Each little old lady living in a small oasis of her own family, and no one else to turn to.

Funny, thought Juliet, all the things you read about modernity. Writers got so excited about modern youth—the modern girl. She was young. What about it? Of course she smoked and drank. And talked about anything she felt like talking about. And she didn't think she was damned if a man kissed her. But here she and hundreds of other girls were in the midst of one of the newest problems in the world—and no writer cared about their problem at all.

Even one generation ago mama's support would never have been left to Juliet. She knew that. Girls just didn't work then. And they were never for a second supposed to support parents. And, somehow, old folks were taken care of. Relatives appeared out of nowhere. In an older generation someone would have looked out for Juliet, too; wouldn't have even expected her to work. And here she was supporting herself and mama—and mama was never quite satisfied with what she did for her.

NOT that Juliet objected to supporting mama, or expected gratitude from her. It wasn't that. But she didn't want to keep on, year after year, having her own marriage delayed because of mama.

She did wish things had solved themselves nicely. Well, things hadn't. Now it was up to her. Thomas had said, "One hour of your life!" Juliet knew that Thomas expected that she would keep on seeing him. But he would keep his promise. His way of getting what he wanted.

Juliet knew, now, that Thomas' conceit, his desire never to be defeated, were at the real basis of his offer. These were stronger than any emotion he felt for her. Oh, well, so much the better. He'd stop annoying her—afterward.

"One hour of your life!"

Mama, putting things to rights around the house, couldn't know what Juliet was thinking about. Juliet felt a thousand miles away from mama. If only she could have talked things over with her! There was nothing she could talk over. Mama was awfully good. Why, she'd have disapproved horribly if she knew of some of the things Juliet had done. Mama still believed the nice little code she had learned in Jackson, Missouri. Dad—and later Juliet and Thelma, too—had kept a lot away from her.

A thing was either right or wrong to mama. A girl was either good or she was "fast." Yet, in mama's code, it was perfectly proper to marry an older man for whom you didn't care in order to give your mother comforts. But any relation without marriage was awfully wrong. Marriage made everything right. Marriage and money. They meant respectability. There was nothing to talk with mama about now.

Juliet couldn't even tell mama satisfactory things about the party. She didn't know anything about the host except his name. She had never been to a penthouse apartment. She could tell mama about the girls, deleting when necessary, but she had already told her about the girls.

SHE listened now, and mama talked about Thelma and Steve. Thelma was so unhappy because Steve wasn't getting along better. Steve was a fine boy, but he didn't seem to have much luck. The fifty dollars Juliet had sent would help, but mama hoped that Steve's luck would change.

"Thelma's too lovely a girl not to have nice things," mama said. "I brought you girls up so carefully. Steve has looked out for Thelma as well as he could. He's always been so much in love with her. But when you get a streak of bad luck there's nothing you can do about it. If Steve gets a good job everything will be all right."

Funny, mama never expected things from Thelma! Thelma had never sent mama a cent toward her support and mama didn't even think about that. Yet she took it for granted that Juliet would take care of her. And she was grateful if Thelma even wrote letters.

Suddenly the house got on Juliet's nerves. She couldn't stand it any longer! She was willing to do things for mama, to do anything she could. But she couldn't stand seeing mama taking little slow steps and talking so confidently about Steve, when Juliet knew well enough that Steve never would amount to anything.

Mama was old. Only a few years ago she had been middle-aged. And now her hair was streaked with gray and she didn't straighten up her shoulders and she was tired most of the time. Well, if—if things happened—she wouldn't have to worry about mama any more. Hadn't Thomas said, over and over again, that he would fix things legally so that mama would be taken care of? Money for mama—and she and Keith together.

"I'm going in town," Juliet said. "I want to watch the holiday crowds. I'll take my suitcase, drop it at the theater."

Juliet put her evening gown into her bag. It was her best gown—pale green georgette—and the skirt was short and full. She knew she was tall enough to wear rather an extreme style.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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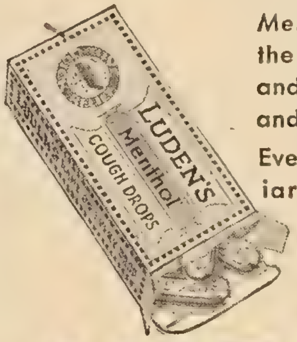

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[STILL ANOTHER JULIET
Continued from page thirty-nine]

The telephone rang, and Juliet hurried to answer it. It was Keith.

As soon as she heard his voice, some of her unrest left her. His voice was so deep and comforting, even over the wire.

He told her again how much he'd rather be with her than in East Orange.

"No one will ever keep us apart another New Year's Eve!" he said. "If mother hadn't been so nervous this year—if I hadn't quarreled with her so—I would have fought it out with her to the finish. I simply didn't have the heart. Next year, you and I—"

"Yes," said Juliet. "Next year."

"You are lovely, lovely!" he whispered. "You don't know how long I have waited for you."

Before that, even! She couldn't tell Keith now. She'd have to make up something about the money—an uncle who had died, maybe. Oh, she'd be able to think up some plausible story that would make her suddenly financially free.

She told Keith about the party.

"I'm glad you're not going to be lonely," he said, "though I'm beginning to hate those after-theater parties. You're my girl and I want you to belong only to me."

"If you don't want me to go—"

"Of course I want you to go, darling. And have a good time. And think of me just at twelve. And I'll be thinking of you. I know I can trust my girl!"

And Keith said, "Happy New Year, darling." And Juliet wondered if he would be—different—the next time they were together.

As soon as she left the telephone the feeling of unrest came over her again. Keith had said, "I can trust my girl!"

Why couldn't she be with Keith now? Why did she have to go through with this thing? Still, if it meant having Keith—and freedom—

All the way into town the train wheels ground words into her consciousness: "Keith"—"one hour"—"freedom"—

The emotional stress she was under made everything around her seem unusually clear. Her perceptions were keyed up, keen.

SHE took a subway train to the theater. The streets were too crowded to waste time in a taxi, even if she had wanted to spend the money. She left her suitcase, walked over to Fifth Avenue.

The crowds on Fifth Avenue had never seemed gayer. Women with their coats hugged tight. Nearly all in furs. A whole parade of fur coats.

Most of these women didn't earn the money to buy furs. Juliet knew that. Luxurious women who had nothing to do but waste time in department stores or have marcels or manicures. Or visit elaborate tea shops. These shops were always crowded with women, usually a little too fat and nearly always well dressed, eating marvelous concoctions, most of them heavy with whipped cream. It must be nice to be like that, Juliet thought. To be looked out for, taken care of. Girls who were taken care of had a nice air of leisure, of not caring about things, that Juliet knew she could never achieve.

Everyone seemed so happy. Were there no other girls here who had mothers to support, mothers who were keeping them from marrying the men they loved? Would they have found their way out? Didn't any of these sleek, well groomed women have problems? Things they wanted settled?

Juliet knew that each of these women did have problems, even if they didn't concern worries over bills for necessities and being separated from the one you loved. Oh, well, she wouldn't have to worry any more! She had found a way out.

Juliet went into one of the colorful stores, became one of a whirl of customers that stopped at the gayly heaped counters to look at scarfs, and at glittering jewelry that was cunningly cut to simulate more valuable gems. Gloves. The sheerest of silk stockings. Oddly shaped jars of fragrant cosmetics that promised to perform a thousand miracles toward youth and loveliness. Bags—smart little leather affairs to go with crisp shopping costumes, and glittering bits of brocade and rhinestones, a prophecy of happy evenings.

JULIET felt that it would be marvelous to spend recklessly, to have, for once, all of the luxury that these exquisite things promised. Yet she knew that didn't matter, really. Keith was important—and his love. Love while they both were young.

Out on the street again, Juliet walked rapidly, her head high. She wanted Keith with her now, seeing the things she saw. And always. Putting off from year to year this never-complete love seemed such a useless waste of happiness. She visualized Keith, tall and broad, his crisp dark hair, his quizzical blue eyes, his rather blunt nose, his face that always looked a bit tanned, as if he had spent hours out of doors.

She could never tell Keith about what—might happen. She knew that. She must keep this one secret. All the rest of their lives together would be frank and open. Why not this secret—if it meant mama being taken care of, meant being together now instead of waiting for years?

A mother with two little girls dressed just alike looked in a show window. Some day perhaps she and Keith would have little girls like that—and she could take them shopping in the Christmas vacation—

There was a nice air of holiday everywhere. Young people in little groups. Friends meeting.

The windows displayed what the decorators thought people wanted to see most just after Christmas. Already they were blossoming with Palm Beach styles, with the false spring of things for Southern wear.

Dusk came on, and Juliet felt suddenly very much alone. If only she had planned to eat dinner with one of the girls! She watched people hurrying home, streaming toward the subways. Busses filled up. Crowds lost their holiday leisureliness. Offices and stores disgorged their thousands.

Juliet went to a quiet little restaurant she knew, chose a table against a wall. There was no fun eating alone. When Keith was with her every meal was an adventure. Restaurants had become their most satisfactory meeting places. It was fun deciding what to eat, ordering—and realizing always that Keith had made the better choice.

Now, the table d'hôte meal was tasteless. A wilted relish. A slab of brown meat covered with an indefinite, gluelike, grayish gravy. A few canned peas. A dessert covered with gelatinous sauce almost as tasteless as the gravy. Would restaurant meals always be like this if Keith weren't here? Keith made life interesting. She felt curiously out of place eating alone. Usually she ate in town only so she could be with Keith.

What was she going to do? Should she go through with it? Would it be—terrible? And later, the memory! Wasn't it the only thing to do?

She left the restaurant, hurried to the theater. None of the other girls had arrived. The dressing room seemed strange. Shoes under the dressing tables. Little souvenirs stuck around the mirrors. A shell of a room. And now even the smell of perfume and grease paint and the costumes themselves seemed curiously unreal, as if this were part of a dream. Juliet felt as if she were doing something wrong being here at all. What was she doing here, anyhow? This wasn't the way her daydreams had pictured things.

She tried to read a magazine one of the girls had left, threw it down again. She was nervous, restless. She didn't want to be alone—didn't want to think any more.

She was unreasonably glad when Dovey Landon came in. Dovey, too, had had dinner alone. She had got mixed up about a dinner date. Dovey would never admit that she had been "stood up."

Dovey was furious with men. They were all alike, all cheap. All they wanted was one thing, and when they got that they were dissatisfied—or through entirely.

"They're all right as long as you keep them guessing," she said. "That is, they're all right when you *first* keep them guessing. Then they get mussy. And it's good-by either way. You lose them if you do and you lose them if you don't."

Freda Reynolds came in. Freda was usually more interested in singing than she was in men. She spent most of her money on lessons, and wore woolen undervests so she wouldn't catch cold and hurt her voice. Now Freda had something to say about men, too. And she, too, was through with them. All men were double-crossers.

"FIND me a man who hasn't got a wife on the side," said Freda, "and I'll give you one of Daisy Kelly's bracelets."

"This place is going to look more like a nunnery than a dressing room, if you girls keep on!" Juliet said.

She wasn't through with men! She had Keith! She felt just a little patronizing toward the other girls. And then she remembered!

She wouldn't let herself think about Thomas. Surely, here in the dressing room she could keep from thinking about him.

The activities of show business closed in around Juliet. Making up. Putting on costumes. Hurrying down in the elevator. Going on for the slow, dignified numbers that made White Cavalier almost a successful operetta.

Wearing her white wig and brocaded gown with satin panniers, Juliet was ready for the Minuet number, when Thomas waved a friendly hand to her.

"I'm seeing you later," he called cheerfully.

Juliet nodded.

Why be afraid of him? She could see why he fascinated the other girls. She knew if it weren't for Keith she might be fascinated, too.

The girls were discussing the parties they were going to. Lois Fisher looked quizzically at Juliet.

"You aren't backing out?" she asked.

"Certainly not," said Juliet. "If you'll look at the green creation hanging not three feet away, you'll see I'm planning to go."

"It's just as well," said Lois. "You're like that statue —what's the name of it?—in some play—that came to life that time."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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STILL ANOTHER JULIET
Continued from page forty-one

"Sure," said Daisy. "Dolls. They wound them up. It was in an opera. I saw it at the Metropolitan."

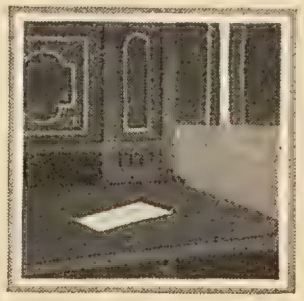
"That's not what I was referring to," said Lois with dignity. The classical references languished.

The show went over well. A New Year's Eve crowd is an excellent audience. Every number was applauded. Folks had paid well for their seats, liked to think they had chosen good entertainment.

Before the last number one of the chorus men came by with a bottle of brandy, gave the girls drinks from it.

"I never thought I'd get anything free from a chorus man," said Dovey Landon. "This *is* a New Year's Eve!"

The girls slipped into their evening dresses. Daisy Kelly wore white taffeta and practically all of her bracelets. Lois Fisher's gown was red. She felt that it went well with her severely arranged hair and her amazing eyes.



A pretty little curly-haired girl named Trudy Wells joined them. She was a very special friend of Barclay Harper. She didn't like to go to the party alone, and she knew Lois and Daisy. Margaret Hansen, one of the new White Cavalier girls, was going, too. The other girls at the party would be from other shows.

The girls took a taxi to Barclay Harper's apartment. Trudy was all excited.

"Don't you think this is a *lot* better than going to a night club?" she asked. "You know what *awful* people go out on New Year's Eve! They live under stones and behind the wall paper the rest of the year, and then on New Year's Eve they all crawl out and want to go places. I think it's just *dreadful*, the crowds you get into! Last New Year's Eve we went out dancing and we were nearly *mobbed!*"

The taxi made slow progress in the crowded streets. Horn-tooting youths got in front of it. Groups of merry-makers delayed its progress.

"Isn't this just *terrible?*" continued Trudy. "I can't see *why* these people think they're having a good time, running around the streets like this. Don't you simply hate *mobs?*"

The taxi went half a block and stopped. And Trudy talked on. Juliet sat in the corner of the taxi and with all her heart wished she were with Keith instead. She wondered what he was doing. It was nearly twelve. She knew he didn't care for his cousins in East Orange. And yet, they were having a party, and there would be a lot of young people—a nice, small-town group doing wholesome, pleasant things. While she—

"It was just a year ago tonight," said Lois Fisher, "that Georgina Tabor met her fish millionaire. My God, what that girl's gone through in one year! The poor kid could have had half a dozen men, and she actually fell in love with him. He turned out to be one of the cheapest saps I've ever seen. I told her at the time—"

Trudy talked on, too. The men she knew—

The noises of New Year's Eve surged around them. Horns. Taxicabs. The clanging of street cars. The taxi moved a few feet at a time toward the East Fifties.

THEY were there at last! A dignified doorman. An elevator. A flight of stairs.

"Whenever they make you walk a while, you know how stylish it is," said Daisy. "It's only the very rich and the very poor that make you walk up a flight of stairs."

Voices. A big studio, then. A kaleidoscope of gay colors. Girls. Men in evening clothes. Juliet was in Barclay Harper's apartment.

Juliet was hurried into a bedroom where she put her coat on a bed which already held a dozen others. None quite as unpretentious as her own. Mink. Ermine. Brocade.

She powdered, then, with the other girls, and smoothed her hair and made her lips over quite as carefully as if she hadn't done these same things just before she left the theater. Other slim young girls, as carefully made up as the girls from White Cavalier, were going through the same process. They all smiled a bit distantly at one another and said vague things about "This is a lovely party, isn't it?" None of them knew, as yet, whether the party was a lovely one.

The living room then. Girls and men milling around and talking and drinking and laughing rather shrilly.

The huge studio had a high vaulted ceiling. Tall windows opened out on to a terrace, and the scarlet curtains were pulled open so that the city lights in the distance seemed to form part of the room's decoration. Two huge sofas, facing each other, flanked the fireplace. There were tapestries on the wall. Above the mantel was a sensuous girl's head in glossy porcelain.

A hundred bijouteries littered up the place. Modernistic enamels. Ash trays in bizarre designs. *Objets d'art* in ivory and lacquer and cut from semiprecious stones. The floor was covered with a dull, eggplant-colored carpet. Off the living room was a small kitchen, used as a bar now.

Lois introduced Juliet to Barclay Harper, a slender blond boy, younger than she had expected him to be. He had a pleasant enough face, which became vacuous only when he smiled.

Someone thrust the slender stem of a champagne glass between Juliet's fingers. A waiter passed sandwiches and canapés and salads, which, seemingly, no one ever noticed.

Juliet knew some of the men already. Chet Warren, the banker. Morris Negresco, who some said would inherit millions, and who, although well in his thirties, was living off a trust fund, which meant borrowing money from friends for months and then suddenly having more money than he needed. Billy Robbins, who was supposed to be slightly mad, but who seemed quite as normal as any of the others.

SOME of the men were talking about the stock market. A man she had never seen before put his arm around Juliet in the friendliest fashion and drew her into the group. The men continued to talk as if there were no girls present, though each of them had his arm around a girl, or was holding a girl on his lap, or stopped to kiss a girl if he thought of it. Funny about these men! They always did that. Talked about their own affairs, but wanted girls there with them all the time.

They talked about the money they had made during the year—how much they expected to make.

"I've got about forty points in Hudson," said Barclay Harper. "Closed at 111¼ today. I'm going to hang on. There's a lot more in that baby."

"I like Nash better, even at 460," said a short fat fellow.

Most of the men nodded solemnly. Motors were popular.

"They've had their run," objected someone else. "I'm looking for a move in the rails. And the coppers—Kennecott at 55, and Anaconda at 50. They're both dirt-cheap."

"Go ahead with your cats and dogs," said Chet Warren. "I'm sticking to Steel and A. T. & T."

"You bankers make me sick," a younger man said. "There's no play in those. Might as well stick to bonds. Sears Roebuck's my meat. It's 235 today—up over sixty points this year. I guess that's bad?"

"But the earnings—" began the banker.

"Earnings don't matter. We've learned to discount future prospects since the war," someone said.

"You'll find out sooner or later," Warren answered. "The bull market can't last forever. Some day you'll discover there isn't any new set of rules. What goes up comes down."

Juliet tried to act as if she knew what the men were talking about. She had absorbed enough about stocks during the winter so that she didn't say foolish things any more. Some of the girls played the market. A show girl's way of playing the market was rather simple. Usually she said to the man who was interested in her, "Do you think I ought to buy ——?" mentioning the man's favorite stock. Then he said, or was supposed to say, "Won't you let me buy you some?" And then, if you were a "good little girl," you found out that the stock had gone way up.

Suddenly the New Year came in. Whistles shrilled. Motor horns. Sirens. Boats from the river. A bell ringing. And St. Thomas' chimes cutting in over the other noises. Someone turned the lights out. There was a general scramble.

"Be careful!" a girl cried. And someone else said, "Is that you, Donald?" and "Oh, my hair!"

Lights on again. Juliet felt a pair of strong arms around her. For just a minute she had a curious notion that it was Keith. And she looked up and saw that Bert Thomas held her in his arms.

"I just got here," said Thomas. "I had to stop in at another party. It's good to find you here."

It wasn't unusual for Thomas to have his arms around her. Every man had his arms around a girl.

"Kiss me!" said Thomas. "It's nineteen twenty-six. I want to welcome the New Year with you."

Juliet closed her eyes. It was Keith's kiss she wanted at the beginning of the New Year.

One hour—and it would be over and she'd be free—for the first time in years. She kept her eyes closed as he kissed her.

Juliet's champagne glass was kept filled. It was better to drink than to keep on thinking.

Juliet had never had champagne before this winter. It was the only drink she liked to taste. Now it gave her the warm, pleasant sensation she wanted.

Outside the noise died down, with only an occasional horn breaking the silence.

Someone turned on the radio.

"Turn that thing off!" voices shouted. "Can't we even have peace on New Year's Eve!"

Funny about the radio. It certainly was getting to be quite an invention. Why, tomorrow they were actually going to send dance music and New Year's greetings clear from London and rebroadcast them from New York all over the country. Who'd ever have thought, a few years ago, that that was possible?

SOMEONE put the roll of Sleepy-Time Gal on the mechanical piano.

"Take that thing off!" someone else yelled.

And a girl said, "Where's Clyde Foster? Sit down, Clyde, and do your stuff!"

A dark man with an odd shy face came from one of the groups, sat down at the piano.

They danced then.

You danced a few minutes with one man—and another man cut in on you. And still another pulled you down on the couch, where you were wedged in with five others in a space that would comfortably seat three. And in between dances someone handed you champagne.

Couples went out of the tall windows on to the broad terrace. And someone called, "Come in out of the cold and shut that door, you poor fools!"

"We're going to look at the moon," a girl in white said.

"Well, this is a swell time to look at it!" a voice answered. "Stay out until next week and you'll be able to wish on a new one."

A champagne glass fell to the floor with a little tinkle.

"Don't do that!" a girl cried. And everyone laughed.

Girls' voices grew shriller. Men's voices became uneven. There were giggles and laughter over nothing at all. A successful New Year's party!

A lovely blonde girl went out on the terrace and started scrambling over the parapet. Someone screamed. A couple of men rushed after her—brought her back.

"I was going to end it all!" she sobbed. "There's nothing in the world worth living for!"

WHEN someone pointed out to her that she had received a very pretty diamond bracelet for Christmas and had a good job and a devoted admirer, her sobs turned into whimpers. And she was marched off into the bedroom to recuperate in the arms of the admiring male.

The men began to show the effects of the champagne. They became too amorous. A lamp crashed to the floor.

One of the girls went in rather pointed pursuit after an innocuous fellow who was a bit embarrassed because his charms were so forcibly recognized. Clyde Foster grew tired of his job, ending his playing with rather forceful and not at all musical chords, and turning to love-making instead.

Juliet drank champagne. She didn't drink continually, for she didn't want to act the way Lois Fisher had just done. Lois had completely and gracefully become unconscious, not even mussing a hair on her beautifully sleek head. She whimpered, "I'm going to pass out!" and proceeded to follow her prediction by slumping into the arms of the man nearest to her. They stretched her out on a couch near the piano, and no one paid any attention to her, save to be a bit resentful because she took up space normally meant for three.

Thomas had his arms around Juliet now, but his love-making was not so violent as the love-making of most of the other men.

Couples began to leave.

"Don't you think we'd better go, sister?" Thomas asked. "All the real fun is over. They'll just get rowdy now."

"Yes," said Juliet, and went to get her coat.

She tried to tell her host good-by, but he had his arms around Trudy Wells and their lips were pressed together. It didn't seem just the time to make a farewell speech.

"Come on!" said Thomas. "In the morning he won't know if you ever went home."

Thomas' car was waiting. It seemed so big and black. Ominous.

In the car Juliet found that she was

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

How Science Fights Fat

Not by starving

Some 25 years ago, scientists found a great cause of excess fat. It lies in an under-active gland. By thousands of tests on fat animals they found that treating this cause led to loss of weight and gain in health and vigor. That discovery changed the methods of dealing with excess fat.

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[STILL ANOTHER JULIET
Continued from page forty-three]

much dizzier than she had thought. She was afraid to close her eyes; had the terrible fear that she was going to be ill.

Thomas put his arms around her. "We can relax in my apartment," he said. "And then have breakfast. We haven't been alone all evening."

Juliet shivered a little. Earlier, as she had watched the champagne bubble up through the stem of her glass, it had seemed like an hourglass. The effervescent bubbles had disappeared, and in a sort of daze she had thought, "One hour! One hour!" And now—

The car stopped in front of an impressive apartment house. The doorman had gone off duty. Thomas opened the front door with his own key. An elevator man, blinking with sleep, took them up to Thomas' apartment. Thomas switched on the lights, closed the door after him.

Thomas' apartment was impressive. Juliet had known that it would be. It seemed oppressive. Long henna-colored velours curtains were drawn across the windows. The putty-colored walls were covered with pictures—oils or autographed photographs—and the furniture was expensive and elaborately carved or upholstered and a little too heavy. There was a huge table on which were impressive elephant book-ends carved out of jade. Great bowls of roses stood on the table and on the immense dark desk.

You could tell that a decorator who catered to rich and choosy clients had done the place, and that a woman had never lived there.

Yet there were all sorts of appointments for a woman's comfort. Juliet found that out in the little guest bedroom. It was obviously a woman's room, with enameled furniture and taffeta hangings. A little petticoated dressing table held fragrant toiletries and in the closet hung ornate coat hangers. On the taffeta-covered bed were a dozen useless boudoir pillows.

"Slip off your coat," said Thomas. "I'll mix you a good pick-me-up."

HE came back with a cocktail shaker while Juliet, swaying a bit dizzily, was smoothing her hair. He put an arm affectionately around her shoulders. They went into the living room together.

Thomas led Juliet to the sofa. Arranged cushions back of her. Sat down in a big chair opposite.

Into a cocktail glass he poured a faintly pink liquid. Juliet tasted it. It was bitter.

"It will make you feel better," Thomas said.

Juliet gulped it down. She thought it did make her feel a little better.

There was a curious air of heaviness about Thomas' apartment. The walls were too dark. Even the books did not add the bright tapestry that books usually give. Perhaps it was the dark carved furniture or the elaborate drapery.

"Cheer up!" said Thomas. "I want you to be happy." He filled Juliet's glass again.

"Drink that. You'll feel better in no time."

Juliet managed to gulp down the second drink.

Thomas took the glasses away, sat next to her on the sofa.

"My dear," he said, "most men hesitate about telling girls that they love them. I do love you. And I want you to know it. And tonight I want you more than I have ever wanted anyone. I want this night to be beautiful to you, always. I know it will be beautiful to me. I can show you what love is. Don't be afraid. We can be very happy together."

"You said one hour!" Juliet had to say it.

"OF course," said Thomas. "And I meant one hour. Truly. Only, if when the hour is over you have learned how wonderful love is, and can find it in your heart to care for a lonely man who loves you a great deal—"

Juliet knew he would say that. Of course. Still, his promise—

Thomas walked over to the heavily carved desk, took out a large, legal-looking white envelope. He opened the envelope, held out the typewritten contents.

"I think this will satisfy you," he said. "My lawyer drew it up, and his contracts are binding, folks have found. This will take care of your mother exactly the way I told you."

Juliet took the pages, glanced at them. The legal phrases ran together. She knew she ought to read them—knew how much they meant to her.

She had heard enough about Thomas' reputation—his pride in keeping his word—to know that he would do what he promised.

Thomas slipped the document back into the envelope again. And the envelope lay on the desk, startlingly white against the dark wood.

How sure he had been! Well, he always got what he wanted. Everyone said that.

"That is yours in the morning," he said. "If, afterward, you never want to see me again, I shall have no other course but to abide by your decision."

They were standing close together now. Suddenly Thomas' arms went around Juliet. He crushed her tightly to him. His mouth pressed hard against hers, hurt her. She could hardly breathe.

The annoying dizzy feeling had come back again, was worse than ever.

"My God, but you are lovely, lovely!" he whispered. "You don't know how I have wanted you—how long I have waited for you."

Juliet felt herself going suddenly limp in Thomas' arms. The new drinks seemed to have left her strangely without volition. She wanted to move, to scream. A curious apathy kept her from making an outcry.

Thomas' hands slipped over her shoulders, her breast.

"You lovely, lovely girl," he said over and over.

His caresses left her numb. She wanted to struggle—and couldn't struggle. And always there was in the back of her mind the thought that this was the time only for acquiescence. The hour would be over soon! Then—Keith and freedom.

Thomas lifted her in his arms. Before she was quite aware of what he was doing, he carried her into his room.

She felt the way she did when she had taken gas to have a wisdom tooth pulled. Was she going to be unconscious?

She could feel her strength coming back, could feel gray chiffon veils lifting from her mind.

Why, she actually was in Thomas' apartment! And she had been letting Thomas make love to her—letting him believe— And it was almost morning —New Year's Day.

SHE couldn't give herself to Thomas! How had she ever thought she could do such a thing? She could still feel Thomas' arms around her—his mouth moist against hers.

Why, this dreadful thing she had been thinking of would have stood always between her and Keith! "I know I can trust my girl," Keith had said. She was saving herself for Keith—had been so proud because there never had been anyone else. She wanted Keith—only Keith, and no blot, no terrible secret between them. Because she had thought it would mean freedom, she had let herself believe she could go on.

She would work for mama, support mama, even if it meant delaying her marriage with Keith—and marriage with Keith was the thing she wanted most in all the world.

She couldn't sell herself. She knew that now.

She felt Thomas' breath on her face. His arms again. She looked into his hungry eyes. She wanted to scream. That wouldn't do any good! She and Thomas were alone in the apartment, she knew. Well, she could get away. Hadn't she always said she could protect herself?

She shouldn't have got into this. Well, she could get out. There was, after all, the front door.

She wrenched herself away from Thomas, ran through the living room to the foyer entrance. Thomas was close behind her.

She reached the entrance door. She felt the knob of the door under her fingers, gave a great sigh of relief. She turned the knob.

The door did not open!

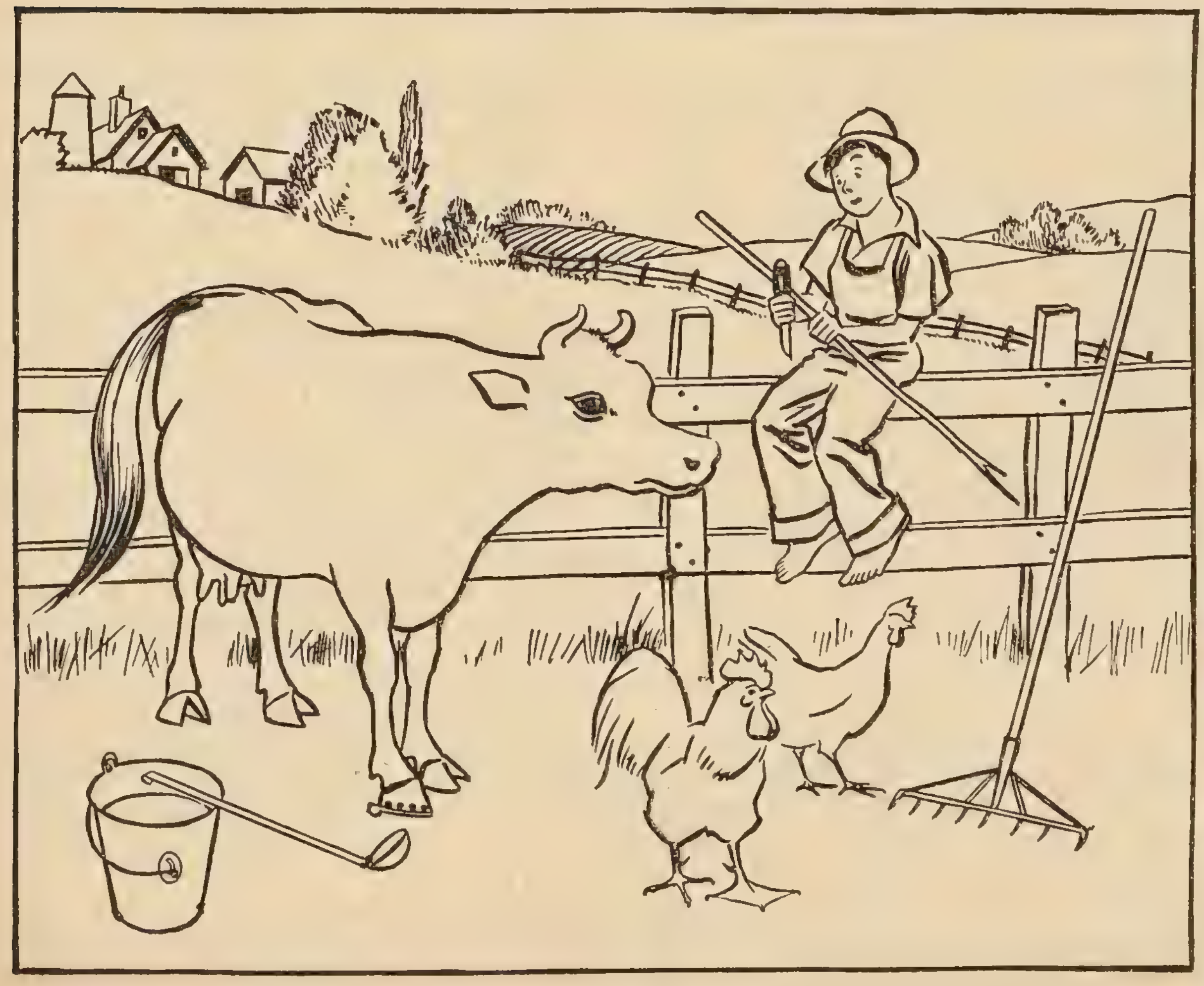
She remembered now that when she had gone into Thomas' office he had opened the door from a controlling button on the inside. He had some arrangement like this here!

"Keith, help me! Help me!" Her thoughts were almost spoken words.

She couldn't know that, at that very moment, Keith was lying fast asleep in the big chair, dad's chair, in the living room of the shabby old house in Glen Hill.

The next few minutes are all-important in Juliet's life. You'll live through them, with her, in next week's installment of the story.

What's Wrong Here?



Eleven mistakes were made in the drawing of this picture. See if you can find them without the aid of the list on page sixty-two.

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"During attacks of hay-fever, AEROSAN yields very satisfactory results. The relief is immediate. It has a marked healing action on the mucous membranes."

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Vox

Bang—a Flapper Grows Up

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Every so often this talk about the weak and dreadful younger generation gets under my skin. The latest example of it crops up in Ida Tarbell's Liberty article, " Ladies at the Bar." She says: " But these ladies at the bar are . . . spreading a fatal poison . . . among young girls, weakening the only genuine protection they have to see them through life—their instinctive self-control."

Do you remember way back, years ago, when the charge was first made that the flapper was without any self-control? Well, I, friends, enemies, and scandalmongers, was a flapper! A bold, painted, highball-drinking, cigarette-smoking hussy. I flapped—and how!

As the years passed—did I go to the dogs? Was I left unwanted? Did the boys spurn me and turn to the quiet home girls? Nay, nay. Though I hate to spoil anybody's pleasure, the answer is *no*.

While on a very exciting (to say the least) party, I saw a man—he saw me—and *bang*, just like that, I fell in love. In one moment I passed through the flapper stage, and have never regretted it in the least. Once over, it was over for good.

I married, and now have a charming daughter (perfectly healthy—in fact, extraordinarily so). We both are contented and happy as two coots, and I wouldn't care, now, if they even prohibited corks.

Back—oh, ever so far back—girls have been meeting and successfully going through the same stages of " demoralization." And always will. Such flapping girls will, with each generation, have a new name, but will be just the same sort of girls.

Any girl who does not, at some time in her teens, experience this reckless, daring, uncontrollable something, is one of three things.

She's anæmic—squashed at home—or a hypocrite.

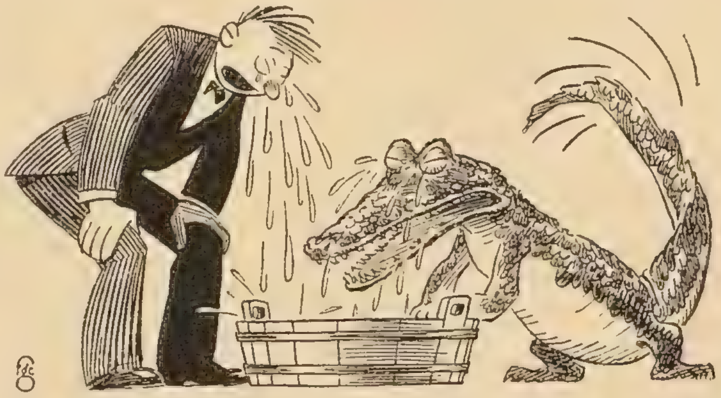
No, Ida Tarbell, you needn't put on mourning for the " weak " and " led astray " girls of today.—*A Post Flapper.*

Voice from Canada

WINNIPEG, CAN.—I have read Miss Grace Robinson's lovely story about them Gold Star mothers. It was just too wonderful, and I wept a pail full thinking about all those millions of dear, brave American boys who were killed in the terrible war.

And so the French have a Gold Star mother, too? Do tell!

It is too bad that the French are so awful ignorant, though, and maybe they don't even know what a gold star is for. Perhaps they hang up an empty cognac bottle instead.



Some of them are so deceitful and pretend to have such silly, modest ways, that I have known them to act as though they were pained at some of the perfectly lovely publicity stunts that Americans think up.—*P. Caldwell.*

Atonement

LARAMIE, WYO.—After having occupied and saturated our thoughts thoroughly with lust, dishonesty, selfishness, envy, hypocrisy, slander, hate, theft, adultery, murder, dementia, insanity, inanity, and even death, you seem to have turned over a new leaf and are publishing a really good story at last.

" Still Another Juliet," by Thyra Samter Winslow, is it.—*F. J. Roybal.*

The Philippines and Mexico: Two Mouthfuls

FULLERTON, CALIF.—Have a suspicion that the gentleman who has written the recent editorials about the Philippines soldiered there like myself and has first hand information of the Islands and of " Our Little Brown Brothers." Did he?

Sure, get rid of the Islands—the sooner the better. Give them their independence before it turns out to be another story of " the farmer and the snake."

Keep on writing your editorials, Mister, until the general public sit up and take notice. Of course you would not want to copy another periodical, but a straw vote wouldn't be a bad idea.

You might also write some more about better relations with the countries to our south. Especially Mexico, because when that inevitable war with Japan comes off we do not want them to use Mexico as a base from which to operate against us.

Mexico is struggling hard to get right and their president, Señor Rubio, has tried every way possible to manifest his friendship. So why not help them when it means so much to us? Mexico on her feet, and strong, would automatically solve the immigration problem, create a big market for our manufactures, and, if the situation were handled right, they would make us a strong ally in case of a foreign war. —*W. James.*

GLENDALE, CALIF.—My congratulations to you upon your timely editorial—" The Bigger They Are the 'Arder They Fall " — anent the Asiatic problem, present and future. If a few more magazines would have the courage to print what they can see in the offing, white Americans (white in mind as well as in color, which lets out the noveau rich who employ Negro and Japanese chauffeurs for " style ") would be better informed of the problem of the Pacific.

Here in California we are now undergoing another very serious Asiatic problem because of the terrible influx of Filipinos. It would not be so bad were it not for the fact that, for instance, a certain large California corporation has ruined literally hundreds of small ranchers, particularly in the San Joaquin Valley, taken over the properties, put foremen in charge, and hired a mass of Asiatic and Mexican labor. They seem to have a special yen for Filipinos.

Of course, the exclusion of Mexican labor has become somewhat of a national problem, but I maintain that since the moneyed interests insist upon a large reservoir of cheap labor, we are far better off with an influx of Mexicans, who are North Americans, than we are with an influx of Asiatics.—*R. L. Larson.*

This Is a Distinct Shock to Us. We Didn't Know You'd Left Us

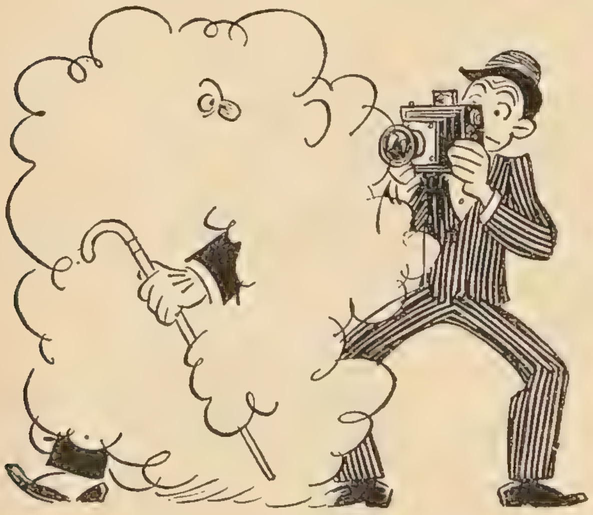
CHICAGO, ILL.—Well, can you imagine that! Just as everybody in this hick town was giving up your mag as a bad job, you up and publish a short short story that actually could be read to the end without getting " regusted " and jumping out of a thirty-ninth-story window. Hurray! Get out the band. Strike it up! There'll be a hot time in the old town tonight.

Perhaps if Karl W. Detzer wrote some more stories like " Sunday Driver " you would win back at least some of us rubes here in Chi.—*One of the Three Million.*

Pop

A Modest Violet, Eh?

St. Paul, Minn.—Just read that article by Richard Carroll, " The President and the Photographers." Mr. Hoover isn't the only one who dislikes close-ups. Scattered all over the country are people whose hatred of being " snapped " amounts almost to a mania. I myself am one of these. And, unfortunately, I'm in a position where I'm occasionally the target for these sharpshooters of the lens.



I'm thinking, now, of having some small smoke bombs made for me. Then, when one of these two-legged pests steps up to do his stuff—*biff*, the bomb explodes on the ground, and the photographer gets a splendid close-up of a mess of white smoke, with maybe a hand or an arm sticking out of it, if he's lucky.—*Man in Public Life.*

Wop vs. Nordic

Minneapolis, Minn.—The " Proud Wop " from North Tonawanda, N. Y., who goes on the warpath against the so-called " Nordics " and describes them, in Vox Pop, as " a yellow-haired race that tries to make up in bluster what it lacks in courage, brains, and achievement," should keep in the shade and cover his head with a cork helmet in this hot weather, for his silly outburst is most likely due to an overheated brain.

Was it the founding and extending of the British Empire, or the building up of a great republic in North America that " delayed the progress of civilization "? Or was it our public school system, which has practically wiped out illiteracy among the Nordics?—*A Nordic.*

Joliet, Ill.—Sir Proud Wop, you seem to be as much prejudiced against the Nordics as you claim Liberty is prejudiced for them.

The Nordics owe nothing to your " Great Adventurer," Columbus, for the discovery of America. Why, a couple of centuries before Mr. C. Colombo could tell the difference between spaget and bologna, Leif the Lucky and his playmates were playing checkers with the Indians in the neighborhood of Boston.—*Nordic.*

Brooklyn, N. Y.—Ha, ha, ha . . . alas and alack for a Proud Wop and his funny expostulation.

I know there are some wops in California raising grapes, and I know there are plenty of 'em here in New York raising speakeasies and various rackets . . . but out where the west begins you'll find the intrepid integrity of Nordic achievements.—*Harold Bye.*

The High Cost of Wings

St. Augustine, Fla.—Re your editorial, " How About Lowell Smith? "

I do not agree with you that it is not the expense of flying that is keeping people on the ground. I am personally acquainted with many young folks like myself who are crazy to learn to fly. These same young souls save their pennies religiously to take lessons, but, by the time half of the expense is saved, a more serious need, such as doctors' bills, dentists' bills, etc., has accumulated and the expense money is gone.

Every time I have saved any amount toward learning to fly I have had other things to take my money, such as I have mentioned above. If there was a place where us poor fools could make our living while learning I suppose it would be full. Anyway, if you know of any such place, please tip me off, because I'm crazy to learn.—*W. W. Stultz.*

Mebbe

New York, N. Y.—Have just read your editorial about America's backwardness in aviation, which you close by saying " We can't explain it."

You're overlooking something. It's prohibition, of course.—*R. H. Mackay.*

You Gotta Right to Your Opinion

Sapulpa, Okla.—I think Bernt Balchen is the greatest aviator in the world because he never has his picture made with his helmet on.—*S. W. Maytubby, Jr.*

Mr. Carroll Says He Finds This a Little Cryptic

Chicago, Ill.—Aw, gosh, Richard! Aw, gee, Mr. Carroll! About that " Circle of Life " you got all het up about in your article: that miner that bored a tunnel in a complete circle and met himself coming back from where he was going.

Now you wouldn't impose on our—aw, gee, Richard, we hate to be so rude, but, really, it sounds to us like a cowbell's fuss when the evening sun is low. —*Boop-a-doop.*

A Few Facts and Remarks

Wichita, Kan.—If the Vox Popping Bachelor Air Pilot who thinks all girls are quitters and blinded by the love of luxury will lend his Highness' ear, I'd like to whisper a few facts and remarks into its shell-pink depths.

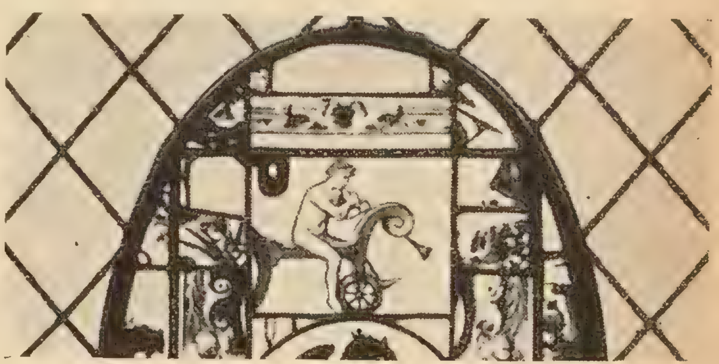
What that weak-kneed copy of a purple moment doesn't know about women would fill a book that would make Webster look like a half-wit.

How about the millions of girls in the country who leave fine homes and cars to fulfill love's young dream only to wake up in a four-room " efficiency," in a gingham apron, and, what's more, a smile on their faces?

He must be so narrow-minded his ears rub to think that because he found *one* girl in this whole United States that he couldn't make a slave of, no other little powdered nose is willing to meet the grindstone of domestic life and *like it!* —*Aroused Blonde.*

All Right. Here's a Photograph of the Window

St. Louis, Mo.—I believe I've got Robert Benchley where I want him. Yep, right by the short hair.



In " The Return of the Bicycle," he says: " . . . I have reason to believe that it is an ancestor of mine who is depicted in the oldest existing record of the cult of self-propulsion. In a stained-glass window in a church at Stoke Poges, Buckinghamshire, England, is shown the figure of a man astride a wheeled instrument, which students of bicycle pictures claim to be the earliest attempt by any artist to show self-cycling."

First, I don't take any stock in there being a place with the improbable name of Stoke Poges; second, I don't believe there's any such window there, even if there is such a place; and, third, if there is such a place and such a window, you can't convince me there's any ancestral Benchley on it.

I'm from Missouri. Show me.—*Missourian.*

Check and Double Check

Louisville, Ky.—Some people would kick if they had both legs cut off.—*Kentucky Babe.*

Liberty's Record Breaking Contest $500 a Week in Five Big Cash Prizes

for the good old game

Limericks

Have you tried your hand? It's easy and lots of fun. Just provide the missing line below, making it rhyme with the first two, as printed. Send in as many last lines as you wish. The five best lines win the prizes.

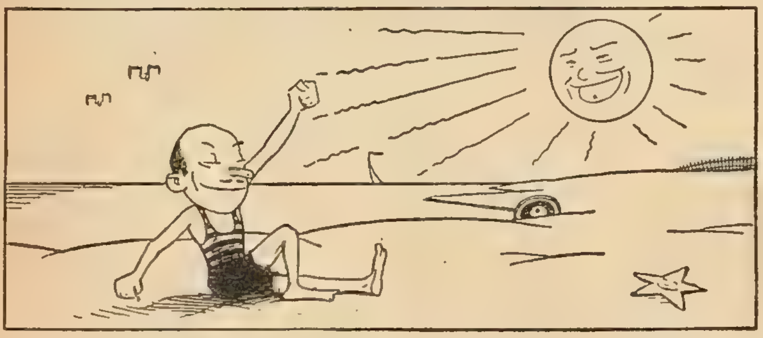
The RULES

Each week the first four lines of a Limerick will be printed in Liberty. Write a line to complete the Limerick, and send it to LIMERICKS, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

You don't have to use the form printed on this page unless you want to. You can copy the printed lines on another piece of paper. Be sure that your name and full address are plainly written or printed on the same sheet.

For the best line, $250 will be paid; for the second best, $100; third, $75; fourth, $50; and fifth, $25. In case of ties a duplicate award will be given each tying contestant. Anyone, anywhere, can compete, except employees of Liberty and their families.

Here Is This Week's Limerick:



"Oh, boy!" said Bill Smith. "Ain't it grand
Just to sit in the sun on the sand!
I'll stay here and burn
Till I'm done to a turn—

. . . .

(You write the last line)

All last lines for this Limerick must reach us before midnight, August 23. The results from this Limerick will be printed four weeks from today.

Here are THIS WEEK'S WINNERS

who share in the prizes for completing the Limerick printed in our issue of July 26. The Limerick read as follows:

A cutie from Kalamazoo
Went to Paris to see what was new.
The thing she liked best
(You'd never have guessed)

. . . .

Last lines which the prize winners wrote were:

FIRST PRIZE—$250

Was signing her postcards "Guess Who!"
Written by C. Mish
1528 East Madison Street, Seattle, Washington

SECOND PRIZE—$100

And to mention it here is taboo.
Written by F. G. Leslie
360 Robert Street, St. Paul, Minnesota

THIRD PRIZE—$75

Was the way that those Frenchmen could woo.
Written by Samuel C. Lawrence
107 West State Street, Savannah, Georgia

FOURTH PRIZE—$50

Was a chance to fly home—and she flew.
Written by Mrs. M. M. Foster
2112 F Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

FIFTH PRIZE—$25

Was the rouge. "Yeah, le vin rouge," sez you.
Written by G. I. Drezmal
Lakeview, R. No. 2, White Bear, Minnesota

ANOTHER UNFINISHED LIMERICK AND $500 MORE IN PRIZES NEXT WEEK

Jeanne Eagels

Photo by Mannatt
Jeanne as Vera in Man, Woman and Sin, a movie in which John Gilbert was the player starred.

Hollywood and the "Noble Experiment"—Back to the Silver Screen—Sam Harris Engages Jeanne for Chicago, and Again She Flounces Out on Him

By EDWARD DOHERTY

IN last week's installment Mr. Doherty touched upon high lights of Jeanne Eagels' five-year continuous triumph as Sadie Thompson in Rain. He told how eventually she went with the play to Kansas City, her old home town, thrilled "Julie," her mother, and the friends of her childhood—and, departing, bade a former chum never let her little daughter become an actress.

PART XIII

SADIE THOMPSON and Jeanne Eagels, who had been inseparable for five years, kissed each other good-by in Los Angeles. And Jeanne was both glad and sorry. The little waif from San Francisco had been good to Jeanne, had given her everything an actress craves; but she had taken much out of Jeanne, too.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

JEANNE EAGELS
Continued from preceding page

Now Jeanne was free. She might go to Europe and rest. She might stay in California if she cared to, and work in a studio. Or she might go back to Broadway and take her pick of the new plays.

She was weak and ill and she needed a rest. She loved California. The sun was bright and good, and the people were wonderful. But the movies—she had no love for them. Movies, she believed, were made by stupid people, of stupid people, and for stupid people. They hadn't advanced much since the days when she had played parts for Thanhouser in New Rochelle and Larchmont and City Island and New York. And the stage was still the stage.

P. & A. photo

Jeanne posing for the photographers as a golfer, on the Del Monte links.

She had visited some of the studios. She had talked and drunk with old friends, Julian Eltinge, Richard Carle, Antonio Moreno, and many others who had quit the stage forever to bask in the sunshine and live in celluloid. Hordes of old friends and new had begged her to stay in Hollywood the rest of her life.

"Why go on trouping forever?" they asked. "Build yourself a home here. It beats living in New York. You never have to worry about rainy nights and scanty audiences. No matinées on Christmas, no laying off in Holy Week, no going stranded on the road; no one-night stands, no getting up at four o'clock in the morning to get the train for the next town."

ELTINGE talked to her in this vein all one night, and Jeanne laughed at him, between drinks, and mimicked movie directors she had watched. And Ted Coy sat silent, grinning, drinking glass for glass with her until his hands shook so he could hardly raise the glass to his lips.

Once, perhaps he thought, that frail, lovely woman had drunk nothing but champagne, and a little of that would make her blonde head buzz. Now she drank whatever there was to drink, and did not seem to feel it until suddenly she fell to the floor.

Everybody drank in California. Jeanne and Ted went nowhere that someone didn't take a bottle from the dresser or the clothes closet or the private bar downstairs and pour a man's-size drink. One couldn't get away from drink—unless one were willing to be rude.

Perhaps Ted and Jeanne had indulged more freely in San Francisco and Los Angeles than in any other cities they had visited—yet there had been plenty in Chicago and Boston and Minneapolis and Kansas City and Detroit and Cincinnati and Washington, D. C. It may have been that there weren't so many old friends in these eastern cities as they encountered in the West.

Whatever his reflections may have been, Coy picked up Eltinge's small white woolly dog, carefully opened the middle drawer of the dresser, placed the little dog therein, closed the drawer, and continued amiably to drink and grin with his wife and his host.

Jeanne had agreed to play two weeks in San Diego, but she canceled this engagement so she might have more time in San Francisco and Los Angeles and Monterey.

"I'm crazy about Monterey," she said. "There's no place in the world like it. Monterey and Carmel, that drive along the ocean, and the weird trees—what do they call them, Lebanon cypress?—and the golf courses at Del Monte and Pebble Beach, Gouverneur Morris' ancient adobe house, the Presidio, the funny little shacks by the beach! I must buy a place out here."

She allowed herself to be photographed swinging a golf club. She allowed it to be said she had bought a vast tract near Pebble Beach and intended to live there.

It wasn't to help the play that Jeanne allowed the story to be published. She thought it would boost Monterey real estate. Rain needed no publicity. In its second week in San Francisco, a few hours by train or auto from Monterey, it took in $30,000, and this without giving extra performances.

The company was disbanded after the last performance in Los Angeles, and sent back to New York. The scenery and the rain-making effects and the props were crated and shipped. But Jeanne and Ted lingered on in the film capital for some little time.

They stopped in Chicago on their way to New York and registered at the Hotel Sherman. As she was dancing up to the registry clerk, Jeanne happened to see her friend Ernest Byfield, the owner of the hotel, and she gave him a wide smile and pointed to her black eye and her broken jaw.

"Look what my husband has done now," she said.

Later, when she wanted her divorce from Ted, Byfield took the witness stand and told the judge what Jeanne had said. Ted presented no defense, and the divorce was granted.

That broken jaw was just another injury to Jeanne. A surgeon replaced the bone with a silver plate, but in spite of the plate she suffered pain occasionally.

Ted kept silent until long after Jeanne had been awarded her decree. He knew that if he contradicted her she would not be given a divorce; and though he still loved her, he wanted her to be free. He realized he should not have married her. He had proven to himself that he was not the man to manage her, and that neither of them could be happy so long as they lived together.

"He beat me," Jeanne told the judge. "But that was nothing new. He began to kick me and to pinch me soon after we were married. Sometimes he struck me in the face, sometimes in the stomach."

After Jeanne was dead, and beyond hurt, Ted told his version of what happened on the train from California.

"Jeanne got into the stateroom with six bottles of whisky," he said, "and began to drink as soon as we left the station. I couldn't stand it, and so I opened the window and threw the bottles out.

"We undressed and climbed into our berths, she in the lower. She was quiet for a time, and I thought she had gone to sleep. But I was wrong. She got up suddenly, saying that her maid, who was sleeping in a lower berth at the other end of the car, had a few bottles. She intended to get them, and defied me to stop her.

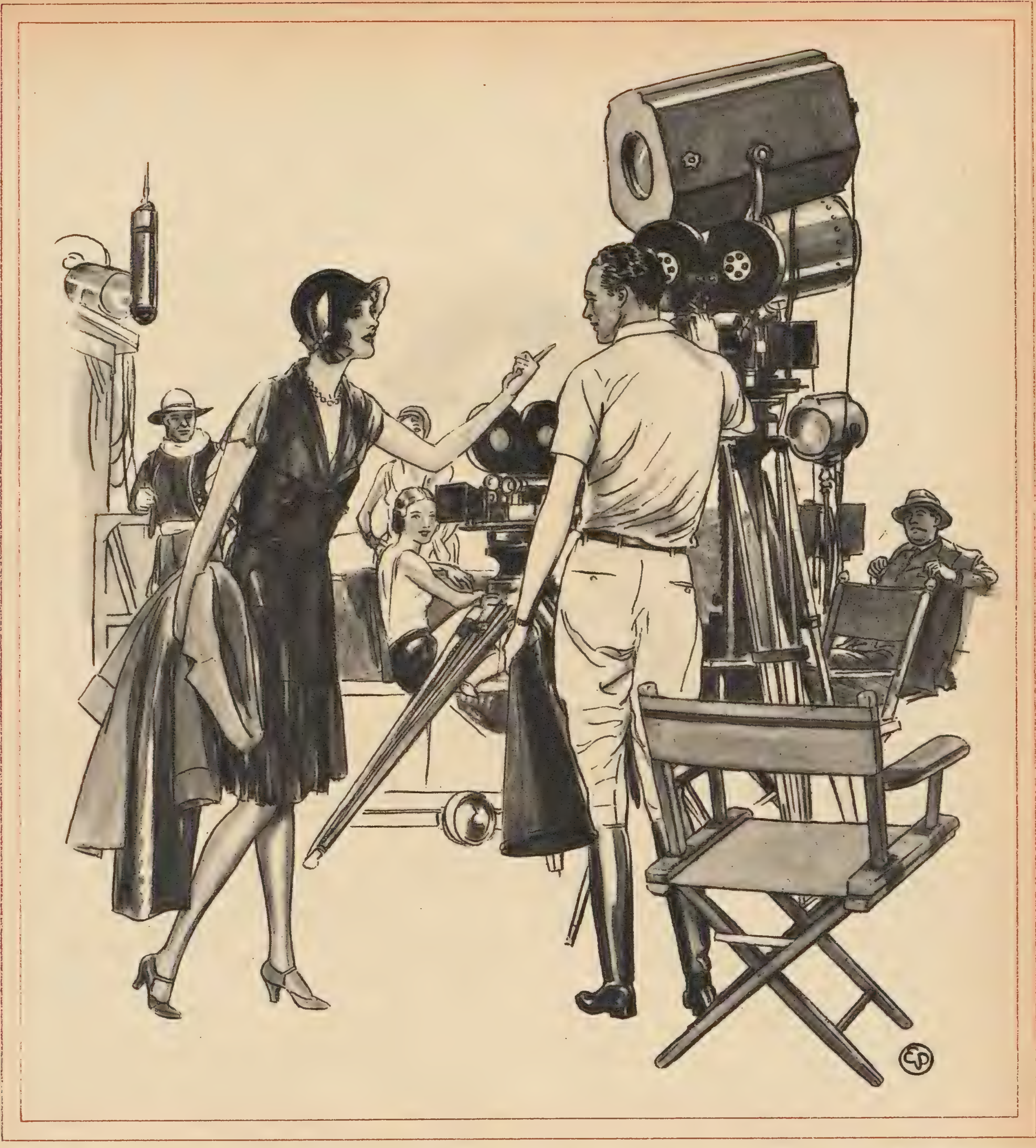
"She leaped out of her berth and started to open the door of our compartment, and as she was in her nightgown I couldn't let her go. I reached out and tried to grab her arm, to hold her. She jerked away from me, and slipped and fell, striking a corner of the lower berth.

"That's how she got the broken jaw and the black eye. I never struck her. I never pinched or kicked her. I never put my hands on her except in tenderness."

II

JEANNE found Sadie Thompson waiting for her in New York and asking a return engagement for two weeks.

Jeanne was but too glad to oblige—and when the two weeks had gone, she gave Sadie a farewell party in her home in Ossining.



Picture by Edward Poucher

She shook her finger at Bell. "I've got a bone to pick with you!" the astonished actors heard her exclaim.

The usual things happened, and Jeanne drank and drove her guests into the night.

"Get out! Go home, all of you! Get out! Get out!"

She didn't wait for them to go. She called her chauffeur, and drove at dizzy speed into New York. She registered at the Hotel Algonquin—and then, so far as her friends knew, she vanished.

They next heard that she was in Los Angeles, making a picture with John Gilbert, to be called Man, Woman and Sin. And Ted Coy was with her, and afraid she was falling in love with Gilbert or some other picture actor.

Monta Bell, who had met Jeanne in Los Angeles when she was playing Rain, had met her again in New York and induced her to take a part in the picture.

Bell, who wrote the story out of his newspaper experiences, cast Jeanne as a woman reporter who is more to her editor than she should be. The boy, played by Gilbert, is a cub reporter who wants to marry the girl—until he learns the truth about her. He surprises her with the editor. He kills the man—in self-defense. But, as he loves the girl too much to blacken her name, he is condemned to be hanged. The boy's mother appeals to the girl, and in the nick of time she saves him.

Jeanne liked Monta Bell and liked the story. Bell introduced John Gilbert; and she liked him, too. And there she was in Hollywood, making a picture, though only a few weeks before she had laughed at the idea.

The picture took a long time to complete, and Jeanne repeated all she had said about stupidity in the movies. She hated everyone on the lot, she said, except Monta Bell and Gilbert.

She could not accustom herself to the routine of the studio: getting to her dressing room at a certain hour

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

JEANNE EAGELS
Continued from page fifty-one

making up, and then waiting for hours—or perhaps days—for the cameras to be properly adjusted and the lights to be arranged just so, and for the director to make up his mind what to do.

Jeanne stood it as long as she could, then walked off the set. She was gone for three days, and during her absence everybody in the cast agreed that the way to punish her was to cut her dead if she did reappear.

But they didn't have a chance. When Jeanne reappeared she was sweet and sober, and a little hurt. She walked directly up to Bell and shook her finger at him. "I've got a bone to pick with you!" the astonished actors heard her exclaim.

Now, in Hollywood a director, when he is shooting a picture, is as absolute in his power, and as much revered and feared, as a full admiral on his flagship in time of war. The onlookers waited to see Jeanne shrivel up and catch her death of cold. They wouldn't have been surprised to see her vanish in a little cloud of smoke. But what they heard and saw was even more surprising.

They heard Bell and Jeanne laughing, laughing as though they both appreciated the joke Jeanne's three-day hooky-playing had been. And they saw the two shaking hands and regarding each other as a couple of good pals.

Studio officials complained bitterly that Jeanne was drinking champagne continuously in the bungalow she used as a dressing room, and that, no matter how diligently they watched the gates, Jeanne's supply came in regularly and in quantities.

It was rumored all over Hollywood and Culver City and Universal City and Los Angeles and Beverly Hills that Jeanne had to be propped up and held while the cameramen were shooting close-ups of her; and that a double was used whenever possible. But this was but rumor, and malicious rumor.

Gilbert tells of a visit she made to his home with Beatrice Lillie.

"We sat here all evening," he says, "and Miss Eagels wasn't drinking anything. Then we got to talking of what people wanted out of life, what were the best things to be had of life. And Jeanne said, 'The most perfect gift of God is simplicity of soul.'

"She sighed a little at that, and then she smiled. 'It doesn't come to many of us though, does it?' she asked. 'And we do not retain it very long.'"

GILBERT saw her but once after the picture was finished. That was in a New York hotel where he and Ina Claire, his bride, were stopping. They were preparing for their honeymoon in Europe when Jeanne arrived with flowers for the bride and congratulations for the bridegroom.

She looked like a wraith, thin almost to emaciation. Her smile hadn't dimmed, but her laugh was the ghost of a laugh.

"I think I'll take the same boat," she said. "I need a rest, and I'd love to see Europe again, with you two."

It was "John Gilbert in Man, Woman and Sin, with Jeanne Eagels" when the picture was released. Gilbert was the star. But when Jeanne saw Gilbert for the last time "Jeanne Eagels in The Letter" was the great boast of the motion-picture world, the first dramatic smash of the talkies. And Gilbert's first talking picture, His Glorious Night, was already being panned by the critics. John and Ina were on their honeymoon when Jeanne dropped dead.

A favorite picture of Jeanne Eagels.

Monta Bell.

III

AS suddenly as Jeanne had vanished from New York she reappeared, engaged to enact the leading rôle in Sam Harris' production of Maurine Watkins' play Chicago, with Sam Forrest as stage manager.

Miss Watkins, a demure and beautiful young woman, walked into the Chicago Tribune office one summer afternoon and found herself on the payroll. She had had no newspaper experience; but she was ornamental, and good for the moral tone of the local room; and she was allowed to cover unimportant assignments once in a while.

She happened to be the only reporter present when the day city editor was apprised by a news service that at such-and-such an address a young woman had shot and killed her lover. He sent Miss Watkins, and assigned a rough-and-tumble "leg man" to go with her—a chap who couldn't write but could help her to cover the story.

They arrived to find the dead man lying where he fell, the woman drunk, and the phonograph playing merrily. It was Miss Watkins' first experience with murder, and it gave her the idea for a play. She made it a bitter satire. She showed the murder, the preparations for the trial, and the trial in which twelve good men and true found the murderess not guilty—and the orchestra set it all to the rollicking tune of "Chicago! Chicago! Wonderful town! Toddling town! Chicago! Chicago! Dum-te-de-dee, dum-te-de-dee!"

Jeanne read the play and said it was "wonderful." Everything was wonderful. It was wonderful to come back to the stage, wonderful to escape from Hollywood, and most wonderful to have Sam Forrest with her again. In Hollywood she was only a leading lady. On Broadway she was a star. In the Harris organization she was a queen.

Ah, but it wasn't so wonderful after all, for Sam Forrest had his ideas and Jeanne had hers. Forrest says that Jeanne wanted to play the Chicago woman for sympathy; but this is hard to believe. Perhaps he misunderstood her. Jeanne said she wanted to play the part straight, and Forrest insisted on burlesque.

"When I killed my lover," Jeanne declared, "Forrest wanted me to shoot him again and again and again, and to say, 'And take that, and that, and that, you cur!'—and naturally I wouldn't do it.

"There were lots of other things—especially in the courtroom scene. The judge was to take out from a secret drawer a bottle of whisky and, without leaving the bench, guzzle it down in full view of the spectators. I wouldn't stand for that, either. I thought it would be much more effective if he sneaked his drink."

Jeanne and Forrest quarreled continually. After one of these verbal battles Jeanne walked off the stage; and when she returned, days later, she found Francine Larrimore rehearsing the rôle.

The play opened in New York, burlesqued to the limit—but after the first night it was unburlesqued and played the way Jeanne would have played it.

A long time after Jeanne had walked out on him the second time, Sam Forrest had occasion to visit the Paramount studio on Long Island. While he sat watching the filming of a scene, Jeanne came up behind him and put her hands over his eyes.

"Who is it?" she demanded.

"Is it Jeanne?" he asked.

She leaned over and kissed him.

"Of course it is, Sam," she said. "You're not mad at me, are you, darling?"

Sam blessed her with his smile and took her hands.

"Of course I'm not," he said. "What man could ever stay mad at you?"

IV

IT was almost by accident that Jeanne Eagels found her next rôle, after she had walked out of Chicago.

Someone sent her a copy of the third act of Her Cardboard Lover, and Jeanne felt that it was a great play. The day she read it she went to a luncheon party. She talked about the play to Charley Chaplin, and discussed Laurette Taylor's work in it. Gilbert Miller sat across the table. Jeanne pointed her finger at him.

"Say," she said, "I like your play!"

"Now, there," said Miller, "is an intelligent woman."

"I could tell it was good by reading the last act."

"Why don't you read the rest of it? Or better still, why don't you play Simone? Laurette is leaving."

"All right. Why not?"

Miller became excited.

"Are you just joking, or will you come down to my office and talk business?" he demanded.

Jeanne signed a contract, but she rehearsed for only five days before the play opened, and she admitted frankly that her performance was "rather underdone." Even Mama Froggy criticized her, and the first-night audience called only for Leslie Howard when the curtain was rung down.

Jeanne perfected the rôle, strengthened the character, and made it one of the histrionic masterpieces of modern times. She became almost as much attached to Simone as she had been to Sadie.

Heywood Broun, who was running a newspaper column called It Seems to Me, saw Jeanne on the opening night of Her Cardboard Lover, and when he saw her again he took the liberty of saying, "It seems to me, Miss Eagels, that you were miscast."

"That's too bad," Jeanne replied. "But, Mr. Broun, you have never seemed to me."

Jeanne didn't know whether she'd rather play Simone or Sadie, she told Clem Lawrence of the Morning Telegraph.

"Each is so human and so true," she said. "Simone will never have the universal appeal that Sadie had, but women adore the little French monkey. The matinées simply ring with their laughter. They love her. She answers the desire for useless luxury which every one of us has. Probably she will never get the applause that Sadie did. I have two thousand letters from ministers and priests about Sadie."

JEANNE was not jealous of Leslie Howard.

"Howard has given me the most marvelous help!" she said. "There are two men I would rather work with than all the rest of the actors in the world—Leslie Howard and George Arliss. Each has the same fine feeling for the theater, and each will work in the most unselfish and painstaking way for the success of the play."

The play was the thing to Jeanne also. She was the star, but she wanted everybody in the cast to be as good as the rôle demanded. She worked not for herself so much as for the play. "It's teamwork I want," she used to say.

Photo by Florence Vandamm

Jeanne in the rôle of Simone, "the little French monkey," in Her Cardboard Lover.

There was always perfect teamwork between Jeanne and her company. Always? Well, usually. Sometimes Jeanne "gagged" her part, said funny things that weren't in the play, and made the cast laugh so hard they had difficulty continuing in their rôles. And once—

It was in the middle of the second act, while Her Cardboard Lover was playing in New York.

Jeanne suddenly turned to Howard and said, "Get me a glass of water."

Howard was confused. For a moment he didn't believe he had heard aright. Or possibly that was a cue. The script was always being changed, it seems.

"I beg your pardon. What did you say?"

"Get me a glass of water. Right away."

No, the line was not in the play. Howard realized that now. He resented Jeanne's imperious tone. He didn't know her well. What was she trying to do?—make him look ridiculous? He didn't understand that Jeanne felt faint, that her throat was dry, and that she had difficulty in speaking.

"No, no," he said. "I'm not going to get you any water."

"Very well, then," said Jeanne. "I'll get it myself."

The amazed audience saw the great actress walk off the stage and the curtain fall in the middle of a scene. Always after that there was a glass of water concealed somewhere on the stage for Jeanne's convenience.

JEANNE liked Leslie Howard, but another young Englishman in the cast interested her much more. This was Anthony Bushell.

Bushell was tall, handsome, distinguished-looking, but reserved. He seemed cold, woman-proof, a challenge to everything feminine. Jeanne was nettled to discover she could not capture his complete attention.

"What sort of man is he?" she asked an actor who had known Tony in London. "He's never even tried to hold my hand."

The actor laughed.

"Oh, Tony's an idealist," he explained. "He's waiting for the right woman—and he'll marry her."

"Who is the woman?" Jeanne demanded.

"I don't know. He hasn't met her yet."

"Well," said Jeanne, "I like idealists. They're the only men who've never tried to take advantage of me."

Even after Tony had married Zelma O'Neill, the actress, Jeanne kept studying him, sometimes to Zelma's great annoyance, trying to tease him into a mild flirtation and getting nowhere. At the same time she was doing her best to make him a great actor.

Bushell made a good appearance on the stage, and matinée audiences always applauded him. Jeanne insisted that he be her leading man in Jealousy.

Something happened to the young actor when he appeared before the camera and the microphone. He was untrained in the ways of the film world, and his voice was wrong. He didn't know that the mike demands a voice much lower than the stage does—or, if he did know, he forgot it.

When Jealousy was first previewed people laughed at it. Jeanne wept, and demanded that she be allowed to remake the picture with Tony out of it. He was out—out of the picture, and out of her life. But if anyone was sorry, it wasn't Zelma O'Neill.

In next week's installment Mr. Doherty will tell the stories of Jeanne's last love and her last, losing battle with "Equity."

The Jungle

A New

FOR THE LOVE O' LIL

This week's cover picture.

IT was supper-time at the Sapphire Lake Tourist Camp. Beans and spaghetti sizzled over smoky fires and frying pans turned licorice hue. Paper plates were balanced on knees. The squeak of the pump mocked the birds in the woods. Corn-on-the-cob boiled with a *blop-blop-blop* and the smell of ham and eggs lured chipmunks from the trees.

"Whatcha eatin' tonight?" Sandy's next tent neighbor asked. "I'm havin' tunny fish as usual. I've eaten tunny fish for six meals now. All my menus are the same. I just toss for tea or coffee. Campin' is a cinch." And he tossed his tunny-fish can into a wire scrap-basket.

Sandy was boiling lettuce leaves and sweet potatoes in the same pot. And he was frying strips of banana with pork chops and onion rings.

"Big feed," he grinned. His face was smudged and he hated to look at his own hands. "You got to watch your calories when you have a kid. I'm going to give him greens left over from lunch and downy potatoes. They're not downy yet but—they will be!"

He stabbed them with a fork which had seen service for twenty-four hours but which was still unwashed. Then he added more salt.

"Can I have olives?" little Ulysses asked, swatting a green fly on his leg.

"They're all gone," Sandy told him, "but here's some pickled cauliflower. Don't eat too much. You must save room for your potatoes." He turned the pork chops, scared flies off the butter, and threw a pebble at a chipmunk that was trying to scale the loaf of bread.

Sandy's supper was quite savory. The potatoes tasted of lettuce, the lettuce of potatoes, and the pork chops tasted of bananas and onions, and the bananas tasted of onions and pork chops.

"Run around so you won't get indigestion," he told Ulysses after supper. "I'll wash the dishes." And he poured the potato water over the crockery.

"I'll run around," U. said, heading for the entrance of the tourist camp. Then he headed down the road, which seemed to lead to the great red sun. He said, "Peep, peep," to birds, gathered a handful of lizards, and picked sour grass to chew. The red sun turned gray and sank behind a hill before the road reached it and—it was night.

"I'm goin' to hop a freight the foist thing I do," a deep-voiced tramp said between tobacco squirts. "This is too near civilization for me. You can hear hukuleles."

"Hukuleles?" his pal sneered, taking his turn drinking out of a rusty can. "You can hear worse'an that. I hear some kid bawlin'. Makes me wanna bawl. Makes me think of me own brats. Come to papa! Come to papa and uncle."

"Uncle?" the first tramp laughed. "Watta you take me for? Uncle? You—" He stopped laughing. There stood little Ulysses grinding one fist into his eye and blinking at the tramps' camp fire.

"I'm lost, I'm lost!" he cried. "I'm lost—"

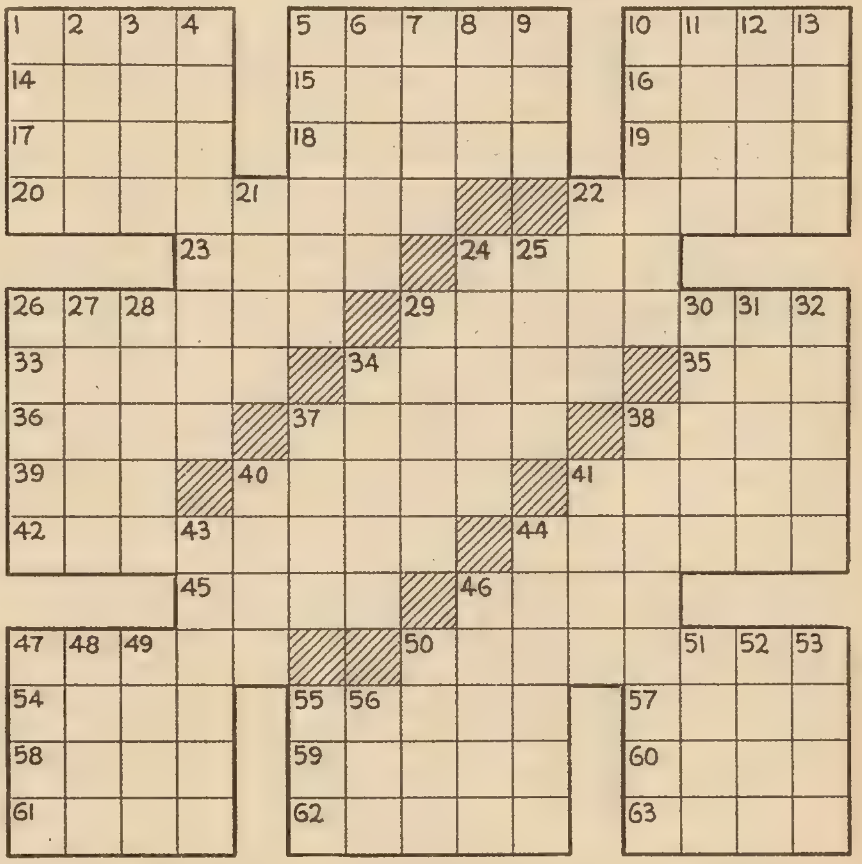
"Heardja the foist time," he was told. "Come here an' take a sip of coffee. We're rough stuff around here an' we eat cry-babies, see?"

"Yeah," the soft-hearted tramp said, "but we keep the wild animules away from good boys. You better quit bawlin' here in the jungle!"

(Next week's cover adventure: Home Again)

Cross Words

A New Puzzle



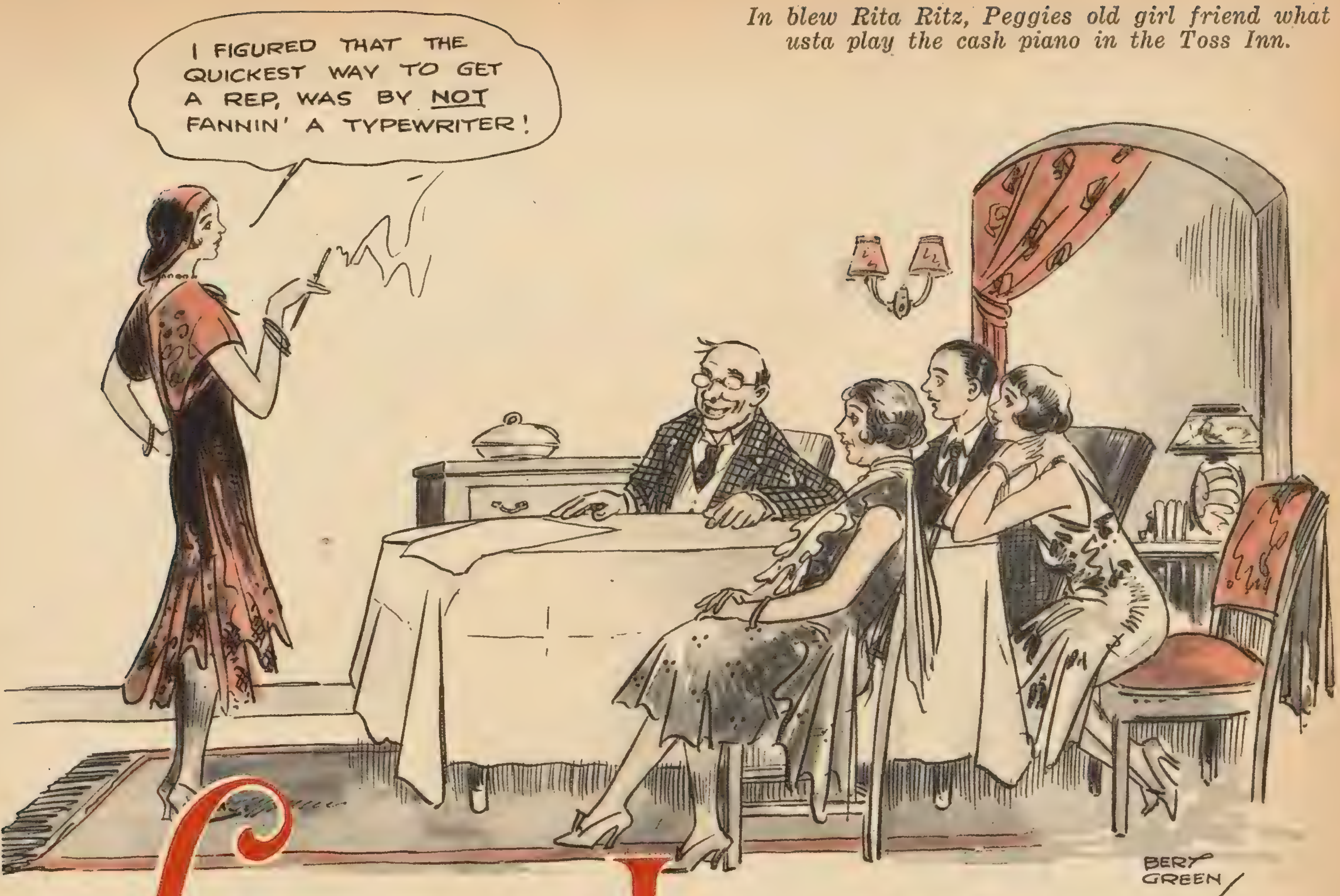
HORIZONTAL

1 A two-wheeled vehicle
5 To bend, as spring steel to test it
10 Central part of anything
14 Imitator
15 Crest of a mountain range
16 Scent
17 Minute object
18 Partake of
19 Political radicals
20 A writer of essays
22 A commencement; start
23 High, pointed hills
24 Possessing a rational mind
26 Withdraw
29 Caps worn by priests
33 Set in a row
34 Takes a bait
35 A southern constellation
36 Peal
37 Loads
38 A small point of land
39 Compass point
40 Fops
41 Elevate
42 Made restitution of
44 Kept in equilibrium
45 Part of a stove
46 Seed covering
47 A thin, crimped stuff
50 Kind of nut candy (plural)
54 A fruit
55 Proof reader's mark
57 Part of a church
58 Hebrew measure of capacity
59 Single
60 Broad smile showing teeth
61 Lairs
62 A king of Phrygia (myth.)
63 To preserve in brine

VERTICAL

1 Arrived
2 Genus which includes honey-bees
3 Steeps
4 Caring for, as in illness
5 Trenchant wit; sarcasm
6 Gross; crude
7 Repose
8 Siamese coin
9 Teamster's word of command
10 Kind of wind instrument
11 Poems
12 Went as a passenger
13 Formerly
21 In old time
22 Cardinal number (plural)
24 Local position (plural)
25 The Greek god of war
26 Scarcer; more unusual
27 Woman's name
28 Part of a fork (plural)
29 Remained firm under hardship
30 Tapestry
31 Ascend
32 Satisfied to repletion
34 A state in Germany
37 Entice
38 Act of beginning a water voyage (plural)
40 Bird of the pigeon kind
41 Make turbid
43 Inebriates
44 Talks idly
45 Part of an amphitheater
47 Lump of earth
48 Congealed dew or vapor
49 Word of ratification
50 Incite to activity
51 City in Japan
52 Wickedness
53 Dispatched
55 Rotating part in machinery
56 Mohammed's adopted son

Don't give up too quickly—but if you MUST know the answer to this puzzle you will find it on page sixty-two


I FIGURED THAT THE QUICKEST WAY TO GET A REP, WAS BY NOT FANNIN' A TYPEWRITER!
BERT GREEN

In blew Rita Ritz, Peggies old girl friend what usta play the cash piano in the Toss Inn.

Love Letters of an Interior Decorator

A Sigh From the Spirit World

Words and Pictures

By BERT GREEN

DEAR MARG:

Listen Kid, I'll have to tell you all about the *big night* we had with another fortune teller last week. This particular night we had a sea-ants. Do you know what a sea-ants is? Well its a performance given in the dark. Everybodys mind is supposed to go blanker than it really is while the head woman leads you into Sir Olivers Lodge where she gives you the low down on your future. Yes, at 100 bucks a copy!

Heres how it was ribbed up. We all sat around the big dining room table with our hands touching each others. Up at the head of the table sat Mrs. Sykick, the woman what gets in touch with the spirits. Well, when we were all set, the lights were turned out and Mrs. Sykick says, everybody remain very very quiet and consentrate on the dear ones youd like to get in touch with.

Well for twenty minutes nothin happened. Then, all of a sudden came three quick raps—Rap—rap—rap, like Mrs. Sykick let a woodpecker loose. This was followed by the table beginning to move. Gosh it was spooky. Then Mrs. Sykick whispers, I get the name of Sarah!

Then Mrs. Mack says, Thats my first name, who wants to talk to me?

Just a moment, says the head-woman. I get a message here from a Mrs. Quinn for Sarah Mack.

Sarah, it said, this is Mrs. Quinn, you are goin to have trouble with a blond woman.

Is that so? squawks Mrs. Mack, tryin to see her husband in the dark.

I'll bet its that awful freak what lives down the block, blurts out Peggy Mack.

Dont trust her! came the spirits voice speakin for Mrs. Quinn. She means you no good.

Turn on the lights, ordered Ma Mack throwing back her chair. So thats it, she says, glarin at her husband. The idea, an old fool like you makin love to a blond.

Im not kiddin you Marg, it took the whole works to get the old lady quieted down.

Well anyway, the lights were put out again and not a sound was heard for nearly a half hour. Then all of a sudden the spiritual woodpecker started tappin.

I get a dark man, yes, very dark, the woman continued, he seems to be titled. I get the name of Ima. Does anybody here no Ima?

Let me see, whispered Peggy, that was the bootleggers wife that died six months ago. You remember Ima Freak, Ma, she was killed in an automobile accident.

As I was saying—continued the spiritualist who wasn't

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-FIVE]

going to loose out on that hundred buck fee no matter what happened—I see an engagement—yes, possibly a wedding!

Oh gracious, roared Peg full of eggscitement, thats the second time Ive heard Im going to meet a Prince or a Count or somethin. Gosh, Mother maybe I'm goin to marry a regular guy.

At that moment the sea-ants was interupted by a ring at the doorbell and in blew Rita Ritz, Peggies old girl friend what usta play the cash piano in the Toss Inn.

Now this particular dames *real name* was Mary Ryan, while she did the cashierin in the hash house, but havin won the Beverly Beauty Prize tossed over by the Film Fans Soap Co. she pronto changed her moniker to Rita Ritz. Now Rita, let me remind you, had never seen a silk pantie in her family up to the time she was twenty three, but having stumbled across a sugar coated daddie in the Toss Inn her choice of feminine attire went screenland.

Youre too good lookin for this place, he purred in her ear, as he took her for a whirl on the night club floor. You just follow me kid and youll click.

Well, for three full months not even the Macks knew anything about Mary Ryan, or rather, Rita Ritz, until she broke in on the Macks sea-ants.

Well, of all things, gasped Peggy Mack, as they went into a clinch, Where on earth have you been?

Youd be surprised, gasped Rita, railroading the subject, How come the doody layout? The last time I saw you all, was up in that ten cent flat in Harlem.

Shush, not so loud! Peggy whispered, introducing her to Mrs. Sykick. This is my old school chum Mary Ryan.

Rita Ritz, if you please, smiled Rita, the plot and menu has all been changed.

I am very please to meet you, murmured the mystic.

Why the big front, resumed Rita, burning up the layout with her eyes.

Well, you see, began Peggie, father inherited a flock of dough from an old friend of his, and instead of us living in the same old dump we decided to buy a house in the suburbs and here we are.

ANYWAY, tell us about *yourself*, where have *you* been hiding, and *why* all the luxury? Peg inquired.

Well, its like this, Rita shoots back, after I went to work in an office for about two years I got hep to myself. I figured that the quickest way to get a rep was *not* by fanning a typewriter. So, with a few altered rags and a borrowed sable I hauled hips to a friend of mine what runs a nightly jip club for the fast, fifty and frivilous.

This place, I says, is about as lively as a wet day in a cemetery. What you need here is a booful good looker with plenty of curves and a line that can *yes* em to death. Bow me in and I'll go to work on their bank rolls and label em Opened by Mistake.

Well, things ran along oak for about six months until a heavy Wally with plenty of swank walked in and uptowned every woman in the place. I found he had a heavy weakness for food so I groceried him to death. Say, Battle Creek may breakfast the world, but honest to God, Peg, it would have taken the whole of Michigan to supper that bird. Anyway, I come to find out, hes a great big Admiral in the soap industry, and a perfect peach. Yep, I made him, and made him love it. He switched my moniker to Rita Ritz, then threw a beauty prize for the Famous Fans Soap Co. and *yours truly won it!* So, thats the story.

But tell me, says Rita—Whats going on here?

To begin with, Peggy exclaimed, we were right in the middle of a spiritualistic meeting when you came in.

No kiddin, Rita gasped. Listen, she said, to Mrs. Sykick, I had my fortune told once by a very good lookin Hindu and it turned out to be a dud.

But, replied Mrs. Sykick, maybe he was a fake, who knows? Well, to further prove *my* powers to you, Im going to personally give you a real demonstration.

FIRST, Im going to take this little bell here, and place it under the table. Then I want you all to hold my hands tightly across the table. Now place your toes on the top of my feet so you will know my feet and hands do not move.

A few minutes later Marg, when the lights were all out, the head woman says, I get the name of Wadsworth, does anybody here know Waddie?

Oh, thats my old sweetheart! squawks Rita Ritz.

Well, he has a message for you.

All was silent for a moment and then the woman repeated the message.

Rita—dear—I—still—love—you—theres—a—big—surprize—coming—for—you soon, keep—your head—

Then, the bell under the table started ringing terrible and Waddie was gone. Fifteen minutes after that Marg, Mrs. Sykick got her hundred bucks and was gone to. The whole gang was dumb founded about the bell under the table and how wonderful she was.

BUT—the next day when the butler was cleanin up the joint he found two wooden slippers under the table. Mrs. Sykick slipped her foot out of the slipper when the bunch were leanin on em and rang the bell with her stockin feet. Thats a laugh, I ask you?

Well, tempus fidjits.

Your ever lovin husband

MIKE SHEA.

P. S. Watch for my letters, I'll tell you if the fortunes come out.

Hope that your mothers ulsters are better. I know how she feels. We had a dog once what had em and we had to cloriform him.

There will be some more about the Macks and Mike in an early issue.

Liberty is offering

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THEY must be short enough to be printed in a single page of Liberty—the shorter the better, but in any case not over 1,200 words. One hundred dollars apiece will be paid for any accepted and published.

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Otherwise the customary rules for submitting manuscripts will apply. Use one side of the paper only, and if possible use a typewriter, though legible handwriting will not be barred. All manuscripts are sent at the owners' risk. If you want rejected ones returned, inclose a stamped and addressed envelope—NOT MERELY STAMPS.

And when you send them address them simply to SHORT SHORT STORIES, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 220 EAST 42nd STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Authors and Authoresses!

Please remember that if you do not inclose a stamped and addressed envelope with your manuscript we cannot return it to you or write you concerning its destiny. We are receiving an enormous number of short short story manuscripts, and it has become necessary to enforce this rule very strictly.

We cannot undertake to enter into correspondence concerning these stories.

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 23

1—They are the names of types of clouds.
2—Helen Hunt Jackson.
3—Regard for, and devotion to, the interests of others.
4—The years 1793-94 during the French Revolution.
5—An animal that chews the cud.
6—Idaho.
7—The aorta.
8—The fictitious relator of the stories in The Arabian Nights.
9—Needless repetition.
10—An instrument for measuring specific gravities, especially of liquids.
11—Maker of an affidavit.
12—A student or a graduate of Oxford University.
13—Malediction.
14—Extreme poverty.
15—An impertinent or conceited fellow.
16—Habitually complaining; fretful.
17—John Rolfe.
18—Macbeth.
19—Twelve.
20—Texas.

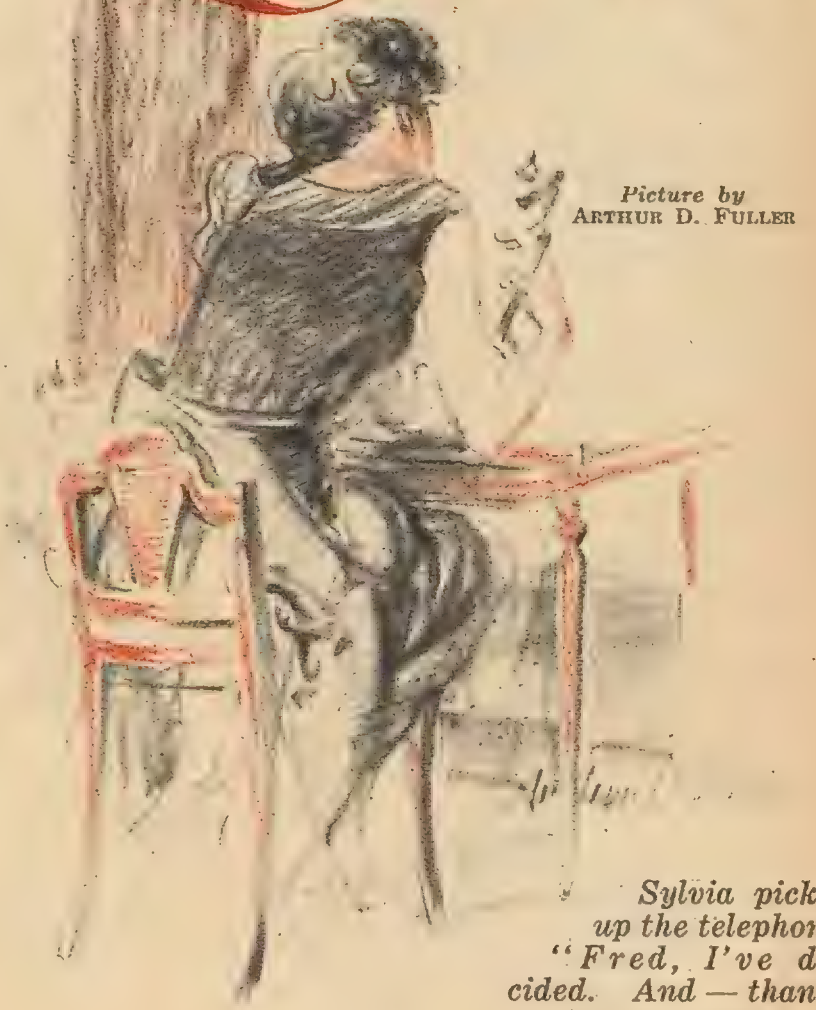
Roses for LOVE

A Short Short Story

By

EVELYN CAMPBELL

who has been a writer since childhood, and has novels and many movies to her credit. She was born in St. Louis but has spent most of her time in California, where she says she leads just the kind of life we all would like to lead.



Picture by ARTHUR D. FULLER

Sylvia picked up the telephone. "Fred, I've decided. And — thanks for the roses."

MR. JOHN COURTNEY never made mistakes and saw no reason why other people should make them. His business was run on that basis and so was his home. His wife was as perfect as he could make her, and at his elbow was a pale perfect secretary named Miss Eaton, who never forgot anything. Mr. Courtney had long ago explained his attitude toward error to these two women, and they lived so carefully that not one little mistake was ever allowed to cog the smooth machinery of his daily life.

Miss Eaton remembered all engagements, appointments, and obligations, and Sylvia Courtney ran the house and dressed beautifully on such a small allowance that her lord had plenty of time and money for the country clubs, where if he happened to use the wrong stroke on the links it was merely called bad technique. Life was very pleasant.

But one morning this lucky man arose with something on his mind, and the trouble was that he could not identify it. He was puzzled at the breakfast table, and actually bothered by the time he reached the office. Could it be that something had slipped his mind? He rang at once for Miss Eaton.

"Miss Eaton, you understand about today? Attend to everything."

"Oh, yes, Mr. Courtney. I understand, certainly." She looked at him with the adoring inspection that secretaries keep for handsome employers in the early forties.

"Ahem—then I shall depend on you." After that he was free to give his mind to eighteen holes, knowing that Miss Eaton was never wrong about anything.

John Courtney thought that he loved his wife and was reasonably sure that she loved him, so that he was only a little jealous at times. But when he opened his door that evening he stopped short, sniffing suspiciously. The whole apartment was full of the scent of roses.

She came to meet him, beautifully unconscious.

"Did you have a nice game?"

There were the roses in a great jar. Four—five dozen.

"The place looks like a shop. Where did you get those flowers?"

She hesitated ever so slightly and her color rose.

"Roses are not very dear just now."

The game had gone against him that day. A spindly little stockbroker had beaten him unmercifully. All at once he saw everything. She was prevaricating—trying to pretend that she had bought the roses herself! And without telling an actual lie!

"Don't try to deceive me! Where is the card that came with them? Where is the box?"

The card was mislaid and the box had been destroyed. She merely looked scornful and indifferent, toying with a waxy green leaf. But they were beauties, weren't they? She hadn't had such flowers for ages.

Her impudence was amazing. He knew now that she was deceiving him. She had a lover, maybe two or three. Five dozen roses! Nobody but a fool would send dozens of red roses to a woman. A fool in love.

The maid and the cook glued their ears to a crack and marveled. It was better than a hundred per cent talkie.

He was taking out his bags. He was going to the club.

When he was quite gone Sylvia picked up the telephone and called a number.

"Yes, Fred. . . . Listen, dear. I've decided. You can start proceedings at once. I'll go through with it, don't fear. . . . Called me horrid names. . . . Yes, the servants heard everything. And—and—thanks for the roses. So sweet of you! I think I made up my mind when I saw them. Don't you understand? Thanks for the roses! The roses! Ro-o-o-ses. Your roses. Yes."

IT was the first of June and Mr. Courtney was looking over a neat pile of bills. He never signed checks until he was sure there were no errors in the statements. He was getting used to bachelor life now—three weeks had calmed his nerves and there was solace in the thought that soon there would be no shop bills. But all at once he turned purple and rang sharply for Miss Eaton.

"What does this mean? Call up these people and say that I was never in their damned shop in my life."

Miss Eaton was frightened for a moment, but calmed after a glance at the bill.

"There is no mistake, Mr. Courtney." There in her hands was the little black book where she wrote down private orders. She pointed to an entry.

"Remember wife's birthday. May 5th. Send present. Silver? Fan? Books? *Flowers.* Roses for love."

Miss Eaton was gazing at him as if he had suddenly grown small before her eyes.

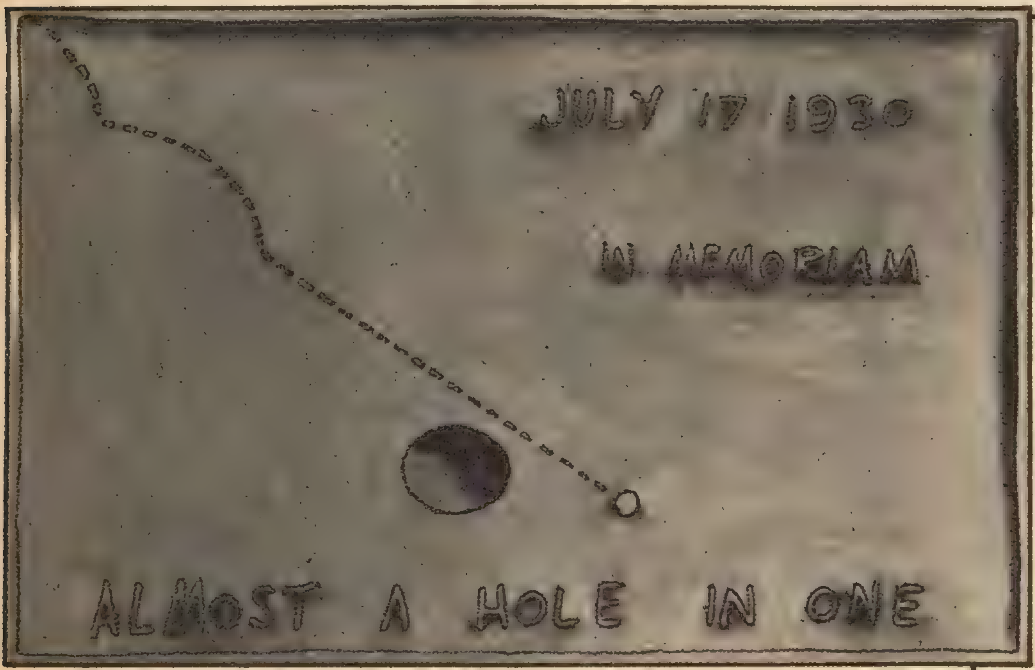
"I sent your wife five dozen Jacks," she said in a quivering voice. "And I wrote your message on the card exactly as you said. 'Roses for love.' As if"—she snapped her little book contemptuously—"any woman on earth wouldn't know without being told that roses mean love."

THE END

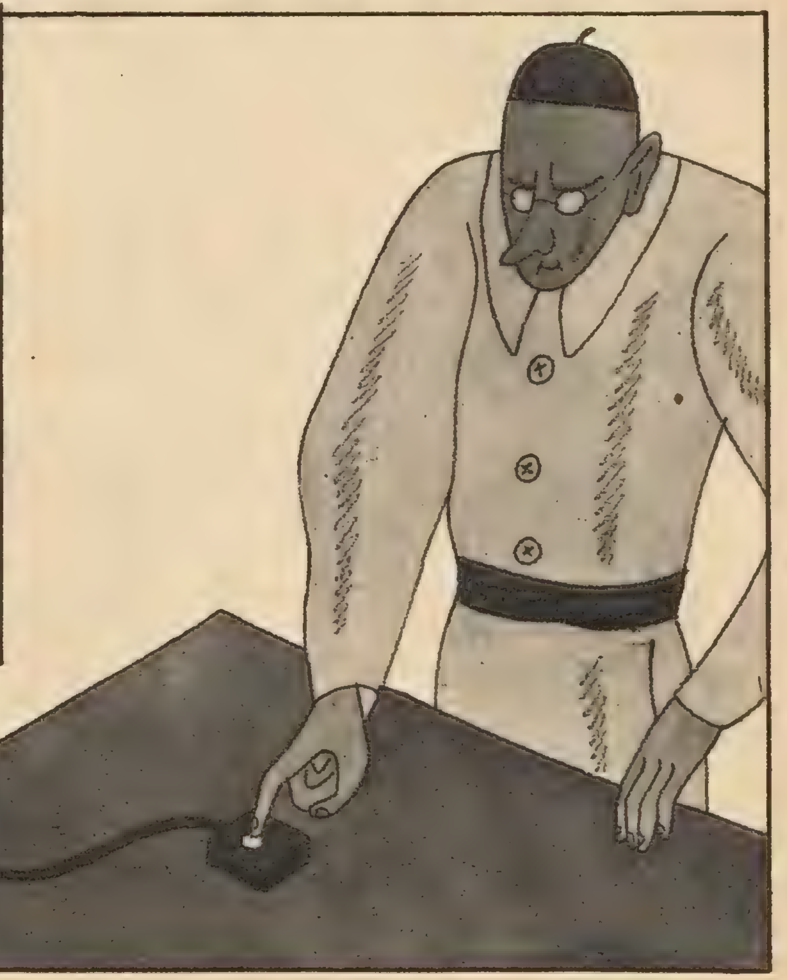
GRAPHIC SECTION

News of the World

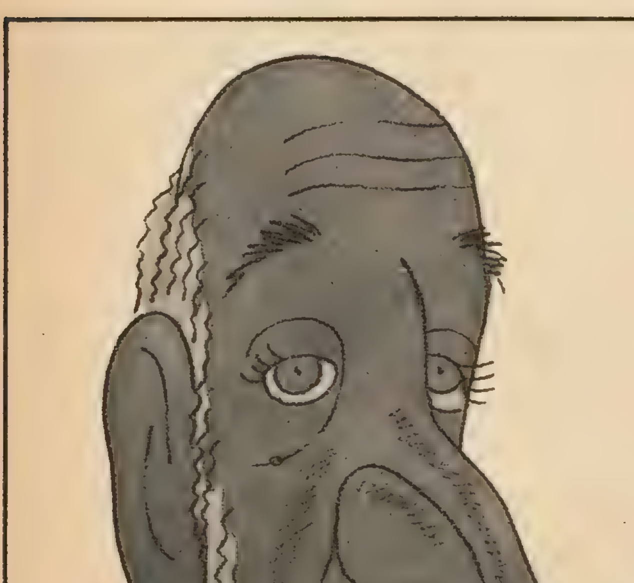
By RALPH BARTON



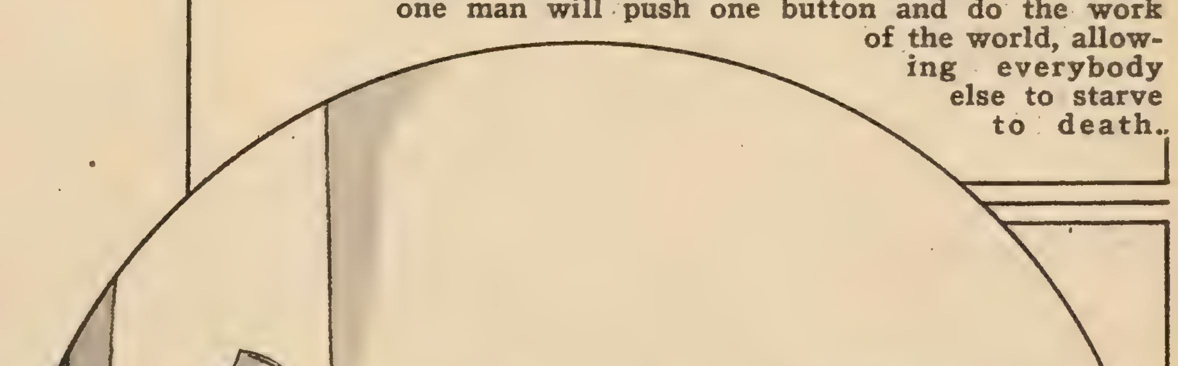
WYPATODDLE COUNTRY CLUB unveils a tablet commemorating the Great Tragedy of 1930 in which nineteen members lost their lives.



THE OBJECT AND AIM OF PROGRESS AND CIVILIZATION. The mighty day when one man will push one button and do the work of the world, allowing everybody else to starve to death.



NOTED DRY TURNS DAMP. Dr. Earl Elmer Wilbur declares that, now that practically everybody has cirrhosis of the liver, he doesn't care if the Eighteenth Amendment is modified or not.



SPECIAL WARD in new hospital, reserved for patients suffering from acute worry over the agony that Lon Chaney endures for the sake of his art.

In Conclusion—

"The Amateur Competition"

A Final Batch of Frank Opinions on the Younger Generation

By GRACE ROBINSON

HERE are some more letters from newspaper women in various parts of the country on the matters discussed in my recent article for Liberty entitled The Amateur Competition. The letters—some of which were printed last week—were invited because of the violent discussion aroused by my having ventured the opinion that manners and morals among young people have somewhat declined in the present generation.

SAYS M. M. Winthrop, feature writer of the St. Petersburg (Florida) Times:

"Standards are freer in matters of frank conversation between the sexes, but, if anything, modern youth is more moral than the youth of other generations. Clandestine behavior is becoming extinct. Young men and women are open-minded and generous, and even though ideas of decorum have changed to some extent, there are still standards, and moral ones.

M. M. Winthrop
St. Petersburg (Florida) Times

"Men, with a very few exceptions, do not demand absolute purity in their expected wives. Love, to them, is paramount rather than somber-browed respectability. Men want to marry good women, but most men admit that to be a good woman does not necessarily mean to be virginal.

"A man can proposition a girl, almost any girl, after knowing her a short time without offending her, and certainly without having any fear of a slap in the face and an hysterical scene—because young women no longer have any need to be hypocritical. The average girl will discuss the matter—at least, she will not run crying that she has been outraged by a suggestion.

"It is true that all girls are willing to admit they know about, or are interested in, birth control. The modern girl would not enter into a liaison blind as the proverbial bat. As a consequence of her knowledge, there are fewer illegitimate children and less social disease.

"Young men today feel that the promiscuous girl is taboo. But so is the girl who blushed when someone mentioned sex appeal. Common sense is the present criterion of youthful behavior."

HELEN C. BOWER of the Detroit Free Press believes the old point-your-finger attitude toward so-called moral lapses is gone. The younger generation has learned tolerance, she holds.

Helen C. Bower
Detroit Free Press

"Most of the men and women I know of my own generation smoke and drink cocktails, but invariably in moderation. They are temperate and they are opposed to the hypocrisy which prohibition fosters. They are working people—in business, the professions, and the creative arts. They find their recreation in outdoor activity, the theater, concerts, art exhibitions, and in reading good books. Their conversation is informed, stimulating, amusing, decent, frank. It is taken for granted that both men and women have an adequate knowledge of birth control. Whether they practice it is their own concern, as is the degree in which each individual values chastity.

"These people are not often occupied with extra-marital love affairs. But when one develops, the tendency is to be tolerant, to stand by one's friend, and to wait for the situation to work itself out.

"To my mind the only phase of the situation which calls for comment is its utter honesty. This, of course, makes the whole business appalling to those who do not appreciate our point of view, including a calm acceptance of those 'facts of life' once whispered about.

"We have no patience with prudish evasions. Morals, we have been told, refer to a 'natural sense of what is right and proper.' We see no particular reason why that which is also natural should not be right and proper in its own time and place, and when we speak of sex it is not in the hushed voice of uneasy awe.

"For all this, I sometimes believe the really young generation is turning conservative on us. I think we rather amuse them with our broad gestures toward individuality and the 'right to live one's own life.' They are at a different arc of the pendulum's swing than we were at their age, fifteen or sixteen years ago. There are many things it is not necessary for them to do in order to be 'smart.'"

YOUTH has not changed, insists Catherine Jones of the Morning Oregonian, Portland, Oregon. But society's judgment has. She says that "such experimenting as is done now along previously forbidden lines is done without stealth. The younger generation may pet, may drink, may go even further, but it makes no effort to hide what it does. These young people will even discuss their conduct with such of their elders as will lend an understanding, even though not a sympathetic, ear. It is not youth that has changed in conduct, but rather the attitude of the world in general toward that conduct. It is this change that makes it

Catherine Jones
Portland Oregonian

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

IN CONCLUSION — "THE AMATEUR COMPETITION"
Continued from page fifty-nine

possible for youth to do pretty much as it pleases without the powerfully prohibitive fear of public opinion.

"Besides, youth is quite likely to be as interested in aëronautics, the radio, and athletics, as in sex or liquor. The new code seems to read like this:

"Drink if you like, but don't roll in the gutter.

"Don't criticize others for the thing you do yourself.

"Enter into sex relations if they interest you, but use discrimination.

"Face the consequences of your act; don't run from them.

"A good code? Who knows? The worth of a code can be established only by trial and error."

Mrs. Joe McDonald
Reno (Nev.) Evening Gazette

AFTER observation of the western college girl, as representative of the younger generation, Mrs. Joe McDonald of the Reno (Nevada) Evening Gazette decides "the double standard of morals still exists, but, like the Volstead act, it is not enforced." She finds that girls today have a freer, happier, better time than their mothers and grandmothers had, and "have it with some damage perhaps to morals and health, but with no great sacrifice of future happiness.

"I am speaking of the average girl. There are exceptions.

"I am a college graduate, living in a college town of about 20,000, where I received my education. I am possibly ten years older than what is generally termed the younger generation. But being a newspaper woman, an alumna, and the wife of a prominent newspaper man, who is also a college man, I have been associated with hundreds of college girls and men both in a social and business manner.

"I have found that most of them lead a moral life and will not go the limit, though petting is indulged in to a greater extent than in my college days. They know what petting in parked cars may lead to, and know when to stop. Some of them drink from pocket flasks, though I have found that most college men can't afford to buy good liquor and are afraid of the other kind. Many of the girls smoke.

"I have discovered, too, that many of the younger generation do not know as much about birth control and sex as they pretend. They think it is clever to appear well informed on subjects that the older generation is constantly bringing up for discussion. They talk a lot about 'hot dates,' but would be scared to death if they went out with a real 'hot' one.

"A woman who was adviser to a sorority group for several years and had the confidence of many girls, told me she knew of only four girls whose morals were such that they were either sent home or asked to leave school. Many of the girls who seldom had a date while in college were chosen by classmates for their wives, soon after graduation.

"As to the younger married set in this town—they go on parties occasionally, but always with their own husbands and wives. They are informed on birth control and had their children voluntarily, when they could afford to, and not involuntarily, as many mothers of past generations did. Consequently the health of the mothers is better and they are better able to care for their children."

Edna Kroman
Birmingham (Ala.) News

EDNA KROMAN of the Birmingham (Alabama) News declares that girls today "are as unlike their mothers and grandmothers as they would be if cut from another pattern. Immoralities in mother's time apparently are moralities in daughter's day. Daughter has no parlor or curtained elegance in which to sit away the hours with John. She's on her feet, going somewhere, driving her roadster, playing tennis, dancing, or eating. She's heard so much sex talk, starting with her biology classes in high school, that she thinks no more of discussing embryonic things than of discussing the color of her stockings. The co-ed hears her instructors discuss things in the classroom which once were confined to premedic and medic classes. She hears sex discussed so often that it is as much a part of ordinary conversational routine as baseball and swimming. And, of course, the girl of today pets, in different ways and in different degrees, depending on her personal taste. She has her own scruples of conscience on contacts with men and boys.

"This new morality, if you call it that, has not robbed girls I know of the true mating instinct. I know as many good wives, lately married, as my mother ever knew. That is, as I know 'goodness.' Men, I observe, are not looking primarily for biological virginity. The male creature seems to me to have grown bigger than that. He's looking now for a real companion."

Lillian Draper Buck
Portland (Me.) Evening News

SAYS Lillian Draper Buck of the Portland (Maine) Evening News: "The modern girl is frank, sincere, self-supporting, and capable, where her predecessors were likely to be secretive, vacillating, dependent, and inefficient in many ways. Today girls marry the men they love with their eyes wide open, demanding and getting a thorough knowledge of birth control, planning for families when they feel they can afford them.

"Today's young women may experiment with life a bit more than their mothers and grandmothers did. But they cannot be hoodwinked by the first man who comes a-wooing. When they do settle down, they are wiser and they will make better wives and mothers.

"Few girls are as bad as they are generally reputed to be. The proportion of girls who will 'go the limit' is no larger, I wager, than a generation ago."

Dorothy Jane Todd
Columbus (Ohio) Dispatch

"WHAT happened to hoop skirts and bustles and starched petticoats when American women began to assume their rightful place in the scheme of things?" asks Dorothy Jane Todd of the Columbus (Ohio) Dispatch. "What happened to the embroidery hoops and hair rats and tight corsets when American women wakened to the realization that they had important things to do?

"They went the way of all things that are hindrances to the accomplishment of a certain, definite end. They were replaced by things that were less of a handicap but served the same purpose.

"Morals, too, in the strict sense in which they were formerly defined, began to change, until today there are those who look askance and ask of the present generation, 'Where are your morals?'

"The subject of sex has always been discussed, timidly and haltingly at first, until today it is perhaps the commonest subject of discourse, whether it be in gatherings of men or women, or both. In an endeavor to ascertain what girls' feelings were toward certain existent moral codes, a prominent sociologist at a southern university (who has since been dismissed from his duties there) circulated questionnaires among them, asking questions for which he was severely criticized by officials of the school.

"Petting, to the modern girl, is of as little importance as a game of bridge or a picture show."

RECALLING the picturesque cowboy of the western plains, Adele Black Winkler of the Cheyenne (Wyoming) Tribune-Leader declares he "embodied all the finest qualities of a true gentleman. He saw few women, and those he knew he respected and placed on a pedestal as an object of worship. His speech was respectful; rarely did he swear before them, and seldom did he appear before them while under the influence of liquor.

Adele Black Winkler
Cheyenne (Wyo.) Tribune-Leader

"Sometimes the only contact a woman living on a lonely ranch had with the outside world was the cowboys riding the range. Such friendships were platonic and sincere. A lady was never mentioned in the same breath with the scarlet sisterhood. The fair name of a woman was defended on the drop of a hat, either with the bare fists or deadlier weapons.

"Wire fences curtailed the activities of the cowboy, and his moral standards and high ideals faded with the unfenced empire over which he had ruled. Young men are still young men, but, according to them, girls are 'broads,' 'pick-ups,' or 'prospects,' and not young ladies.

"The number of young women of high school or college age and older who occasionally overstep moral bounds is certainly greater than it was. The majority are virtuous but are not insulted if 'propositioned.' Young men reporters with whom I am associated declare emphatically that all girls neck and many don't stop there.

"Public dances are crowded with young girls in their teens so lit that they are barely able to move around the floor in a semblance of a dance. Yet frequent trips are made to a parked automobile for a nip from a pocket flask.

"Smoking is general among all women—from young girls to middle-aged women. I don't think increase of the habit indicates a lowering of moral standards. Birth control and sex problems are discussed indiscriminately in mixed crowds of young people, but that, in itself, does not necessarily indicate a lowering of moral standards. Girls in high school know more about birth control than did their grandmothers after ten years of married life. This knowledge has removed the fear that was one of virtue's safeguards."

NIDA MARTIN, society editor of the Arizona Republican, Phoenix, Arizona, declares that "this generation established to its own satisfaction the idea that actions which occasion harm to no one, despite general disapproval on the part of the elders, need not be bad, and that characters intrinsically honest and straightforward are not necessarily warped by unapproved sex experience.

"Morality, to the unbiased observer, is largely a question of attitude. Ten years ago it was wrong for girls to smoke. The girl who smoked felt guilty, acted guiltily, and *was* guilty because she was doing something she felt to be wrong. The modern girl smokes with the utmost unconcern. Smoking, to her way of thinking, has nothing to do with morality, although she concedes it may possibly affect her health. Her right to smoke is undisputed. In Phoenix one cannot enter a hotel dining room or a restaurant without noting the large number of girls who exercise their privilege in this regard.

"Ten years ago the unmarried girl who had an illicit sex relationship with a man was shunned. Today the grown-up young woman in Phoenix who is not having, or has not had, an illicit sex relationship with at least one man is as rare as the proverbial auk. She is convinced of her right to do as she pleases as long as her actions are detrimental to no one, herself included.

"Contributing to laxity in Phoenix is the fact that here more married women go away to escape the summer heat than in other cities. Their husbands are left alone with time on their hands, and girls willing to enjoy themselves with summer bachelors are readily found. The summer bachelor has come to be a legitimate playfellow, many girls feel. If, occasionally, he becomes a lover as well, there is no great hullabaloo about it.

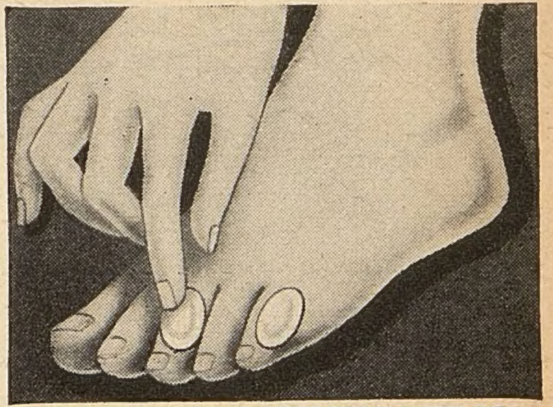
Nida Martin
(Phoenix) Arizona Republican

"Charles H. Wright, sheriff of Maricopa County, Arizona, and a peace officer for twenty years, states that during the past five years there has been an increase of twenty per cent in immorality among girls twelve to sixteen years old. On the other hand, Walter Norris, adult probation officer of Maricopa County, says actual immorality has not increased but that girls do things openly now that once would have been hushed and secret.

"As to a man's losing his respect for the girl who gives herself—nothing could be more absurd. The percentage of virgins who reach the altar nowadays is so small as to be practically negligible. To the girl who has her self-respect and independence, and who is honorable and upright, nothing is more contemptible than the man who, having had his fling, takes the attitude that 'damaged goods come at a discount' and values his wife for her premarital chastity. Nine times out of ten he is fooled and deserves to be. In the tenth instance

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

CORNS



PAIN ENDS INSTANTLY!

In one minute Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads rid you of pain from corns and tender toes. They cushion the sore spot and remove the cause—shoe friction and pressure. Their soothing medication is quickly healing. Zino-pads are guaranteed 100% safe. Thin, small, dainty, protective. Sold everywhere—35¢ box.

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

Put one on—the pain is gone!

Costly Cars . . .

Less than 3% of all cars owned in the land fall into the highest price group.

But among Liberty families who own automobiles (and 61.4% do!) more than 7% of their cars belong to this highest price group.

That Liberty readers spend freely is borne out by the high percentage who own the costliest cars made!

(FIGURES FROM DANIEL STARCH SURVEY)

HAY FEVER

Sufferers: Failure of remedies or serums taken this Summer for your Hay Fever does not mean that you cannot get relief.

HERE IS OUR OFFER: If you do not receive relief after using SLANLUS according to directions the money you have paid us will be refunded in full.

Thousands have used SLANLUS without a single record of failure. SLANLUS is pure, harmless, and simple to use. Equally effective for Rose and other pollen fevers. Not a serum.

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YOU can earn good money in spare time at home making display cards. No selling or canvassing. We instruct you, furnish complete outfit and supply you with work. Write to-day for free booklet.

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IN CONCLUSION — "THE AMATEUR COMPETITION"
Continued from page sixty-one

the girl's chastity has been carefully preserved as matrimonial bait and with marriage assured the bars are likely to be let down."

DIXIE TIGHE, a writer for the Paul Block newspaper syndicate, travels constantly, visiting large cities and small towns throughout the United States. She is in close and frequent contact with vice and social welfare organizations, and she reports: "North, south, east, and west the cry seems to be the same: 'Young women scoff at virginity and are frank about "indiscretions." These facts seem utterly inconsequential to young men who are wife-hunting.'"

Miss Tighe continues her astonishing recital as follows: "In talking with young men and young women recently I learned that they tended to feel that immorality was a matter of promiscuity, not loss of chastity.

"For the moment, at least, the pure girl seems to be unpopular with young men—unfortunate though such a condition is.

"In discussing the changing code with the heads of various women's bureaus, I've been told: 'Our books do not show as many cases of street solicitation as they once did. Professional light women seem to know that favors given in exchange for pay are no longer in demand. And it is the so-called nice girls who are responsible for this strange upset of the vice market.'

"Despite this assertion of vice experts I do not agree with the notion that moral looseness, in a large sense, is on the increase. Promiscuity, according to my friends of the younger generation, died down just as did the first wild wave of post-prohibition drinking. They no longer consider it interesting to be immoral, any more than they now consider it smart to be drunk every night.

Dixie Tighe
Paul Block newspapers

"The line in Grace Robinson's article, The Amateur Competition, 'You can proposition a girl, almost any girl, after knowing her a short time without offending her,' created more discussion than almost any other line in the story. I found, in several cities, this reaction:

"'Propositioning every girl went out with the Charleston. It's true they probably wouldn't be offended. Why should they? Most of the girls regard the matter in about the same light as the men do.'

"A number of young men said that a year ago a nice girl not only didn't mind being propositioned but minded it if you didn't proposition her. They talked as if the younger generation had gone through a sex-surfeiting. Now they appear to believe sex is a subject to be regarded and experienced wisely rather than promiscuously.

"However, in certain sections of the country, particularly the West, the news of a girl having decided against premarital chastity is basis for a scandal. A girl who has forfeited her virginity without the legal prefix of 'Mrs.' in many communities continues to be the local Magdalen. She is likely to consider herself betrayed, and with cries of 'rape' insist on marriage.

"Discussing forced marriages, illegitimate children, and illegal operations, I was surprised to learn that these misfortunes are on the decrease. And in one woman's bureau I was told: 'We raided the rooms of a carpenter who was enlarging his income by performing illegal operations. We found a book with names, addresses, and the prices he extorted. We were not surprised to find that in 1928 he had made more money than in 1929.

"'There is little doubt in our minds that the younger generation has acquainted itself with birth control methods and is practicing them.'

"To my mind," concludes Miss Tighe, "the decline of premarital chastity is surely destroying the romance of marriage. Men now talk of marriage in terms of 'how it will work out.'

"I've heard so many men and women say, 'Well, I've had my share of exciting love and romance.' They speak of marrying as if it were the anticlimax of love."

CLARA HOOD RUGEL of the Dallas (Texas) Morning News believes that no one person can get a true picture of youth as a whole. Despite their changed conduct, she says, young people have not reached the alarming stage that many older people are lamenting. She writes:

Clara Hood Rugel
Dallas (Tex.) Morning News

"There are three distinctive classes. The first group can be formed by gathering from the four winds those who go in for drinking, illicit sex life, and the craze for a good time. The second group have inhibitions of a sort, but they will engage in certain hilarities. They pet, but not the limit. They drink to get into the spirit of a drinking crowd, but they are not hip-flask carriers. They do not feel easy about letting go and they never will. The third group comprises those who are fast sticklers for observing conventions and laws. They are serious-minded, purposeful, and will go forward living ordered lives.

"Someone told me he thought the third class as extinct as the dodo. That is because the first class makes so much noise about its mode of living that our attention is diverted from the young people who are quietly upholding the age-old standards."

Mrs. Rugel blames the elders and the point of view they developed during the war for the let-down in standards among younger people.

"A great many of our men and women were soil for germination of the thought that if war is right nothing is wrong. Conditions made them feel they were here today and gone tomorrow, and turned them into critics and doubters. This mass of elders creates a cacophony that is hard for youth to submerge with fresher notes.

"Among the first class of young people there is no premarital chastity. Many of the young men do not demand absolute purity of their expected wives, and neither sex is much concerned about marriage at all. Where these conditions exist, a knowledge of birth control is not amiss. Nor is it amiss for girls in the second and third groups. Economic conditions may justify such knowledge in marriage.

"I think there is no cause for alarm over youth in general. To say of young people that they are nearly all bad or nearly all good would be an unfair summation in either case."

TAKEN as a whole, this symposium of newspaper women's opinions seems to prove conclusively that there is a let-down, an increased moral laxity, among today's young women. Many point out that the new code is definitely detrimental to women's happiness, however it may operate for men.

What is to be done about it is a matter for the consideration of parents, teachers, ministers, social workers, and all others who undertake the difficult job of molding the lives of the younger generation.

THE END

HERE ARE THE MISTAKES ON PAGE 45 AND THE ANSWER TO THE PUZZLE ON PAGE 54

The cow has a horse's tail.
She has a horse's hoof on right foreleg.
Handle of bucket is improperly attached.
Dipper could not lie in position shown.
The rooster has a webbed foot.
One hen has an eye missing.
Teeth of the rake are irregularly spaced.
A rail of the fence goes through one post.
The boy is whittling with handle of knife.
He has six toes on his left foot.
His left ear is missing.

C	A	R	T		S	C	R	A	G		C	O	R	E
A	P	E	R		A	R	E	T	E		O	D	O	R
M	I	T	E		T	A	S	T	E		R	E	D	S
E	S	S	A	Y	I	S	T	■	■	O	N	S	E	T
			T	O	R	S	■	S	A	N	E			
R	E	T	I	R	E	■	B	I	R	E	T	T	A	S
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R	I	N	G	■	L	A	D	E	S	■	S	P	I	T
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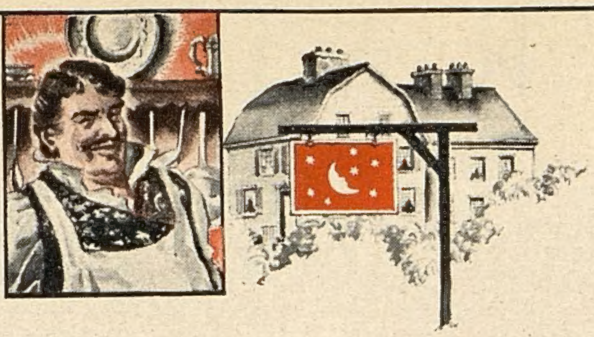


"SPANISH JOE" AND HIS OLLA PODRIDA

. . . brought the epicures of old-time Philadelphia to the Sign of the Moon and Seven Stars

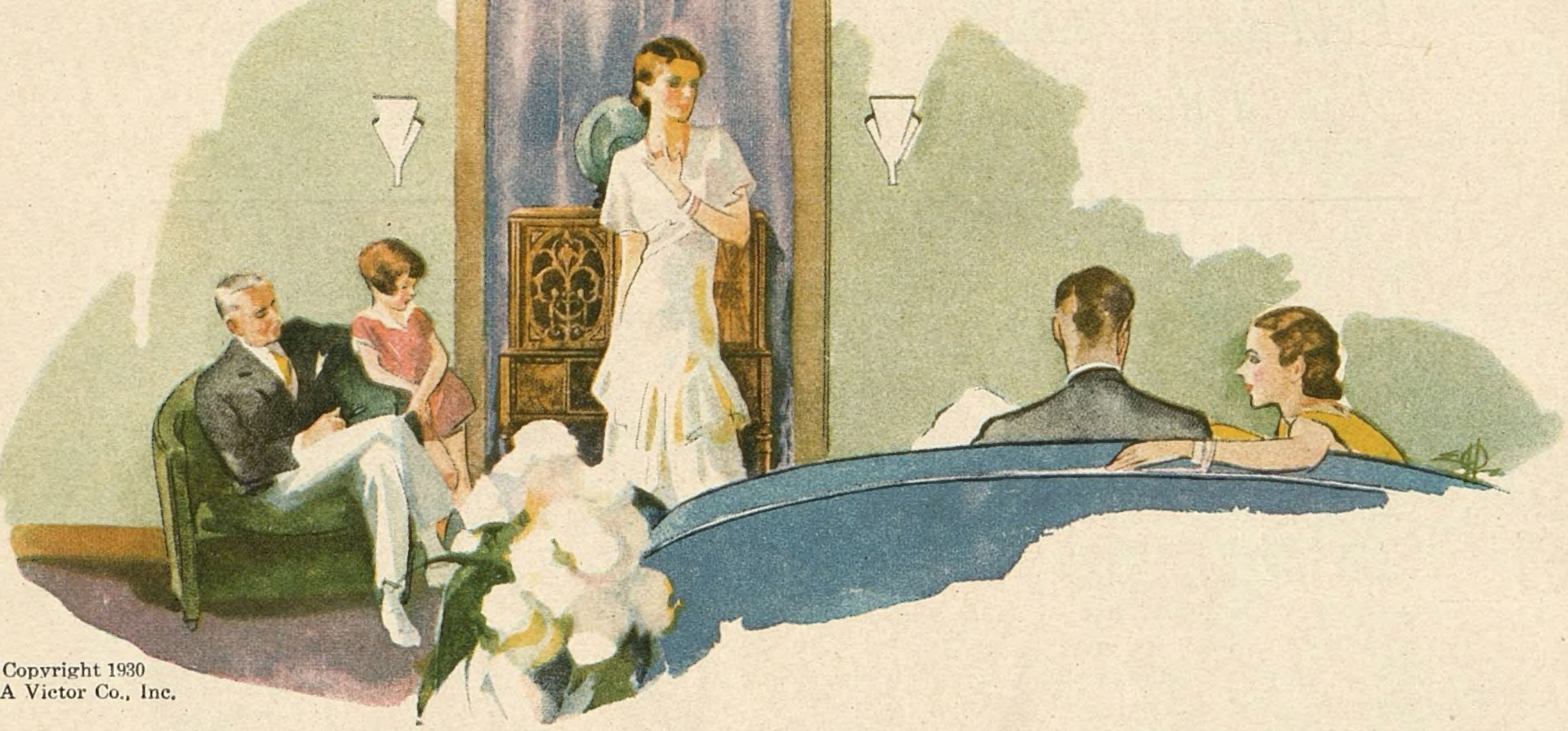
Those were the days when the young land abounded in cooks like "Spanish Joe" with his succulent *olla podrida* — and in inns like the Moon and Seven Stars in Philadelphia . . . when overflowing tables and taps running with rich malt brews made dining a long-drawn-out ceremony . . . But those were other times . . . Now we live at a faster pace, eat more hurriedly — and are always careful to get our vitamins.

WE SERVE
Borden's
THE IMPROVED
MALTED MILK
All flavors Delicious

Today for wholesome food and "double-rich" Malted Milk we look for the Sign of the Red Borden Diamond

Because there we find the best and most invigorating of all malted milks . . . So rich in energy that it makes fatigue fly away . . So different in taste that we never tire of its wholesome deliciousness . . . Extra good with sandwiches and salads . . . No wonder the best fountains are proud indeed to display the Sign of the Red Borden Diamond.

RCA RADIOLA
Super Heterodyne
SUPREMACY



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Today the preeminent radio circuit is the Radiola Super-Heterodyne.

Its present acceptance by the public and by radio engineers is the result of seven years' exclusive sponsorship by RCA, whose huge engineering facilities have been concentrated on developing this circuit into the finest home musical instrument.

Super-Heterodyne today offers you *super-sensitivity* to bring you *whatever* programs are on the air, faint or strong . . . *super-selectivity* to bring you the ONE station you want, and exclude all others . . . *super-tone* quality to bring you programs exactly as they are given in the broadcast studio.

Radiola is always in step with the latest developments in modern broadcasting—and for this reason, among many others, the public has naturally expected RCA to know best how to build radio receivers.

The public has always known that RCA Radiola has been a step ahead, and *always will* be a step ahead.

This tremendous confidence is accepted by RCA Radiola as an obligation this year and in the years to come to give the American home the finest that the science of radio can produce! This obligation will be fulfilled in the new 1931 Radiola Super-Heterodyne models about to be announced through your local Radiola Dealer. Radiola Division, RCA Victor Co., Inc.

RCA Radiola

Look for and insist upon the famous RCA trade-mark